THE LITERARY DIGEST
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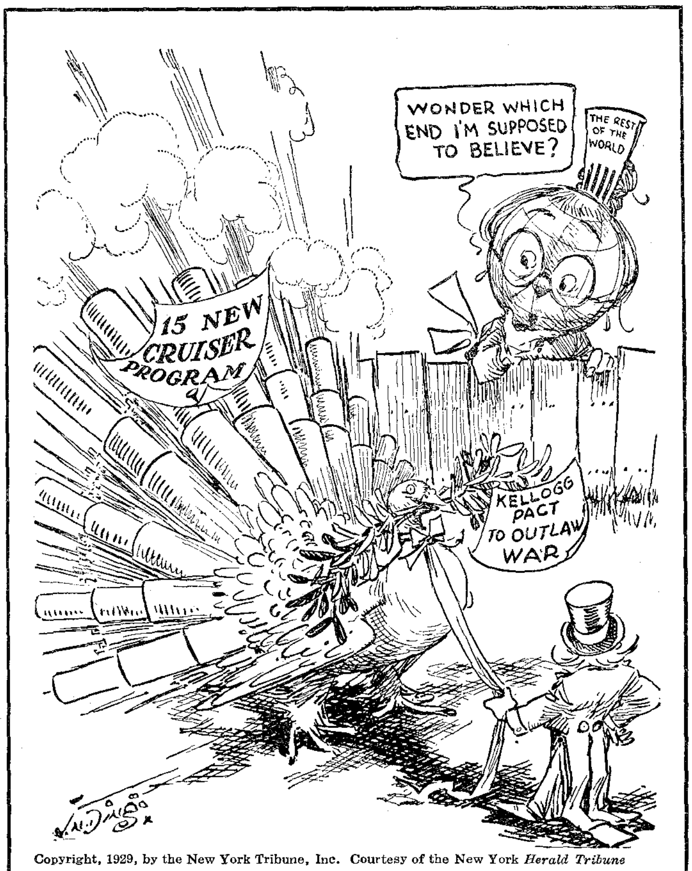
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF THE KELLOGG PEACE PACT

IT SEEMS PASSING STRANGE to journalistic onlookers to see our Senate actually ratifying a peace treaty with only one dissenting vote and without a single little reservation! And it seems still more strange to find William Edgar Borah, "chief of irreconcilables," "isolationist par excellence," "the great objector," performing successfully in the rôle of treaty advocate and Administration mouthpiece, in fact, winning press plaudits for his defense of the Kellogg treaty against "colleagues taking the very rôle he himself has filled so often." It seems more natural to comment on the bitter eloquence of the intransigent James A. Reed, the subtle sarcasm of Carter Glass, the prolonging of debate, and the familiar controversies over reservations, interpretations and round robins. The actual ratification of the Kellogg treaty wins practically nation-wide applause from the press, tho there is a wide variation in enthusiasm, ranging from the characterization of the treaty as "opening a new epoch in history," to the tepid indorsement of it as a "beginning," a "gesture," a "morning-after resolution." The report of the Foreign Relations Committee interpreting the treaty, which Senator Borah was forced to give out as a sop to the interpretationist group, seems of small consequence to the press at large, tho it vexes an editor here and pleases a newspaper writer there. Since the new factor in the treaty situation is the Senate's approval, it may be of interest to tell the story of the treaty's survival of Senatorial scrutiny before giving a cross-section of editorial opinion.


WONDER WHICH END I'M SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE?
THE REST OF THE WORLD
15 NEW CRUISER PROGRAM
KELLOGG PACT TO OUTLAW WAR
DARLING

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OUR NEW 1929 MODEL PEACE BIRD
—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

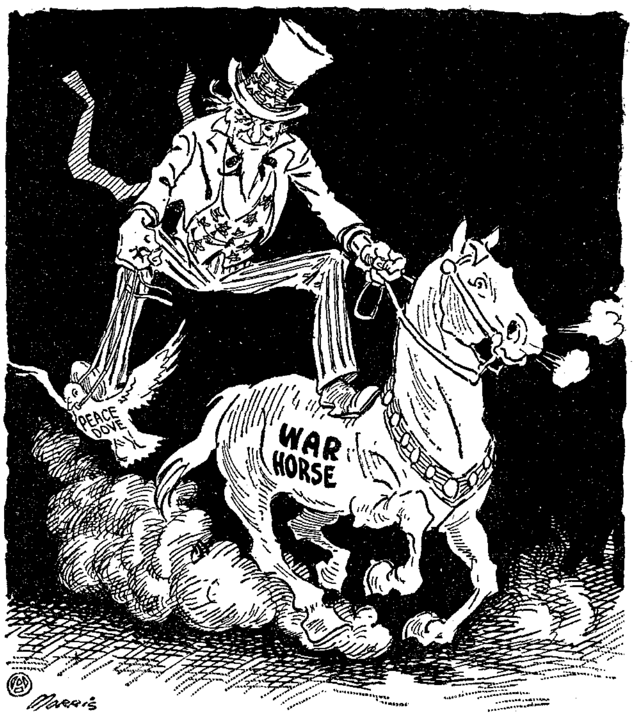
When the Senate reconvened after the holiday recess the anti-war pact had been given the right of way, with the cruiser bill second. The very first session was a "séance full of fireworks," as the New York *World* press correspondent saw it, with the center figure, "Senator Borah, beleaguered by a ring of other Senators pumping conundrums at him about the Kellogg treaty." "Borah did not allow himself to be rattled, tho the questions came hard and fast and were not always easy to answer." Most of the questions had to do with imaginary situations that might arise with the treaty in effect. The next day the treaty's champion sat silent while, according to press reports, the "caustic Mr. McLean" of Connecticut likened the Kellogg pact to "throwing peace paper wads at the dogs of war, expecting they will seriously injure the dogs or destroy their appetite for more palatable diet." And there was Senator Swanson of Virginia, ranking Democrat on the Foreign Relations Committee, according the treaty faint praise as "a mere gesture" and a "feeble" light along the pathway of peace.

After three or four days of debate it became evident that there was a strong group insistent upon some kind of official or semiofficial interpretation of the treaty, not a reservation, but something that would tell the world what we think the treaty really means. So, in addition to the daytime debates there were overnight negotiations, with Secretary Kellogg insisting on a simple, bare, silent ratification and President Coolidge himself unable to swing Senator Bingham (Rep., Conn.) and his fellow interpretationists from their position.

Then on the eleventh came the great anti-treaty speech of James A. Reed. "The cynical, saw-voiced, silver-thatched Reed of Missouri," as a Boston *Herald* correspondent describes him, rose before crowded galleries to make what was considered his Senatorial swan-song, as he leaves the Senate at the end of this session. In a satiric opening, he said:

> "We are told by one class of treaty advocates that the treaty will usher in the millennium, that the dream of ages is about to be realized. Swords will be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning-hooks. The roar of cannon will be supplanted by the chime of Christmas bells, and war's grim visage assume the lineaments of the countenance of Christ. What the proclamation of Sinai did not accomplish in four thousand years, what Christ's teachings have not achieved in twenty centuries of time, is to be produced by the magic stroke of Mr. Kellogg's pen."

Then he called attention to the various exceptions and interpretations dealing with self-defense and special national interests, in particular to Great Britain's reference to her own special



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AS EUROPE SEES HIM!
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service

"zones of influence," among them Bermuda—"at whose heart are the cannon of Bermuda aimed?" Turning to the other group of treaty advocates, the Senator from Missouri continued:

"Mr. President, the gentlemen who say it is a gesture, a good-natured gesture, a kiss thrown from the tips of the fingers to amorous and waiting nations, who will accept the kiss and hold themselves to no responsibility, have another theory, and that is that everybody will be compelled to obey the spirit of the treaty, and never make war by what they call the 'general opinion of mankind.' One would think that mankind could be gotten into a room, that they were all like we are, that they had a consciousness with regard to war that we may possess, that we could arouse that consciousness, and that there would be no conflicting interests, that we could simply resolve ourselves into a sort of church meeting where brotherly love prevailed, and where everything was sweet and serene and nice."

"The armies of earth," added Senator Reed in colorful phrase, "have marched across the realms of time over highways carpeted by treaties of amity."

Finally, after the Reed speech, and others, it was learned that Senator Bingham had secured twenty-four round-robin signatures in the interests of clarification. And Senator Borah agreed to have read to the Senate without any action or vote-taking, or transmission to other Powers, the report of the Foreign Relations Committee giving the Committee's view of the treaty obligations. Just before the vote was taken on January 15, Senator Blaine launched forth in an anti-British speech, Senator Glass declared he wasn't "simple enough to imagine that this treaty is worth a postage-stamp in bringing about international peace," and Hiram Johnson declared that he fully agreed with his Virginian fellow Senator. And this talk brought from Senator Borah his most eloquent utterance during the whole course of treaty debates. He said in part:

"When we come to analyze this treaty and to consider what the treaty is, and what is behind it, and compare it with what is in other treaties for peace and what is behind other treaties, why should this treaty be considered impractical, or an ideal beyond the power of men and women to attain? If I understand international affairs, there is nothing behind any treaty save the honor and the good faith of the nations signing the treaty.

"If you say to me, as has been intimated, that it is easier to mobilize the passions for war, and is easier to direct the passions for conflict, than it is to mobilize the passions for peace or the passions for adjustment, I challenge the proposition. I say that the most searching, universal and profound passion in the human breast to-day is the passion for peace, and if it is organized and directed as we organize and direct the passion for war, it will dominate and control in international affairs, and the great object and purpose of this treaty is to organize the peace forces, to organize the moral influences, in behalf of adjustment of difficulties without conflict."

Then the treaty was ratified, eighty-five Senators voting "Aye," and only Senator Blaine voting "No." The origin of the Kellogg pact and the text have been given in these pages so often that they can hardly help being familiar to our readers. The two main articles, it may be remembered, read thus:

Article I. "The high contracting parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

Article II. "The high contracting parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means."

A few key sentences from the Foreign Relations Committee report follow:

"The Committee reports the above treaty with the understanding that the right of self-defense is in no way curtailed or impaired by the terms or conditions of the treaty. Each nation is the sole judge of what constitutes the right of self-defense and the necessity and extent of the same.

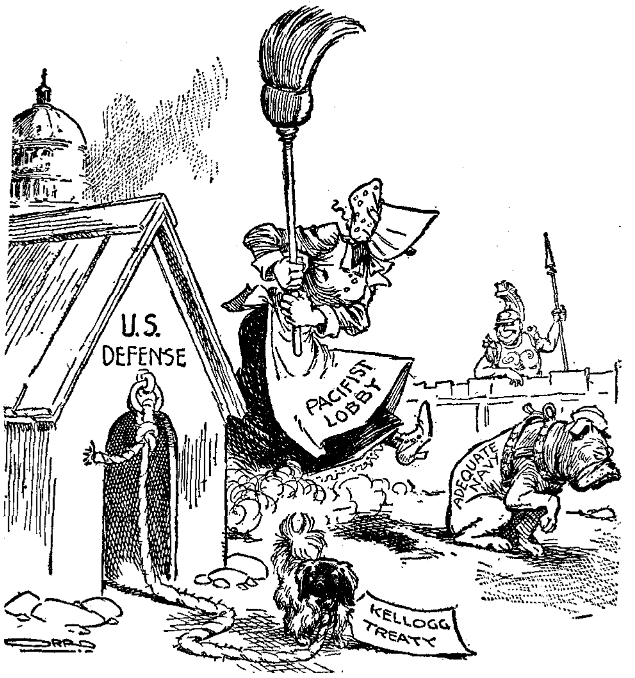
"The United States regards the Monroe Doctrine as a part of its national security and defense.

"The treaty does not, either expressly or impliedly, contemplate the use of force or coercive measures for its enforcement as against any nation violating it.

"This treaty in no respect changes or qualifies our present position or relation to any pact or treaty existing between other nations or governments.

"This report is made solely for the purpose of putting upon record what your Committee understands to be the true interpretation of the treaty, and not in any sense for the purpose or with the design of modifying or changing the treaty in any way or effectuating a reservation or reservations to the same."

Now that the treaty is ratified in this manner, what do the editors of the country think about it? Well, there is the group



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GOING TO CHANGE WATCHDOGS?
—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune.*

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE ?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. How are artificial snails made? (p. 20).
2. How much did the last Presidential election cost? (p. 13).
3. Where does the tooth-brush tree grow? (p. 57).
4. What new proposal does Reinhardt make for the films? (p. 22).
5. Of what European country is Juliu Maniu Premier? (p. 18).
6. How much Indian land is usable for agriculture? (p. 26).
7. What method of prospecting for gold has superseded that of the old-time gold-digger? (p. 19).
8. How many Senators voted against the Kellogg Peace Treaty? (p. 7).
9. What species of fish makes a woven nest, "sewing" it together with thread? (p. 54).
10. In what city is the newspaper *Proia* published? (p. 18).
11. What does modern science make of sin? (p. 27).
12. How is it charged Dickens "killed" Christmas? (p. 23).
13. Where did George L. Rickard acquire his nickname, "Tex"? (p. 41).
14. What is the Chippewa name for the beaver? (p. 50).
15. How far can a 200-inch telescope "see"? (p. 27).
16. How many square miles per year does the Government survey for ore deposits? (p. 19).
17. How much did Rickard and Dempsey make out of the fighting game? (p. 42).
18. How do the sun and moon influence human births? (p. 65).
19. Which is the largest railroad tunnel in the United States? (p. 11).
20. How much was the estimated expenditure for philanthropy in 1928? (p. 27).
21. Where in the United States are there two huge meteoric craters? (p. 21).
22. What famous gold-digger, gambler and sports promoter once almost "promoted" a war between Paraguay and Bolivia? (p. 32).
23. What is the best way to make a beaver's acquaintance? (p. 50).
24. What is "K. M. H."? (p. 68).
25. In what American city lives a tree which legally owns itself and the patch of land on which it grows? (p. 57).

that consider it a mere gesture, including the weekly *Nation*, the Providence *Journal*, Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, Chattanooga *Times*, Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, Miami *Herald*, Columbia *State*, and Philadelphia *Record*. "Mars doesn't die as easily as that," remarks the Dayton *News*. And in California the Sacramento *Bee* says "it will be a modern miracle if Mars can be restrained by any such silken cords as this pact provides." Similar scorn comes from pro-League papers like the Milwaukee *Journal*, which bitterly concludes: "This finally is 'keeping faith with those who die'; and it means so little that Borah can glory in it, and Jim Reed of Missouri doesn't mind it." The Lynchburg *News* and Nashville *Tennessean* are anxious that we be not so content with this treaty that we neglect to strive for more effectual ways of promoting peace. "The only way to end war is to adopt a substitute for war," declares Josephus Daniels in his Raleigh *News and Observer;* "the Kellogg treaty contains no substitute." "The final estimate of the Kellogg pact will have to be settled by the verdict of results," the Buffalo *Times* concludes, while the Hartford *Courant* and Houston *Post-Dispatch* agree that tho we have signed the treaty, we should keep in mind the old maxim about "keeping our powder dry."

But there is plenty of enthusiasm. The Atlanta *Constitution* comes out strong: "Secretary Kellogg has accomplished more for world peace than has ever been accomplished before in history." Similar tributes come from the Mobile *Register*, Boston *Transcript*, and the Helena *Independent*. The approval of the Kellogg pact, in the opinion of the Wichita *Beacon*, "marks the beginning of a new epoch in history." "At last," cries the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, "the United States has joined the family of nations":

> "We are no longer an isolated people. We are not afraid of the ghost of entangling alliances. We are ready to assume the obligation of our power and good fortune."

The great influence the treaty is bound to have impresses the Indianapolis *News*. This treaty, unlike most, "is imbued with the yearning of the peoples of the world themselves," insists the Minneapolis *Journal*. Here the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* finds "an expression of the will of enlightened society." The will to peace of a world weary of war is now confirmed and strengthened, says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, voicing a thought which also appears on the editorial columns of the Buffalo *Courier-Express*, Kansas City *Star*, and Seattle *Times*. It is also important, in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat's* opinion, as "a definite commitment to a policy of peace by the most powerful nations of the world." This treaty, so it seems to the Omaha *World-Herald*, "will give the lowly and despised pacifists a toe-hold when next the sabers are rattling and the war drums throbbing." The Senators may have ratified the treaty as an empty gesture, but the people, argues the Charleston *News and Courier*, need not look at it that way; "they can interpret the treaties as saying that war is abolished, and they can go far to make that saying true." Some have said that the pact amounts to little more than the expression of a pious sentiment; but, contends the Los Angeles *Times*, "the same thing might be said about the Sermon on the Mount, which has profoundly influenced the world in many ways." The Baltimore *Sun*, Manchester *Union*, New York *Telegram*, Boston *Globe*, Chicago *Daily News*, Tacoma *Ledger*, and Portland *Oregonian* find in the treaty the formulation and crystallization of the world's desire for peace. "The treaty lays every nation contemplating resort to war under a new moral deterrent," as the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* sees it, and the Springfield *Republican* argues that while the treaty is only a beginning, "something has been gained—in reforming an old toper it is necessary first of all to get him to take the pledge."

As for the interpretative report, the Washington *Post* finds it a clog on the treaty; the Newark *News* thinks it tarnishes it, and the Cincinnati *Times-Star* regrets that it "places an emphasis upon the Monroe Doctrine that may give offense to Argentina and Brazil." In the opinion of Henry Suydam, political writer for the Brooklyn *Eagle*, all the publication of the report accomplishes "is to serve notice that American adherence is done in a grudging and suspicious spirit."

But the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Kansas City *Journal Post*, Washington *Star*, Louisville *Courier-Journal*, New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, and San Francisco *Chronicle* can not see that it makes much difference one way or the other.

And the idea of having such an interpretation distinctly appeals to other journals. It is, as the Springfield *Union* sees it, "an authoritative statement of the understanding in which the United States has become a party to the treaty; the moral effect of the treaty is not impaired, but rather is enhanced because frankness and candor were insisted upon as conditions to its ratification by the Senate." Or, in the words of the Providence *News*, "an atmosphere of clear-headed honesty has been substituted for the atmosphere of sentimental vagueness which Senator Borah and Secretary Kellogg try to preserve." From a view-point of frank distrust of the Kellogg Treaty, the Chicago *Tribune* reaches this conclusion: "The few Senators who know that Mr. Kellogg's pledge to the world was dangerous made the best fight they could, and the country is indebted to them for such reasonableness as now is attached to the document."

A TUNNEL THAT CONQUERS MOUNTAINS

A STORY OF WONDER-WORKING "such as the men of a few years ago who labored to lay the first rails on the zigzag course of the Great Northern over the mountains could not even have imagined," is the completion of that railroad's new eight-mile tunnel through the Cascades, reflects the Everett *Herald.* And this paper, published in a Washington city not far from the new tunnel, noting the radio celebration of the opening, finds the whole thing "significant of the way the earth has been moving—airplanes soar over summits of the Cascades; trains, driven by electricity, glide smoothly through them; and the whole nation, bound together by invisible impulses sent through the air, joins in celebrating the passage of the first train through the heart of this mountain barrier." The engineering and transportation features of this new achievement in tunnel-making, giving us our longest tunnel and the world its fifth longest, seem in the minds of many writers secondary to what it does in the way of rearranging the geography of the country. For, as Prof. H. H. Sheldon writes in the New York *Herald Tribune,* "with the building of this tunnel it can no longer be said that the West Coast is in any sense isolated from the rest of the country; the mountain barrier has been removed." The building of the tunnel, with the relocation of approaching tracks and the electrification of the entire piece of railroad crossing the Cascades, eliminate in effect, we read in the New York *Times,* "the mountain barrier which separates the Pacific slope from the great plains and the Eastern manufacturing centers."

P. & A. photograph

THE FIRST TRAIN THROUGH THE NEW TUNNEL

The Great Northern's Oriental Limited emerging to take part in the celebration at the west portal of the Cascade Mountain Tunnel.

This tunnel, "the greatest engineering feat of its kind in the United States," eight miles long, costing $14,000,000, "is of inestimable value to the Pacific coast from the view-point of economic development," we read in *The Daily Olympian.* And this paper, published in Olympia, capital of Washington, stresses the fact that a railroad was willing to spend $25,000,000 on a tunnel and connected improvements, "because it has faith in the future of the Pacific coast." The same idea occurs to the Tacoma *Times,* which remarks:

> "The economic results will be tremendous. The Great Northern is betting on this part of the country."

Says another Tacoma paper, *The News-Tribune:*

> "The tunnel was built to save time in transportation between Tacoma and Spokane, and eventually between Tacoma, Seattle, and Chicago; but more important still than time is its purpose in saving grades, the extra power necessary to overcome them and the extra expense of keeping up something like six miles of snow-sheds that follow the old line originally built as the Indians would build it—just up and over the lowest trails nature provided."

It is "as an engineering feat and an economic development that the new project stands out," writes W. C. Lyon from Seattle to the New York *Times:*

> "The tunnel is the longest in America. It eliminates forty-six curves and six complete circles in a distance of seventy-two miles. The new line of road has been electrified. A further big saving in maintenance costs is made possible by the elimination of miles of snow-sheds, which were necessary in the higher altitudes of the line now being discarded.
>
> "The new tunnel enters the Cascades at an elevation of 2,881 feet, which is more than 500 feet below the tunnel heretofore in use at the summit of the road's climb over the mountains."

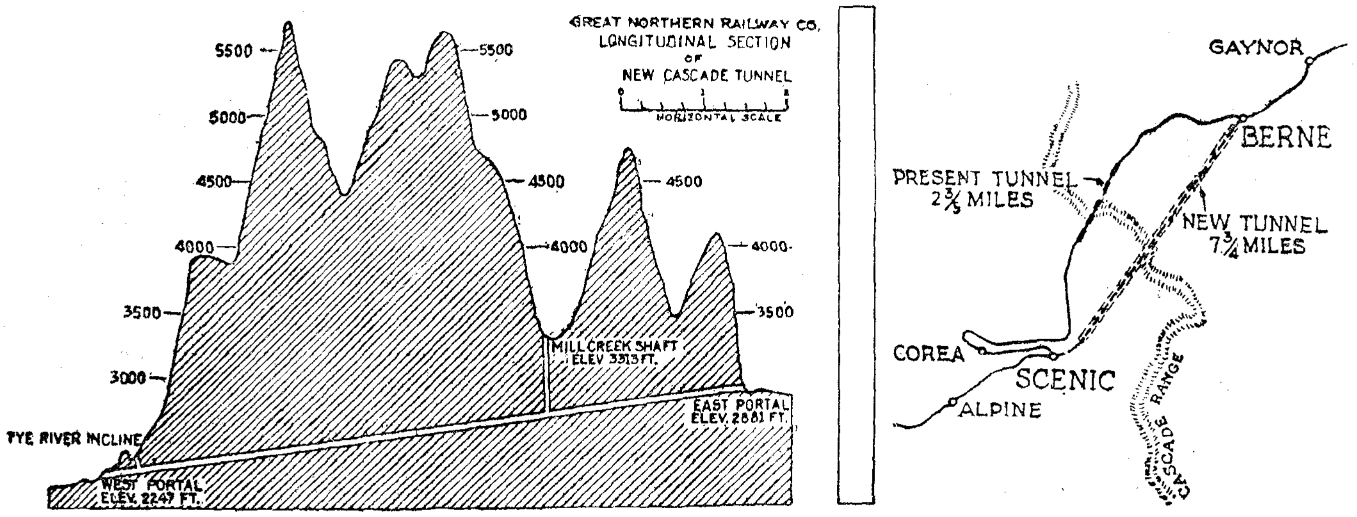
The improvement program, we read in a statement sent out by the president of the Great Northern Railway, involved, besides the tunnel building, the relocation of all but seven miles of the former fifty-mile route over the Cascades; the elimination of nearly twelve miles of tunnels and snow-sheds; and the electrification of seventy-five miles of line between Wenatchee and Skykomish, which includes the new tunnel. As President Budd looks back on the story of the tunnel—

> "When the Pacific extension of the Great Northern Railway was begun at Havre in 1890, the outstanding engineering problem consisted of finding the best route across the Cascade Mountains. In 1890 John F. Stevens recommended a route through the pass in the Cascades now used, and called in his honor Stevens Pass. The line in 1892 was carried over the summit on a series of switchbacks, but a tunnel 2⅝ miles long was soon afterward built and has been in use since 1900. A notable feature of the Stevens Pass route was the fact that by building a longer tunnel the line could be greatly improved in the future. In 1921 the subject was revived, location surveys were begun, and the matter received more or less continuous attention until the line just completed was tentatively adopted in the spring of 1925. The tunnel as built is 7.79 miles long; it is absolutely straight from end to end, and is on a grade of 1.56 per cent. descending from east to west. It cost $14,000,000."

The contract for the construction was entered into in November, 1925. In order to finish the work in three years the contractors used the method explained by the diagram on the next page, utilizing a perpendicular shaft from Mill Creek and a small pioneer tunnel, just south of the main tunnel and paralleling it. This made it possible to excavate from eleven different points instead of from two, and the pioneer tunnel was used for transportation between the scene of work and the outside, to carry wires and pipes, take care of ventilation, and to drain water during construction and permanently. Further details regarding the modern methods used to complete this tremendous project in so short a time must be omitted for lack of space.

In one of the radio talks celebrating the opening, Interstate Commerce Commissioner J. B. Campbell remarked that the construction of this tunnel and the accompanying program of electrification will serve to refute the notion that our railroads are becoming obsolete.

The achievement seems especially significant to *The Railway Age,* because it "typifies the courage displayed by railway managements in undertaking major improvements involving bold engineering and heavy outlays of capital," and it has this practical result:



Drawings by the General Electric Company

HOW THE NEW TUNNEL CUTS THROUGH THE CASCADES

At the left a longitudinal section showing the Mill Creek shaft which was used to facilitate building in connection with a small pioneer tunnel paralleling the main tunnel. At the right is a map of the new tunnel and the Great Northern's old route over the Cascades in the State of Washington.

"The time required for passenger-trains to cross the mountains will be reduced one hour, while freight traffic will save three hours. Of even greater importance to the public is the increased dependability that will be afforded all-year operation."

Many tributes are paid the men who did the actual work of drilling and blasting and concreting, and the other tasks involved. Between the beginning of tunneling operations on December 28, 1925, and the opening of the continuous bore on October 20, 1928, writes a New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent from Scenic, Washington, near the tunnel, "more records were smashed than in a modern Olympiad":

> "The finished tunnel, longest in America, nearly two miles more in length than the recently completed Moffatt bore in Colorado, was drilled by twice the yearly mileage and will show a concrete job, as compared with unlined tunnels of comparable lengths through the European Alps, that took seven to fourteen years.
>
> "Drilling crews in the Cascades established a world's record when they excavated 984 feet of the twenty-six by eighteen feet bore in September, 1926. Then in June, 1927, this feat was outdone when 1,164 feet were tunneled during thirty-one days' work.
>
> "Virtually all of the work was done by machinery and skilled workmen. Electricity, compress air, and dynamite applied with the utmost skill through the most modern machinery, characterized the whole project."

Charles Ffolliott of the contracting firm is quoted in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* as saying for the 1,500 men who have now finished the job:

> "It was the will to work on the part of the men that was the main thing. The man coming on shift took hold of the drill as the man going off let go."

The following facts about great tunnels are tabulated by the Seattle *Times:*

Abroad

Name	*Location*	*Length*	*Built*	*Cost*
*Simplon	Switz.-Italy	12.4 miles	Aug., '98-Jan., '06	$16,000,000
St. Gothard	Switz.-Italy	9.26 miles	Sept., '72-Dec., '81	11,300,000
Loetschberg	Switz.-Italy	9.0 miles	Oct., '06-June, '13	10,060,000
Mt. Cenis	France-Italy	7.97 miles	Aug., '57-Sept., '71	14,580,000

*A double tunnel. The second bore was completed in 1921.

In America

Name	*Location*	*Length*	*Built*
New Cascade	Great Northern Ry., Wash.	7.79 miles	1925-1928
Moffatt	Colorado	6.11 miles	1923-1928
Connaught	Rogers Pass, B. C.	5.02 miles	1913-1916
Hoosac	Massachusetts	4.38 miles	1854-1876
Mount Royal	Montreal	3.09 miles	1912-1914
Cascade, G. N. Ry.	Washington	2.63 miles	1897-1900
Twin Peaks	California	2.27 miles	
Snoqualmie Pass	Washington	2.25 miles	1912-1915

THE "WITCH MURDER" VERDICTS

ONE OF THE STRANGEST MURDER TRIALS in modern times came to a close recently at York, Pennsylvania, where John H. Blymyer, thirty-three, John Curry, fifteen, and Wilbert G. Hess, eighteen, were convicted and sentenced for killing Nelson D. Rehmeyer, an aged farmer whom they accused of having "hexed," or bewitched them. Rehmeyer was beaten to death in his own house after a struggle, robbed, and his body burned, we learn from the news dispatches. His assailants say that the killing was not premeditated, the object of their visit being to break the evil spell, or hex, which he was alleged to have put upon them and upon young Hess's family. To free themselves from this, according to their statements, they believed it necessary to obtain from Rehmeyer a book called "The Long Lost Friend," or else to cut from his head a lock of hair and bury it eight feet under ground. He was killed, they say, because he resisted their efforts to get the lock of hair.

At the beginning of the trial Judge Ray P. Sherwood declared that belief in witchcraft does not constitute legal insanity, thereby excluding as irrelevant some of the more sensational evidence on which the defense had depended. The jury found Blymyer and Curry "guilty of murder in the first degree, with the penalty of life imprisonment." In the case of Hess the verdict was second-degree murder, which carries a penalty of not less than ten years. On hearing his sentence Blymyer is quoted as saying: "Oh, well, I don't care. The hex that Rehmeyer put on me has been gone since his death, and I can eat and sleep now. Even in prison that will be better than it was before."

"Society would be better off if all murderers were tried and sentenced with the same celerity with which the Pennsylvania pow-wow doctor [Blymyer] was brought to trial and convicted," remarks the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, which adds: "At any rate, hexing has no recognition in the courts at York." While some papers agree with the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* and the Milwaukee *Journal* that a life sentence is too severe a penalty for a boy as young as John Curry—"the boy is entitled to another chance to make a good citizen out of himself," argues the Memphis paper—there is general approval of the expedition and absence of sensationalism in the court's handling of this case.

In an article on the social implications of this "witchcraft murder," in THE DIGEST of January 5, we quoted a dispatch to the New York *Evening World* in which Dr. L. U. Zech, Coroner of York County, Pennsylvania, is alleged to have said that "at least half the residents of the City of York believe in witchcraft." "I never made this statement," Dr. Zech writes us.

THE SUPREME COURT REBUKES CHICAGO

"LAKE STATES VICTORIOUS in Water Steal Case" is the stinging head-line of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, on Lake Erie, and "Chicago Loses and Gains from Court Decision" is the defensive head-line of the Chicago *Tribune*, over the same front-page news, namely: the United States Supreme Court decides that Chicago must cease its diversion of 8,500 cubic feet per second of Lake Michigan water for sanitary purposes at the earliest possible date in order to restore the navigation level of all the Great Lakes in justice to the damaged States that border our vast inland-sea system. From one news point of view, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York win a long-fought legal claim against an illegal "grab" of interstate waters. From the other news point of view, Chicago, Illinois, is legally permitted a reasonable time for diminishing its drainage-canal diversion of water while constructing other means of sewage disposal to provide necessary city sanitation. And since the decision hinges on the power of Congress over "navigation," it appears to assure new life to the Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway project through the Mississippi basin. Moreover, Canada, bordering the Great Lakes on the north, is as vitally interested in lake navigation and commerce as our own Lake States, tho not a party to this fight in our courts. The character of this decision may also affect such similar Eastern State projects, the Springfield *Union* notes, as the project of a Metropolitan Water Commission for Boston with Massachusetts backing "to divert water from the Ware and Swift rivers and thereby from the Chicopee and Connecticut rivers." Obviously the far-reaching principles laid down in the unanimous decision announced by Chief Justice Taft are considered of great importance. As the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* says:

> "The Court's decree goes deeper than mere diversion of water. The principles underlying it can not be ignored by any public or private body which depends upon running water to remove and purify its sewage or industrial waste."

The Court's "rebuke" culminates in these words:

> "The Secretary of War and the Chief of Engineers in 1907 refused a permit by which there would be more than 4,167 feet a second diverted. Advised that the district authorities proposed to ignore that limitation, the United States brought suit against the authorities of the district to enjoin any diversion in excess of that quantity, as fixt in an earlier permit. Another application for enlargement was made to Secretary of War Stimson in 1913, and was rejected.
>
> "For several years, including the inexcusable delays made possible by the failure of the Federal court in Chicago to render a decision in the suit brought by the United States, the district authorities have been maintaining the diversion of 8,500 cubic feet per second or more on the pleas of preserving the health of the district. Putting this plea forward has tended materially to hamper and obstruct the remedy to which the complainants are entitled in vindication of their rights, riparian and other.
>
> "In increasing the diversion from 4,167 cubic feet a second to 8,500, the drainage district defied the authority of the National Government resting in the Secretary of War. And in so far as the prior diversion was not for the purposes of maintaining navigation in the Chicago River, it was without any legal basis, because made for an inadmissible purpose.
>
> "It therefore is the duty of this Court by an appropriate decree to compel the reduction of the diversion to a point where it rests on a legal basis and thus to restore the navigable capacity of Lake Michigan to its proper level.
>
> "The sanitary district authorities, relying on the argument with reference to the health of its people, have much too long delayed the needed substitution of suitable sewage plants as a means of avoiding the diversion in the future. Therefore they can not now complain if an immediately heavy burden is placed upon the district because of their attitude and course."

Then the Court, to meet the practical problem of required disposition of sewage through other means than the Lake diversion, refers the case back to Charles E. Hughes, as special master, for hearings and report on which to base a final form of decree to effect its decision that, "tho the restoration of just rights to the complainants will be gradual instead of immediate, it must be continuous and as speedy as practicable, and must include everything that is essential to an effective project."

"What Ohio and other Lake States, except Illinois, have been contending for twenty years is substantially indorsed by the Court," declares a Cleveland *Plain Dealer* editorial. Immediate injunction is denied, but the decision compels the Chicago Sanitary District to reduce diversion to a legal basis:

> "This sweeps away at a blow all the studied pretension of those who have insisted that Chicago was permanently entitled to the water she has been extracting, regardless of lake levels and the millions of dollars in loss inflicted on the shipping all along this great natural waterway.
>
> "The temporary permit of the War Department under which the present diversion of water is made is upheld as coming within the authority of the law of 1899. But this diversion, says the Court, in effect, is not for sewage dilution or for power development; it is legal only so far as the water is used in the furtherance of navigation.
>
> "In no sense can the present excessive diversion be considered permanent. In fact, the Court itself takes steps immediately to determine how soon with safety to the health of Chicago the amount of water now extracted can be sharply reduced.
>
> "It is now finally asserted by the Court, in substance, that these waters belong jointly to this country and to Canada, and that no community is privileged to outrage justice and decency by helping itself unreservedly to this common possession. It takes cognizance of the fact that every drop of water taken from the lakes tends to nullify improvements costing scores of millions of public funds expended by authority of Congress.
>
> "Opponents of the present diversion policy have never objected to an extraction of water sufficient for a barge canal to the Mississippi; it is well attested, however, that 1,000 second-feet is sufficient for this purpose, instead of the 10,000 or so now extracted. What they have objected to is the action of the sanitary district in taking water in quantities to jeopardize navigation principally to save Chicago the expense of building sewage-disposal plants, and in order to make a handsome profit in hydroelectric power. And this objection is sustained."

On the other hand, the Chicago *Daily News* declares that "in principle the decision manifestly favors the sanitary district," for the Court does not order all diversion stopt forthwith "on the ground that there was no authority in the Federal Government or in Congress to permit diversion of water from one watershed to another" as complainants contended:

> "The Court held that diversion for sanitation was illegal. Now the question presents itself whether additional legislation is needed to preserve the project of a barge canal from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Congress is committed to the Lakes-to-Gulf improvement. Mr. Hoover is a strong advocate of a comprehensive waterway-development program, a major feature of which is this same Lakes-to-Gulf project. Sufficient water for navigation will mean sufficient water for sanitation. If additional legislation is advisable to bring about the speedy execution of the Lakes-to-Gulf waterway, which the whole Middle West and much of the South have the right to expect and demand, it should be drafted and passed at the first suitable opportunity."

The Chicago *Tribune* points out that the Court's finding "will not force the authorities to undertake anything that was not contemplated, tho the date may be advanced":

> "The Court recognizes that the health of 4,000,000 persons is directly dependent upon the present method of sewage disposal, and the change can not be made overnight. The community is to be granted a reasonable time to draw its plans, raise the needed money, and complete the constructions. The fact that the sanitary district may not borrow without authorization from the voters at a referendum must be taken into account. It is a real obstacle, as real as any physical one.
>
> "Outside of Chicago it may not generally be known that Chicago long ago determined to dispose of its sewage without dilution, and that a number of treatment plans have already been completed. The largest so far placed in service cost close to $30,000,000, and was completed only a few months ago."

WHY AMANULLAH FELL

PUT DOWN THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN as "the latest martyr to progress," advises the Boston *Post*, abdication having been forced by "whisker rebels," as various correspondents call the Moslem tribes of natives that would have none of Amanullah's westernizing reforms in government, head-dress, shaving, emancipation of women, and the like. And yet, observes *The Post*, "King Amanullah can thank modernism for his life. He escaped by airplane against which the old mode of pursuit could not prevail. Thus the monarch proved his point that 'new-fangled' ideas are all right." A serio-comic tone prevails in much of the American press comment on the news of Amanullah's abdication of the throne, January 14, in favor of his oldest brother, Sirdar Inayatullah Khan, after having first withdrawn most of his Europeanizing decrees in an unsuccessful effort to save his crown before surrendering to victorious tribal forces which had secured military positions commanding the capital, Kabul. The favorite American editorial references are to Kipling's fool "who tried to hustle the east," and "East is East and West is West."

Wide World photograph

THEIR COSTUMES COST A KINGDOM

Ex-King Amanullah and Queen Souriya of Afghanistan.

The Columbus *Dispatch*, American fashion, light-heartedly tells the story, "The Humble Afghan Arises":

> "A few months ago King Amanullah and his queen, Souriya, ruled happily in their castle, far up the gorge of the Kabul, in Afghanistan. For two years their people had been prosperous and contented. Soviet Russia sought trade and friendship. The alarmed British in India curried favor with the hill tribes. The Afghan was sitting pretty, almost on top of the world.
>
> "Then the King and Queen decided upon a tour of Europe, and the diplomats of the West fell over each other to pay them honor. Germany lavished gifts and protestations of friendship. Republican France, especially the dressmakers and costumers of Paris, gave them welcome and medals and ribbons. Staid England opened her arms to them. The King and Queen went down to the depot to meet them, and took them to the palace for dinner. Soviet Russia heaped upon them gifts and honors, forgetting what she had done to her own royalty. The tour was a triumph. The King went home wearing peg-top Paris trousers, spats, and an English topper. The Queen got a permanent wave, a bale of lipsticks, and dazzled her ladies-in-waiting with her Paris creations.
>
> "When they got home, the old palace didn't seem as of old. They installed a radio, a gramophone, and put on a jazz record. They decided that sheep and goat skins wouldn't do, and ordered the people to adopt European hand-me-downs. They purposed Europeanizing Afghanistan, and giving their people the more or less dubious blessings of Western culture.
>
> "The other day, Afghanistan blew up under them. The Kurds and the Wheys and the other tribes revolted against derby hats and four-o'clock teas, and went back to their sheepskins and their chinchilla shakos. The army revolted; the common people threw away their hand-me-down pants and resumed their goat-garments. King Amanullah and Queen Souriya 'took it on the lam,' and are reported hiding in some secret fastness, to save their necks.
>
> "Moral: Don't get too far in advance of the home folks—whether you live in Afghanistan or Ohio."

OUR COSTLY CAMPAIGN—33c PER VOTE

NEVER AGAIN NEED A CAMPAIGN for President of the United States cost anywhere from twelve to twenty million dollars or more, because the radio has come in to change the whole situation, according to outspoken editors. *The Wall Street Journal* goes so far as to declare rather acidly that "the use of the radio might dispense with the service of the campaign manager, who, with distinguished exceptions, seems to vary from a well-to-do notoriety seeker to a plain ass." In general the press more mildly than heretofore indulges in warning against possibilities of corruption from campaign contributions, content with pointing out that results show that the cost was excessive or admonishing party organizations to cut out waste.

That the Hoover-Smith campaign was the costliest on record, nobody questions. For the two big National Committees reported to Congress at the close of the calendar year disbursements of about $11,500,000 and receipts of nearly $500,000 more. Republican contributions totaled $6,541,748, Democratic $5,444,958; the Republican committee reports a surplus of $355,264, the Democratic committee shows a balance of $102,609, but with outstanding loans that make up a net campaign deficit of $1,500,000. David Lawrence, president of *The United States Daily* at Washington, estimating additional campaign expenditures in the forty-eight States by the two parties at $3,000,000 each, places the total cost of the campaign close to $18,000,000. Others run up estimates to twenty or twenty-five millions, since none of the expenditures of minor parties or so-called propagandist groups are covered in current totals.

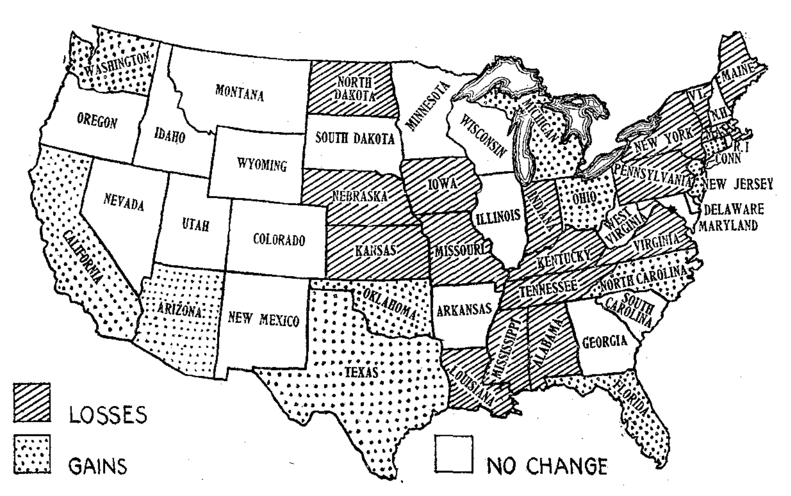
On the basis of National Committee figures and the unprecedented number of votes cast, the commonest estimate of the cost per vote is thirty-three cents. This, as the Washington *Post*, among other papers, says, "does not seem excessive, but it should be remembered that this is only a part of the political toll collected," county and local committees "squandering" in line with the National Committees which set the example. Further, "there is nothing to indicate that the amount of money spent had any bearing on the result. But the mounting cost of deciding political differences sets an unhealthy precedent."

Let the radio cut campaign funds in half, hereafter, urges *The Wall Street Journal*. That paper, whose slam on party managers was quoted at the beginning of this article, argues:

> "The hire of halls, the cost of special trains, advertising publicity of various kinds, make up most of the expense in a country so vast as this with a potential voting power greater than the entire population of Great Britain. But the radio is another matter, and it was the radio which won and lost the election. Indeed it might be said that the money spent on any other kind of publicity is largely wasted, allowing that its expenditure is, and always has been, of a thoroughly unbusinesslike character, attracting parasites and humbugs who, by immemorial custom, enjoy a comfortable four months of self-important idleness at the public expense."

CONGRESSMEN VOTE TO OBEY THE CONSTITUTION

AFTER EIGHT YEARS OF VIOLATION the press considers it great news that the House of Representatives has voted to obey the Constitution of the United States, by passing the Kern bill to bring about the reapportionment of Congressmen according to the population of the different States. The first Article of the Constitution requires that such redistribution of seats in the Lower House shall be made on the basis of the census taken every ten years, but Congress has done nothing of the kind since the census of 1920, while indulging in plenty of vociferous oratory regarding the sacredness of the Constitution and everybody's duty to obey amendments. This spectacle of "flagrant disobedience," "lawmakers that break laws," "lynching the Constitution," has, in fact, long been a favorite target for editorial criticism. Even now not a few papers doubt whether action will amount to more than a gesture, since the vote of 226 to 134 passing the Fenn bill avoided putting Congressmen on record, and the bill must take fighting chances in a crowded short-session calendar in the Senate. Leading papers, even in some of the States like Missouri, which stands to lose seats by reapportionment, join in congratulating the House and urging the Senate to vote likewise. "The issues at stake do not concern the Senate," says the Philadelphia *Record*, "and that body had better follow the example of the House in yielding belated obedience to the fundamental law of the land."



WINNERS AND LOSERS IN THE NEW REAPPORTIONMENT

Reapportionment would come after the next census of 1930, according to the Fenn bill, which provides an automatic method of determining the redistribution by the Department of Commerce, following every census, without increasing the present membership of 435. The Department would make its first report to the December session of 1930, and if Congress itself makes no other allotment the report becomes effective law March 4, 1931. The Department's schedule is to be sent to the States, where, it is explained, legislatures of States losing members of the House must enlarge Congressional districts, and those gaining members must create additional districts. Assuming that this redistricting might be accomplished in time for the Congressional elections of 1932, the reallotment thus would first determine the membership of those who would take seats in December, 1933. After assigning one seat to each of the forty-eight States as required by the Constitution regardless of population, the Department mathematically is to allot the other 387 seats according to population quotas in the several States. When such division comes out in fractions, any State having less than half a seat loses, and any State having more than half gains a member.

Naturally the probable losses or gains have live news interest, and on an estimated population of 123,000,000 in 1930 the press associations report that seventeen States will lose and eleven States will gain, as follows:

> Losses: Alabama, 1; Indiana, 2; Iowa, 2; Kansas, 1; Kentucky, 2; Louisiana, 1; Maine, 1; Massachusetts, 1; Mississippi, 2; Missouri, 3; Nebraska, 1; New York, 1; North Dakota, 1; Pennsylvania, 1; Tennessee, 1; Vermont, 1, and Virginia, 1.
>
> Gains: Arizona, 1; California, 6; Connecticut, 1; Florida, 1; Michigan, 4; New Jersey, 2; North Carolina, 1; Ohio, 3; Oklahoma, 1; Texas, 2, and Washington, 1.

"It is too early to weep over seats lost by this or that State," comments the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, for changes and shifts in population make calculations in advance of the next census highly speculative. The usually well-informed Manchester (N. H.) *Union* says that the reapportionment bill faces a hard fight in the Senate, for naturally opposition to changes will again come from losing States, and especially, with some exceptions, from representatives of predominantly rural and dry communities. Further, we read:

> "The Pacific coast, it will be observed, makes a notable advance in its representation; the South by the help of Texas about holds it own; and the border States, if this classification includes Missouri, fare rather badly. There is a gain for the industrial group of States north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. In the East New England nets a loss of one seat, while New Jersey's gain offsets losses in the big States of New York and Pennsylvania. The geographical center of representation moves westward, chiefly because of California's remarkable advance."

"No argument of any weight can be advanced against legislation so wholly consonant with justice and common sense and demanded by the Constitution of the United States," declares the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. Many editorials express similar views, the New York *Telegram* of the Scripps-Howard chain saying—

> "A fourth of our States have been unfairly deprived of their constitutional right of representation for eight years, and will be for five years more before this new plan can be put into effect, but the wrong has not been endured in vain if this wise solution is accepted for protecting all in the future.
>
> "The Senate should let nothing interfere with adoption of the bill before adjournment."

The Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, however, insists that the Senate should kill the "pernicious" Fenn bill, because "it delegates the plain duty of Congress to a coordinate branch of the Government, the Department of Commerce." And the Des Moines *Tribune-Capital* notes danger for the future in basing representation in Congress wholly on population, "for it is the growth of cities that is determining this redistribution, and it is in the main the cities that will have the new Congressmen, while it is the country that will stand the losses."

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* remarks that it can not agree with politicians that loss of seats by one State to provide equal representation elsewhere "involves any calamitous results." Moreover, "if we are to increase the size of the House every time a reapportionment is made, that body will soon resemble the audience at a Yale-Harvard football game."

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* calls attention to the effect of reapportionment in Presidential contests:

> "Distortion of the proper representation of the States in Congress means corresponding unfairness in the apportionment of Electoral votes, a circumstance that might make trouble in an election less one-sided than the last. The Senate would invite general condemnation by again balking the action of the House."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

Farms never had fewer horses or more horse-power.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

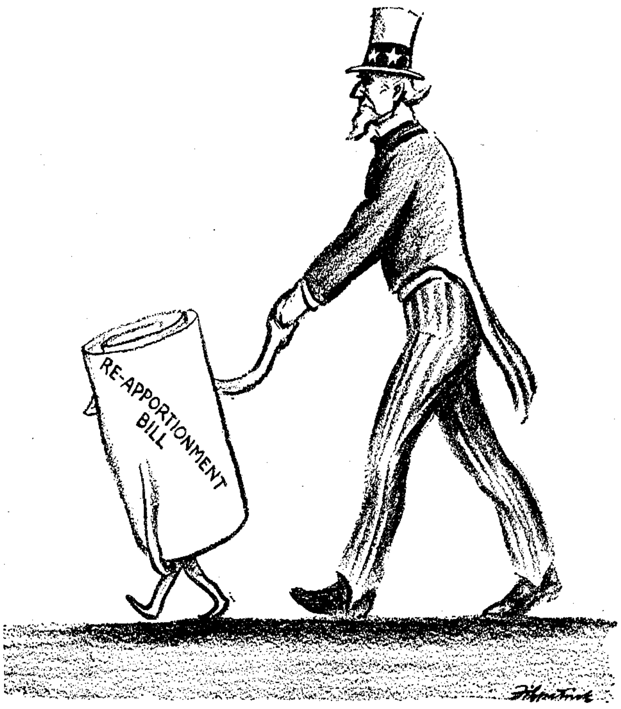
To preserve peace, we need guns of smaller and men of larger caliber.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

The proper measure of a man is the size of the thing required to get his goat.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

Not all the bad bills are passed by counterfeiters. Let us not forget our legislatures.—*American Lumberman.*

The point the Supreme Court must decide is whether water in the railroads justifies soaking the public.—*Greenville News.*

You can't tell which group elected Hoover until you see which one is maddest because it can't run things.—*Kenosha (Wis.) News.*



BACK TO THE CONSTITUTION!

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

Too often the fruit of naval rivalry is the apple of discord. —*Virginian-Pilot.*

But maybe the scientist who said there is a limit to space was talking about parking space.—*Macon Telegraph.*

The common man is endowed with certain inalienable rights, all of which he must keep fighting for.—*Robert Quillen.*

"What is real progress?" asks a big motor manufacturer. About eighty miles an hour, judging from the ads.—*Dallas News.*

Maybe they are just trying to move Salvation Army headquarters to the land that needs the most salvation.—*Fountain Inn (S. C.) Tribune.*

Industry and the professions are closely related. Think of what the petroleum industry has done for the legal profession, and vice versa.—*San Diego Union.*

The enormous difficulties in the way of preventing war are strikingly illustrated by the lamentable outbreak in the highly esteemed Salvation Army. —*Milwaukee Journal.*

One day of old-fashioned winter is enough to reconcile most persons to the fact that it is old-fashioned.—*New York Evening Post.*

"The true idiot can not read," says an alienist. Then where in the world do magazines like that get their circulation?—*Jersey City Journal.*

Mr. Ford says that eventually all housework will be done by machinery. Well, in that case it at least will be done.—*New York Evening Post.*

The millennium will be here when it takes the nations as long to declare war as it takes the United States Senate to declare peace.—*San Diego Union.*

Florida and California people will approve the thirteen-month calendar, providing the extra month is added to their winter season.—*Clermont (Fla.) Press.*

A new process, found in London, will make cardboard as strong as iron. This answers a complaint from Scotland that Christmas-cards wear out after a few seasons.—*Detroit News.*

President Coolidge has become such an ardent sportsman, and such an expert with the rifle, that we should think the photographers who accompany him on his hunting trips would be a little nervous after all the provocation they've given him.—*Ohio State Journal.*

It may be that it's the goodness of the good that dies young.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Hex marks the spot where those Pennsylvania murders were committed.—*New York Evening Post.*

A living-room is just a detour on the route from the bedroom to the garage.—*Fountain Inn (S. C.) Tribune.*

The *Question Mark* made its mark, all right, but there is no longer any question about it.—*San Diego Union.*

The door of opportunity will be closed for us Democrats as long as the party breach isn't.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

One of the Coolidge policies which Mr. Hoover is already carrying out is silence.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Now that the faces of some vaudeville singers have been lifted, is there any way to have their voices lowered?—*New York Times.*

"Portes Gil promises every surrendering bandit in Mexico a plot of land." With flowers and perpetual care, perhaps?—*Detroit News.*

A feature of a new club for skating on artificial ice, we note, is the plunge bath. It is often a feature of skating on real ice.—*Punch.*

There is evidently no Prohibition in Jugoslavia, where Mr. Drinkovitch has just been appointed Minister for Social Affairs.—*Providence Journal.*

We know a member of the younger generation who declined an invitation to attend a horse show recently, on the ground that he'd already seen a horse.—*San Diego Union.*

A Minnesota judge says there are an increasing number of divorces caused by arguments over playing bridge. This may be because it is easier to get a divorce than it is to learn to play a good game of bridge.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

It's good betting that Mr. Hoover every now and then wishes he was back in the peaceful calm of a battle-ship.—*Manchester Union.*

Currency is covered with germs, says a warning from one of the health services, and we're very well, thank you.—*New York Evening Post.*

King Amanullah, of Afghanistan, is just now being forcefully reminded of the fact that East is East and West is West.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Being a comparatively young man, Mr. Hoover has probably not met half the eminent citizens who have been suggested for his Cabinet.—*San Diego Union.*

The great difference in rank was shown when only six lines were devoted to a fall from a horse by the brother of the Prince of Wales.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

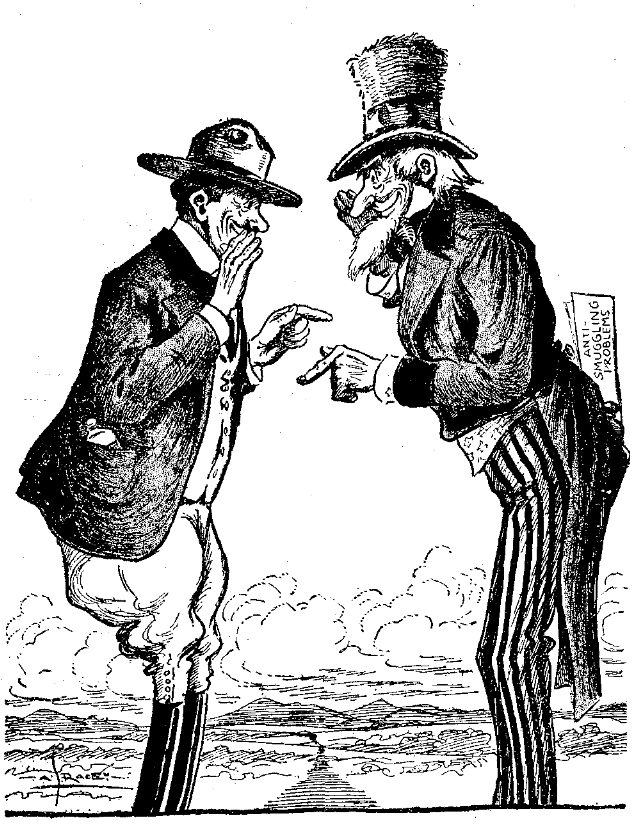
President of the National Music Teachers Association says the radio is killing jazz. The main trouble, however, is that it isn't removing the remains.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The first book ever printed on cornstalk paper has been privately exhibited in the University Club of Manhattan. Eventually all of the corn plant will be used except the silk. And if the anti-tobacconists triumph, a use for the silk will suggest itself to men who were boys half a century ago.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE RUM-RUNNING CONFERENCE AT OTTAWA

While no practical accomplishment can be recorded of the conference about revision of the antismuggling treaty between Canada and the United States, we are told, it is asserted that it ended with "mutual expressions of friendship and good-will." At the same time some Canadian newspapers give vent to a feeling of irritation that the United States should have sent delegates to Canada with proposals that Canada should help enforce Prohibition. On the other hand, many Canadian editors are outspoken in their claim that the border rum traffic is harmful to Canada, and the Ottawa *Evening Citizen* believes it imperils Canada's good name and involves Canada's credit in the eyes of a large mass of self-respecting people in the United States and Canada. Continued toleration of the traffic may lead to far worse developments, according to this daily, which remarks ominously that the traffic may assume a character of far more sinister import than at present—"get out of hand and turn on us." All earnest men and women must at least admit that the traffic is undesirable, and *The Evening Citizen* adds:



UNCLE SAM VISITS OTTAWA

THE HOST: "I presume you wish my assistance in making an irresistible force remove an immovable body, Sam?"
THE GUEST: "Wa-a-ll, I reckon it's something like that, John."
—A. G. Racey in *The Daily Star* (Montreal).

"What representatives of the American people meeting in Ottawa ask is that we refuse to give legal countenance to an illegal trade. Can it be said that the request is so very unreasonable? Perhaps it might help if we forgot for a moment the narrow legal aspect of the question and faced it as a matter of public policy and national good. Ought not we to try, in other words, to view it as a purely Canadian problem for a time, and not as a matter solely having to do with United States Prohibition? If we did, it is difficult to see how we could afford to refuse to take steps—delicately complicated tho they may be for Canada—which other countries, including Great Britain, have already taken, and decline to wash our hands of an unsavory and a dangerous business."

International cooperation is excellent, observes the Montreal *Gazette*, but Canada has "its own laws, based upon Canadian ideas of public policy, and it is not within the duty or province of the Canadian Government to alter its administration so as to conform to a different set of laws, based upon a different idea of public policy, in another country." On the question of the Volstead Law, declares the Montreal *Daily Star*, the Canadians are just like the Americans—in other words, there is a division of opinion. But the Canadians, it is averred, are a unit in believing that the Volstead Law is emphatically none of their business, and we read:

"That is, it is not our business to indorse it or to oppose it—to help enforce it or to help violate it. Nor do they ask us to do either.

"But it is most assuredly our business to do everything in our power to prevent our land from being used as a pirate base from which 'war' can be levied upon a friendly nation. We should not allow men to conspire in Canada to violate the laws of the United States. We should not allow them to twist and torture our laws and regulations, established for perfectly proper purposes, in such fashion as to build them up into 'blinds' from behind which they can issue to commit crime successfully in American territory.

"We would not think of doing this if the crime were murder or housebreaking, or even smuggling of an international sort. But because Prohibition is still a debatable subject among most peoples, some of us are too inclined to wink at operations which find an asylum in Canada and a field of profitable crime in the United States. As good neighbors, we should do this no longer. As common-sense people, living next door, we should do nothing which either increases underworld activities just across the border or invites these pernicious actors to frequent our own country."

While everything requested of Canada to make the anti-smuggling treaty effective has been done, remarks the Toronto *Globe*, nevertheless exports, as officially recorded, have increased 50 per cent. in three years. But there is no certainty that the withholding of clearances would curtail rum-running, in the view of *The Globe*, which proceeds as follows:

"Canada is condemned by a large section of the United States press and people for the part it takes in facilitating the departure of liquor-laden boats, out of proportion to the amount of liquor which leaves under the protection of official clearances. It has been said officially in Washington that not more than 5 per cent. of the liquor consumed is accounted for in this way. This would seem to make the offense of the Dominion relatively small.

"But, large or small, the only point which Canada can afford to consider is whether the plan of granting clearances is a help or hindrance to law enforcement, is favorable or unfavorable to the defeat of the rum-runner and to the maintenance of good relations with her neighbor. If Britain and Norway can refuse to give clearances, there is no technical principle in the way of Canada doing the same. The boundary line may make a difference in applying the same rule.

"Certainly the clearances convey the impression that Canada is a willing partner in defeating the aims of the Volstead Law. This is wrong, of course, but it exists. It is also certain that as long as the United States attempts to retain Prohibition and any part of Canada is wet, the problem of border rum-running will be of mutual concern. It will increase rather than diminish in importance. Any steps that can be taken now to curtail it

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

should not be overlooked, whether by withholding clearances, confining them to vessels of 100 tons or more, or by other possible means."

But another Toronto daily, *The Mail and Empire*, looks at the matter from an entirely different standpoint, and declares that it is inconceivable that the Canadian people "should ever make such a spectacle of themselves as our neighbors now present to the world." The course Canada has taken in the matter of regulating the liquor traffic is a reasonable assurance that it will never venture into "the folly of establishing a prohibitory law that has not a solid backing of public opinion." By sending a delegation to Canada to ask the Canadian Government, this daily continues sarcastically, to forbid any Canadian exports of liquor being sent to the United States, "the Washington Government in effect makes the humiliating confession that the Volstead Law is a law the enforcement of which, tho enacted upon their own demand, the people render impossible." We read then:

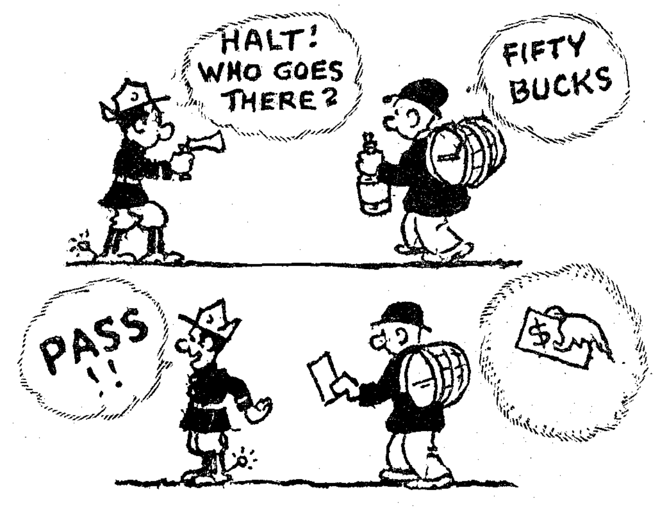
> "That being the situation, what should the United States Government do? Ought it not to take steps to have the law or the constitutional amendment back of it repealed or so changed as to bring it into correspondence with the force of public opinion? Instead of doing that, the Washington Government proposes that Canada aid it in its unequal contest with United States violators of a United States law.
>
> "What is the Canadian Government to do? Is it to attend to the business of carrying out the law of its own country, which is supported by the mass of Canadian public opinion, or turn in and assist in overcoming, not so much the love of liquor across the line, as the triumphant forces of hypocrisy there? The members of the United States delegation to Ottawa can not have liked their errand, an errand which by no means is heightening to the pride of their Government or their country. We grant it is pretty hard to rule a country so many of whose citizens after voting dry go off together to 'have a drink, boys!'"

Less fiery in tone is an Ottawa dispatch to this Toronto newspaper from one of its staff writers, T. H. Blacklock, who concedes that nothing practical was achieved by the conference, but, he assures us, there was a clarification of the desires of each party, and the next conference or interchange of letters between the governments can deal with the salient features of the problem. This informant goes on to say:

> "The United States' delegation urged strongly that only the refusal of clearances to liquor-laden vessels for the United States would be of any use to them in Prohibition enforcement. This request will be submitted by the Canadian delegates to their government. Extradition problems are to be the subject of correspondence between the two governments.
>
> "It was claimed by the United States that Canadian liquor imports were a serious handicap in the enforcement of the Volstead Law, but to this Canadians demurred, claiming the percentage of Canadian liquor in the whole consumption in the United States was very small, and further suggested preventive measures to keep Canadian liquors out were not enforced with any particular energy. The following joint statement was issued at the conclusion of the conference:
>
> "'The Conference continued its session with a review of the administration procedure involved under the present method of regulation. It was made clear by members of the United States delegation that while certain improvements would be desirable in the method of the exchange of information provided for under the treaty of 1924, particularly in the way of insuring more exact identification of the craft engaged in rum-running, especially on the Detroit-Windsor border, no appreciable results would be obtained except by action on the part of the Canadian authorities in refusing clearances to vessels or other permissive papers in connection with the export of goods the entry of which into the United States is illegal.
>
> "'The administrative officials of the United States, members of the American delegation to the Conference, exprest themselves as firmly convinced that no further or additional or regulatory provision made by Canada, short of a refusal to issue documents permitting exportation, would have much, if any, better success than have those which have been tried out since the antismuggling treaty between the two countries was signed in 1924.'"

LAND REFORM IN EUROPE

Terrible as was the war in many of its consequences, now and again we find those who can show us benefits to society at large that never could have been reaped if it had not been for the catastrophic conflict. One gain for the people often noted is land reform in central and eastern Europe, and the Prague *Central European Observer* reminds us that the system of entailed estates under which enormous areas were held permanently in the possession of individual families has been abolished in the above-named sections of Europe, so that in practically every country the land hunger of the masses, especially of the peasant folk, has been largely satisfied by the allotment of small holdings, while numerous small farms have been increased in size. Opponents of the reform declared at the outset, we are told, that it would result in a decline in the productivity of the land, and that the yield of grain, and particularly the supply of milk for large towns and industrial districts, would prove inadequate. We read then:


HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
FIFTY BUCKS
PASS !!
$

ALONG THE BORDER

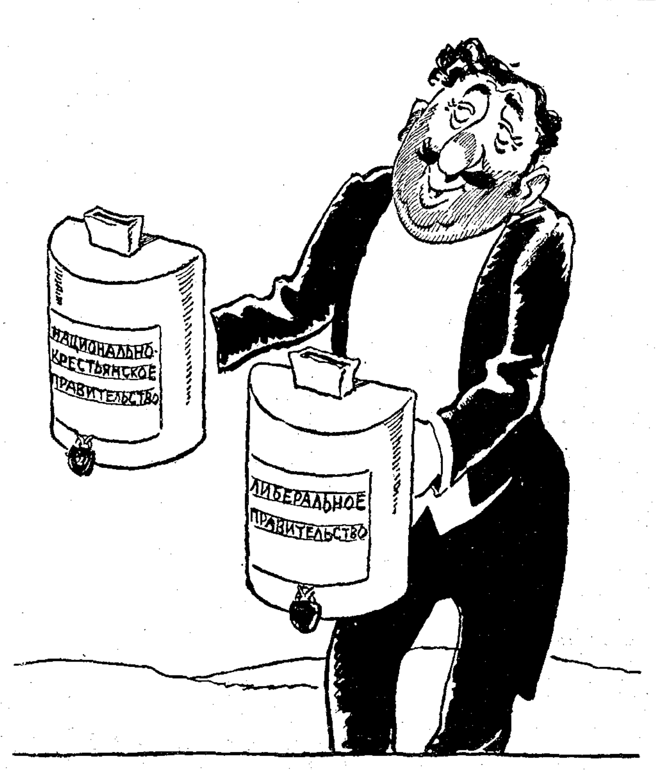
—*The Telegram* (Toronto).

> "These arguments are still heard, but they are now applied in particular cases, for on the whole the principle of a wider distribution of land ownership and an increase in peasant proprietorship is universally admitted to have been an essential measure, and attended in general by satisfactory results. This is especially so in Czechoslovakia, where agricultural output has increased since the land reform was put in operation. An interesting comment on this topic appears in the German periodical, *Deutscher Volkswirt*, and is all the more notable as it is from German quarters that the opposition to land reform has so frequently emanated. This paper says the argument that large estates are more productive than smaller ones is at least problematical. It is doubtful if the big estates yield more grain, for even when statistics would indicate that, the initiated are not ignorant of the fact that the peasant and small farmer are inclined to understate their crops, fearing that the revenue office lurks behind the agricultural returns.
>
> "Even the use of machinery is, by means of cooperative societies and private cooperation, becoming as intensive on small farms as on big estates. Then the personal factor is entirely in favor of the man who is working on his own land, whereas the big estates are run on hired labor. The numerous insolvencies of large landed estates in Germany speak little for the financial success of the big areas. The most serious argument of all, however, against the big landed estates is their entirely negative character in regard to social and popular welfare."

In Czechoslovakia itself, we learn from *The World Almanac*, the land began to be partitioned off in earnest in 1923, when 465,000 acres, entirely agricultural, were sequestrated. In 1927, we are told, there were about 1,500,000 farms in the country, of which 40 per cent. were under five acres in size, and 30 per cent. from five to twelve acres.

ROUMANIA'S TRIUMPHANT PEASANTS

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA is said to be heralded by the accession to the Premiership of Juliu Maniu, leader of the victorious Peasants' party in Roumania. What American editors thought of this epical change in the government of Roumania was recorded in THE LITERARY DIGEST for January 12; and now we come to consider some of the press comment in Roumania and in Greece, where the newspapers are especially interested in the concerns of each and every Balkan State. The Bucharest semiofficial *Indreptarea* calls attention to the fact that the National Peasant party of Roumania went before the people with a platform promising "the restoration of the liberties of the people, the elimination of the Army from politics, the decentralization of the government services, the restoration of the standing of the judiciary, the betterment of the nation's economic status, the systematic increase of production in all branches of agriculture and industry, the stabilization of the currency, and the granting of greater freedom to foreign capital invested in the development of the country." What is more, according to this daily, the National Peasant party promised better treatment for the national minorities living in Roumania. This newspaper then adds:


НАЦИОНАЛЬНО-КРЕСТЬЯНСКОЕ ПРАВИТЕЛЬСТВО
ЛИБЕРАЛЬНОЕ ПРАВИТЕЛЬСТВО

A SOVIET ATTEMPT TO BELITTLE ROUMANIA

ROUMANIAN POLITICIAN: "Pay up, dear people. It doesn't matter whether you put your money in the Liberal or the National box. You'll get no more for it." —*Izviestia* (Moscow).

> "The general elections have resulted in the triumph of our party. We have had a free election, something unknown in Roumania. Everything went on in perfect order, thanks to the discipline of the masses under the National Peasant party."

The policy of Premier Maniu is set forth in a statement issued by him to G. H. Lepper, a contributor to *The English Review* (London), in which we read:

> "Roumania's social reforms, especially the agrarian reform, have consolidated to such an extent the feeling of individual ownership on the part of all classes of the people that not the slightest subversive current now exists. To our ethnic and religious minorities we shall accord all that is required under the treaties that Roumania has signed in conformity with modern ideas of equity. But we shall demand on their part perfect loyalty to the Roumanian State.
>
> "In the sphere of economics we shall eliminate everything that could hamper the free development of trade and industry. Roumania is essentially an agricultural country and must for a long time to come remain so, 80 per cent. of her people being engaged on the soil; so we shall give to this branch of our national life all the attention that it deserves."

There is a note of ringing congratulation in a Greek daily, the Athens *Proia*, as it points out that "for the first time in greater Roumania, spreading all the way from the Danube to the Carpathians, and from the Dneister to the Galician Alps, and the outskirts of the Hungarian plain, the people went untrammeled to the polls and registered their sovereign will," and it continues:

> "In the six years preceding this election, the cabinets of Jonel and Vintila Bratianu, at the head of the Liberal party, had managed to concentrate in their hands the monopoly of power through the banks, big business concerns, and even the Crown itself, while for long years, martial law and censorship were in force for no other reason than in order to maintain the Liberal régime in power.
>
> "The late elections were the only ones ever held in Roumania where the people cast their vote in all freedom, without the interference of the professional 'repeaters' of the State police, whose numbers were reduced by nearly twelve thousand men by Premier Maniu, a few days before the voting took place.
>
> "Thus Roumania to-day has a real all-powerful popular Government, thanks to which she will be able to consolidate her position, stabilize her currency, develop her rich natural resources, and bring about a closer cooperation among all the component parts of its population. Such a Roumania, geographically placed among the Balkans, Central Europe, and Soviet Russia, becomes a strong bulwark of peace, and for this reason the Maniu victory assumes the significance of a great European event."

Another Athenian daily, the *Kathimerini*, goes even farther in its appreciation of the character of the Roumanian election, when it observes:

> "To-day the National Peasant party, which represents four-fifths of the Roumanian people, is the master of the country without opposition, and it will continue to govern the country for many years, without interference, because any new opposition must of necessity come out of its own ranks. The Liberals can not now form a political party strong enough to challenge the Parliamentary majority successfully. The reason for the downfall of the Liberal party is not to be found in any lack of leaders, or even of first-rate members. Many distinguished men in Roumania belong to the Liberals, such as economists, professional people, military men, landowners, business men, clergymen, and others. But such leaders are unable to give their party any strength, because they lack a following, and are like a well-constituted military staff, without an army."

A CHEERFUL NOTE FROM IRELAND—After a long spell of economic pessimism in Ireland a reaction is due, it is said, and the best "invisible" asset the Free State could have would be confidence, because it would mean that there would be a much greater tendency on the part of Irishmen to invest their savings in Irish enterprises. So thinks *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin), which proceeds:

> "We begin the New Year with the consciousness that on the whole last year was, from the economic standpoint, not unsatisfactory. The trade balance, which, if we only take into account visible, and not invisible imports and exports, was against us by £16,522,000 in November, 1927, had fallen by November, 1928, to £12,469,000, a reduction of over four million pounds, brought about by an increase in our exports and a decrease in our imports. That is, the adverse balance has been reduced to a figure where the 'invisible' exports estimated some years ago by the members of the Statistical Society, suffice to make up the difference. Of course, there are people who do not understand what invisible exports or imports mean and who will never be happy until the visibles show a preponderance in our favor. But even these, who believe only the figures present to the eye and will not consider those present to the mind, must feel some relief from their pessimism by such a fall during twelve months. It will tend to create a more confident spirit during the coming year."

SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION

LOCATING MINES FROM THE AIR

NO LONGER DOES THE PICTURESQUE prospector wander over the Western mountains, pitting the slopes with holes in the hope of "striking it rich," and ending up, sometimes in the poorhouse, sometimes in a palace on Nob Hill or Fifth Avenue. He is now less picturesque but more effective. Primed with geologic data, riding in an airplane and armed with a battery of cameras, he covers square miles of ground where his predecessor more imperfectly covered rods. Mr. C. Moran tells of his wide-spread doings, in an article contributed to *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago), in which we read:

"A party of government explorers were pushing slowly up the long slopes of ice-covered Mt. Gennis. An airplane droned overhead and circled the group below, as an automatic camera in the cockpit clicked off exposures at the rate of one a minute. The photographs were dropt to camera experts below, who developed them and turned them over to geologists.

"These men were seeking gold, not with pick, shovel, and pan, but with airplane, camera, plane table, and transit A hundred groups of government explorers, similarly engaged in search of oil, copper, coal, potash, oil shale, and the like, are scattered from Alaska to the Gulf, from the west coast to the Alleghenies.

"Leaders in the mineral industry are acutely aware of the necessity of finding more ore, and are calling upon the flyer, the geologist, and the mining engineer to help solve their problem. Old-time methods of prospecting are too slow and do not reach out-of-the-way places where rich veins are awaiting. The task of finding the hidden reserves has become that of the geologist who has established a definite relation of ore bodies to particular rock masses and other features of geologic structure.

Official U. S. Army Air Corps photograph

AN AERIAL CAMERA WITH A FIVE-MILE RANGE

"Army air-service flyers, accompanied by geologists and camera experts, have surveyed approximately 10,000 square miles in eight States during the past season in search of prospective ore deposits."

"Army air-service flyers, accompanied by geologists and camera experts, have surveyed approximately 10,000 square miles in eight States during the past season in search of prospective ore deposits. Base maps are made which show every physical as well as every artificial feature of a region. The government program calls for the surveying in this way of 17,000 square miles a year.

"One noteworthy project is the photographing from airplanes of a large part of southeastern Alaska by an expedition of the Navy Department. Nearly 6,000 photographic exposures, each consisting of three separate parts, have been made.

"Colorado, where many of the great mining camps were located, has recently taken steps to secure this type of geologic work in an effort to locate new ore deposits.

"In southern and east-central Montana, two geologic groups are examining the coal-fields of that portion of the State. The work includes an examination of practically all outcrops, and will result in reports showing positions and giving in detail the thickness of individual beds and the tonnage of coal underlying the various areas.

"In central Idaho, one geologic party is studying the deposits of metals which are associated with the great granite intrusions of the central part of the State. Another geologic party is continuing the mapping of the phosphate deposits.

"In Nevada three areas are under examination. In northern California, an examination of the copper deposits is under way. In southeastern Utah there is systematic study of the plateaus of the canyon region, of keen interest to those who are attempting to develop the oil resources of the West.

"In northwestern New Mexico, another party is studying the coals of the great San Juan basin. Work on the Santa Rita mining district, begun some years ago, is being brought to completion, and attention is being given to the existence of potash deposits in the great salt basin of the southeastern part of the State. In Texas, progress is reported on a new geologic map on a scale adequate for the use of the petroleum industry. A project in Arkansas involves the study of possible lead and zinc deposits in the northern part of the State.

"The iron ores of the South are receiving more or less constant attention from the survey. An agreement has been entered into with the geological survey of Alabama for a cooperative study of the ores of that State. A review is under way of the iron-ore situation in Virginia, and some of those of Tennessee are treated in reports about to be issued.

"Millions of dollars of wealth in gold deposits in Alaska, potash fields in New Mexico, phosphate in Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah, and oil in Colorado have been uncovered by government geologists in recent years. These discoveries have resulted in commercial developments such as the Isles and Moffatt oil domes in Colorado, the buying of large areas of oil-shale lands, and the establishment of phosphate mines.

"The government records disclose the story of a geologist who discovered a prehistoric beach in Alaska that yielded vast wealth in pure gold. His story was disbelieved, and it was several years before the deposits were rediscovered.

"The story of phosphate is one of a dwindling Florida supply. Geologists were sent west to seek new phosphate deposits and found them in Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah.

"Oil shale is now receiving increasing attention by the government geologists as a source of the nation's future oil supply.

SNUFFING OUT A BURNING OIL-WELL

A FIVE-TON STEEL CAP, like a giant candle-snuffer, was used recently to put out a burning oil-well near Los Angeles, we are told by John E. Lodge, writing in *Popular Science Monthly* (New York, February). He says:

"Whatever its cause, a flaming pillar of oil, hot enough to melt a derrick's steel, is not a pretty thing to put out. Yet engineers have dared to attack these fires, with sensational success. One of their recent triumphs, oddly enough, has been just half a mile from the scene of the latest oil fire, where a novel system of putting out an oil blaze received a spectacular demonstration.

"For eight weeks a freak fire raged about what had once been the derrick of Getty No. 13, in the Santa Fé Springs field. Dense smoke billowed from the flood of seething, flaming oil, while above roared a smokeless jet of fiery gas. Advancing behind steel shields to screen them from the heat, fire-fighters approached the terrific blaze. After a brief perspiring survey, they decided to try a desperate experiment—to snuff it out, like a giant candle.

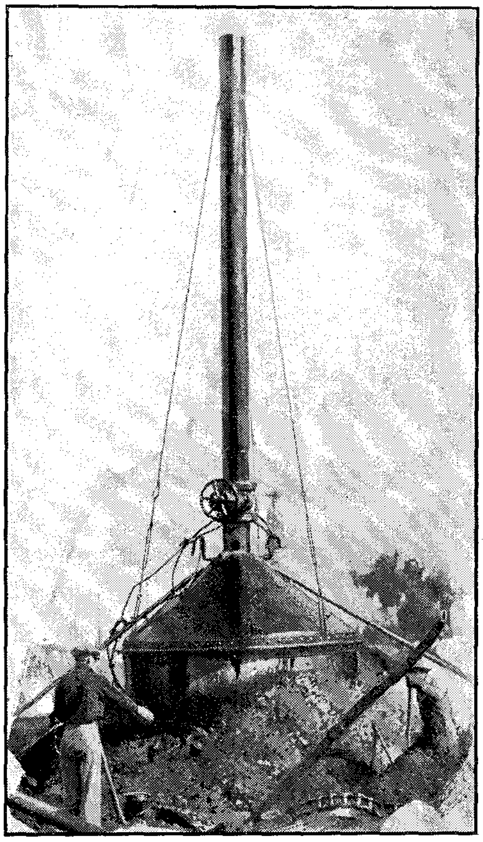
"First, a sapping project reminiscent of those of the World War was carried out. Under cover of the shields, tunnelers burrowed into the earth and dug an underground shaft two hundred feet long to pierce the main casing. Through it, sixty feet beneath the ground, quantities of gas and oil were diverted and the force of the burning jet diminished enough for the daring attempt.

"To snuff out the 'candle,' the men chose a five-ton cap of steel that looks like an inverted funnel. Its top is a stack with a huge valve, while at the wide-mouthed base is another pipe, with a valve, to lead off unburned oil.

"Tractors and a daring crew popped this cap over the burning well. Instantly the funnel stack became a flame-spouting chimney. A turn of the valve wheel in the stack, and the flames went out—the pipe was plugged and the fire smothered. A hoarse command, and the valve on the lower pipe was opened in time to save the whole five-ton cap from being blown off by the accumulated pressure. Harmless oil poured out into a pit.

"The fire was out!

"Often nitroglycerin is used by the asbestos-clad men who extinguish oil-well fires. Charges of explosives are dropt into the blaze and exploded, literally blowing the fire out."


Underwood & Underwood photograph

THE SNUFFER

THE JOURNEY OF TREE ROOTS—Isn't it odd that trees should have other selves underground, that are often as marvelous as the tops that they flaunt to the skies! exclaims William Atherton DuPuy in his Science Service feature, *Isn't It Odd?* (Washington). He goes on:

"Some trees have tap roots that go straight down into the ground for distances as great as the length of their trunks above ground. The tap root of an oak is of this sort. These trees feed far underground. The water and the mineral salts that they need are drawn from great depths. Other varieties of trees follow a different program. They send their roots out on all sides but not down to any great depth. They get their food from near the surface. The pine is a good example of a tree that does this. When oak trees have grown on a piece of land for a long time they may have exhausted the soil at the greater depths at which they feed. If they were cut down and pines planted, an entirely different food supply near the surface would be used, and the pines might do well. Where pines have exhausted the surface soil, oaks, on the other hand, might be planted and would thrive. It is the business of roots to go water hunting. A tree, for example, might stand ten feet from the edge of a pond. Its roots would develop to much greater size and length on the pond side than on the other side. Out in the desert country the mesquite tree grows. Its roots have a hard task in finding water. They often grow great distances underground in search of it. They have been known to reach out for sixty feet toward a meager water supply. The Mexicans sometimes study these mesquite roots and the directions they are taking in search of water before they decide where they shall sink their wells. The business of the big roots near the base of the trees is largely to hold the tree in place. Anchoring a great tree with a leafy top thrown to the winds is no mean task. It is the hair roots near the tips of the bigger ones that suck up the water and the salts that the plant wants."

QUEER PARIS TRADES

THERE USED TO BE more of them, says a writer in *La Rumeur* (Paris), but since the war their ranks have been depleted. He tells us of some that still remain, as follows:

"The war, together with the general march of events, has done away with a number of little trades by whose aid a large body of persons formerly made a living. Many street cries, once familiar, no longer form a part of the daily outdoor concert. Very few singers now in the court-yards, none of the peripatetic merchants who used to carry their baskets from door to door, offering bits of calf's jowl or pig's head; no more contraband vendors of matches. Is there less poverty than of old, or less initiative?

"Neither one nor the other. Our ways of life have changed. And then it was partly an act of charity to buy from these people. And charity is about the only thing that has not depreciated.

"By careful search, however, one may still find a few of these odd little trades that introduce an unexpected note into our standardized existence. They are plied by old men, for the most part; the young are suffering from the modern disease of hurry.

"In the neighborhood of the Champerret gate, dog-trainers and rat-catchers have their headquarters. At Bercy and Charenton the rollers of casks are left to indulge in their feats of strength —and of drinking.

"Then there are the open-air hair-dressers and the sellers of fishing-tackle, who offer their wares at the houses along the quays.

"At St. Ouen there is still an old man who has for more than half a century practised the curious profession of a maker of artificial worms. He stays in a shelter of planks, surrounded by dead dogs and cats which his neighbors the rag-pickers bring him. Here he occupies his time in concocting small worms, which he sells to fishermen or to those who supply them. The trade supports him, provided his appetite is not great. But the season often is bad with him.

"In the winter this man produces red worms, which he obtains by macerating in old woolen stockings a mixture of old corks, grit, and flour. He used to have many customers, but only two or three remain. Red worms are good for one thing only—to feed nightingales. Alas! no one has now any time to listen to nightingales sing. Besides, caged nightingales do not sing.

"There are also the snail-makers, who collect empty shells and fill them with veal paste made into spirals. This profession, which is really a swindle, received legal recognition in 1905. A workman who mashed his finger in the paste-machine claimed compensation under the law of 1898. He proved that his employer was not a 'merchant,' as he alleged, but really a 'manufacturer'; and Judge Duchauffor decided in his favor.

"Other merchants are satisfied with filling the empty shells with common field snails. But I hasten to add that there are many honest merchants who would not stoop to such tricks."

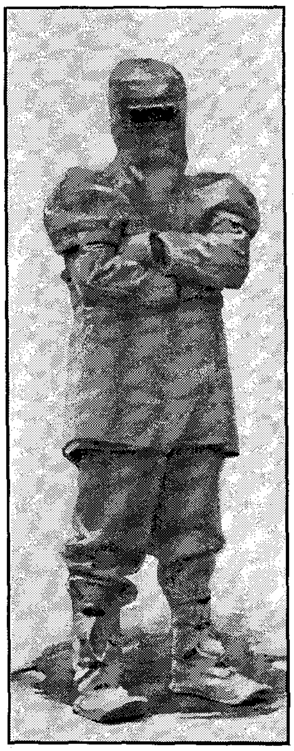
ANOTHER METEOR CRATER?

CENTRAL OREGON HAS A SO-CALLED "hole in the ground" in the Fort Rock country which is thought by some persons to be a huge meteor crater rivaling in majesty, if not in size, the noted crater of Arizona. This opinion, we are told in the Portland *Oregonian*, is held by Walter J. Perry, a Deschutes national forest official. Perry is a student of geology and paleontology and has recently discovered pleistocene fauna in a forest cave near his station. Says *The Oregonian:*

> "The 'hole in the ground' of the Fort Rock district is one-half mile from lip to lip and 250 feet deep, it has been ascertained by Perry, who has made a detailed survey of the great hole which for many years has mystified settlers and stockmen. Rocks from the edges of the crater have been collected on the request of T. H. Sherrard, Supervisor of the Mount Hood National Forest, who also believes that the hole is of the same formation as that in Arizona.
>
> "Rocks found in and near the crater are polarized and attract a magnetic needle. Many of the stones are evidently 'erratics.' Sherrard is to send some of the rock material to Dr. Edwin T. Hodge of the University of Oregon Department of Geology for examination."

Perry declared on his return from the Fort Rock country that "there are many indications that the 'hole in the ground' is much more than an ordinary hole." Perry said the mysterious hole is evidently similar in origin to the famous meteor crater of Arizona, altho somewhat smaller, and he is confident the central Oregon crater resulted from the impact of a huge meteor. He is quoted as saying further:

> "The 'hole in the ground' appears, from whatever side approached, as a low and moderately steep flat-topped hill. The outer slope soil is the pumice common to the country, mingled with fragments of various lava rocks. Some of these broken fragments of lava, weighing up to perhaps ten tons, have been thrown clear of the lip and have rolled nearly a quarter of a mile down the slope.
>
> "Around the rim proper, where wind erosion has removed the lighter soil, may be picked up fragments of various igneous rocks not directly related to the sheet of lava which was shot through and appears as an incomplete rim half-way down the inner slope. Some of this material is dead black, very heavy, affects the magnetic needle, and each individual piece is polarized.
>
> "On the inner slope, the soil lies at its angle of repose to near the bottom, where it gradually flattens out to a nearly level pumice floor with a small, shallow, wet-weather lake in the center.
>
> "Fragments of pumice up to three-fourths of an inch in diameter picked up near the center of the basin furnished some evidence that the crater was formed prior to the last pumice shower, particularly when it is considered that in the soil of this type nothing less than a deluge of water would set up erosion sufficient to carry coarse material.
>
> "The crater is approximately circular, but the lip is not level, the eastern side being some fifty feet higher. This latter fact is, I think, one of the strongest reasons for believing this crater was formed by the oblique impact of a large meteorite."



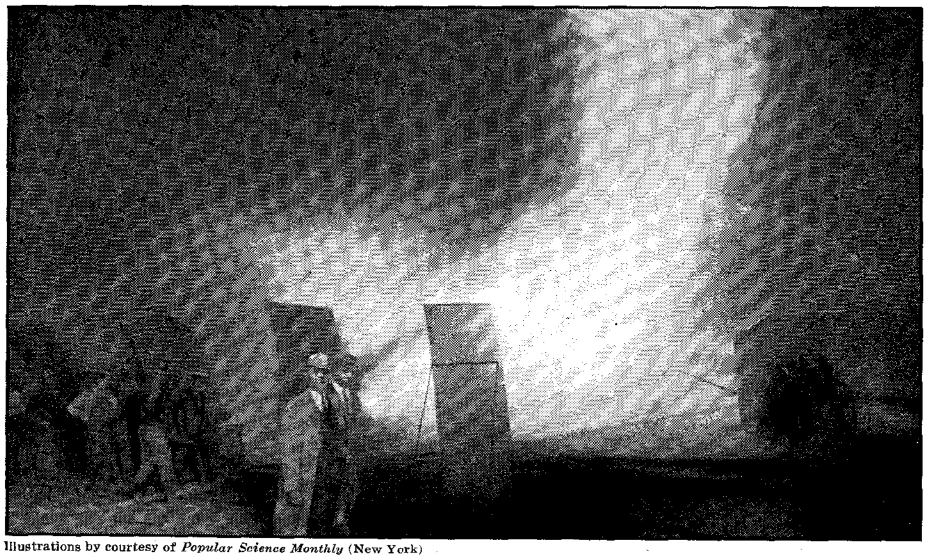
THE OIL-FIRE FIGHTER

Clad in asbestos armor

CAPTAIN CAREY'S MIND

THE CAPTAIN OF THE *VESTRIS* was not in possession of his normal mental faculties at the time of the disaster that destroyed his ship. This is the conclusion of Edward R. Hewitt, New York engineer, as reported in *New York* by Dr. E. E. Free. Mr. Hewitt believes that all persons in command of vessels should undergo regular examination as to their mental vigor. We read:

> "Precisely what it was that sent the *Vestris* to the bottom is unlikely ever to be known; probably no survivor, nor all of them together, could tell more than a small fraction of the facts which a complete picture of this unnecessary tragedy ought to include. But from facts which are unquestioned one conclusion is clear. Whatever he may have been beforehand, on that last day of disaster and bungling, Captain Carey was unfit to command his ship. I owe to Mr. Edward R. Hewitt, distinguished chemist and engineer of New York City, what seems a noteworthy suggestion as to why this deplorable fact was true. Captain Carey's mind, Mr. Hewitt suggests, was probably no longer the keen and trustworthy instrument of earlier years.
>
> "It is one of the most tragic features of certain kinds of mental decay that their signs are by no means obvious. Many a business, still guided by its once vigorous and able founder now grown old in command, has suddenly and astonishingly collapsed, to disclose that its chief, if not actually insane, has been for months or years the victim of vagary and bad judgment. Many a trusted and honored official has had to be retired by his own friends, even painfully and forcibly, because the fine edge of his former competence has dulled. There are few greater tragedies than these, but one of the greater is when retirement does not come quite in time.
>
> "No one can know now why Captain Carey made his unbelievable mistakes. It is the part of charity, as it is that of probability, to believe that his mind was not itself.
>
> "That is Mr. Hewitt's diagnosis; his prescription is equally significant. Inescapable regulations should provide, he suggests, that persons in such enormously responsible positions as the command of a ship should be examined regularly by competent mental specialists. Mental impairment invisible to friends or employers, least of all suspected by the victim himself, is always discoverable by examiners sufficiently expert.
>
> "For a ship's captain to have been competent when he got his ticket is no longer enough. In the interest of his crew and passengers the world must make sure that every captain is competent whenever he sails."



Illustrations by courtesy of *Popular Science Monthly* (New York)

ADVANCING BEHIND STEEL SHIELDS TO ATTACK THE OIL FIRE

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

REINHARDT ON THE "LOT" IN HOLLYWOOD

MAX REINHARDT HAS HAD A CHANGE of heart. He is in Hollywood to direct his first moving-picture, and Lillian Gish is the fortunate star who will come under his direction. Reinhardt, who brought his German company to America last year and produced among other plays "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Danton," and "The Living Corpse," has been interested in films for eight years, tho he has taken no part in their production. His allegiance to the stage made him balk at the new speaking movies, and he has been reported as condemning them. Since his arrival on the "lots" he seems to have seen a new light, and some of the things he says about this new art may help develop its technique. In the Los Angeles *Examiner*, he admits that "a new and burning question has developed in the making of films." He had viewed the talking film as "a mechanical device that might be intriguing, but could never be artistic." This belief, however, was based on "the rather meager artistic merits" of some of the first talking productions he had seen. Mr. Reinhardt now recants, and incidentally gives some valuable comments on the new art:

REINHARDT HAILS HOLLYWOOD

Arriving here to make his first film, the famous producer will employ the services of Lillian Gish.

"I have seen 'Interference,' 'The Singing Fool,' 'In Old Arizona,' and other pictures. At the United Artists studio I saw some of the rushes of the new film Mary Pickford is making. It is called 'Coquette.'

"In consequence I feel that I am entitled to a change of opinion.

"The people who are now producing talking-pictures are pioneers. The future of the industry lies ahead of it. Its possibilities are immense. Of course there are technical limitations—*mekanische schwierigkeiten*—sometimes the voices are too loud—there is a tendency toward the mechanical.

"One of these difficulties is lack of proper localization—no, not synchronization—localization. While the tone may be properly synchronized with the motions of the lips—you see—there still may be the problem that the voice may appear to be issuing from the feet.

"At present it seems impossible to make the voice humanly even of tenor. Sometimes it is too loud; at others too faint. But technique can overcome this. I can see progress in this new art from picture to picture in the productions that I myself have witnessed.

"Of one thing I am sure, at least, and that is that no one can say that these faults can never be eliminated.

"It seems a contradiction—almost ridiculous—but the first thing to be done in the production of a talking-picture is the restoration of absolute quiet. Through mechanical difficulties at present there is sound other than the speaking of the actors.

"Silence is one of the strongest weapons of the dramatic artist. Mimicry and pantomime are of the utmost importance on the stage to-day. Those pauses in the dramatic action and the dialog are of the essence of drama.

"Then as the complication of the play unfolds, there come periods of great stress—bitter pain—poignant grief, pauses are being used more and more. Climaxes come invariably in these gripping hiatuses of silence.

"And, curiously, too, we can judge the greatest actors and actresses of to-day, not by when they talk, but by what they do when they are silent. Madame Duse was one of the sterling examples of the magnetic power that comes from the masterful use of silence, and immobility on the stage."

Reinhardt looks upon the talking film as "a new art" and not a substitute for the silent film:

"I see the development of a new medium of expression in the theater. It is the beginning of an art which will replace neither the spoken play nor the silent film.

"Its eventual success may surpass that of the silent picture. At first thought the motion-picture was merely photography—merely the taking of a photograph that moved. But now look at it. . . .

"No form of motion-picture, however, can replace the theater. There is that mystic vital contact between the actor and the audience that the motion-picture actor can not experience and can not be influenced by. The audience can not exert the psychic power of its presence upon the artist whose picture is moving and gesturing and talking before it.

"The participation of the audience in the play is the absolute guaranty of the eternity of the stage.

"The absolute quiet that must reign in the sound stage is the dream of the true actor. It makes possible a concentration that is unattainable in any other medium of stagecraft."

An interviewer for the New York *Evening World* asked Reinhardt if he had any theories about acting that he would introduce into Hollywood, and the reply was:

"I have only one theory which I will bring to the movies. I will train my actors to love acting. They will have a lust for acting.

"This lust for acting is most important. Without it you have nothing. I shall find all the fine actors I need. I do not mean the stars. I mean the extras, the character players. They are what makes a picture excellent. It is those details. The Russian pictures have sweep, have great mechanical contrivances. They have everything with which to make great pictures, but they have not got the actors.

"Nothing in the theater or in films is as important as the acting. It must never be superseded. In all the big pictures, such as the 'Big Parade,' it is not the mechanical things which are remembered, but the little scenes of great acting. I shall not try for pageantry. I shall try for those little scenes."

BLAMING DICKENS FOR CHRISTMAS

DICKENS IS STILL RUNNING the gantlet of the debunkers. His life, as we recently showed, was laid bare of its sentimental appeal by one of his most recent biographers, but he was left in possession of Christmas. Perhaps the season just passed found us still reading his Carol, for we were not forewarned, like his own countrymen, that he had slain Christmas. This was in effect told them in the December 19 issue of the London *Daily Chronicle* by the Irish writer, Thomas Burke. Now that the season is over, and our Christmas joys laid away for another year, we can view the matter academically. Mr. Burke, then, reminded his readers that "some say that about 1843 Christmas was dying, and that 'The Christmas Carol' revived it." "Perhaps it did," he comments, "but only by galvanizing its dying frame into a Robot, which is the same as killing it." This is how the case is argued:

> "Before that book was published, Christmas was one of several feasts, and only because it was the chief winter feast of the year did it arouse any more interest than May Day or Whitsun or Hallowe'en or Michaelmas. It was not the point upon which the whole national economy turned; it was taken as it came, as a holiday and a feast; nothing more.
>
> "You find no talk of it in the early novelists: nothing in Defoe or Fielding or Smollett or Goldsmith; and the reason for that is that it was very much alive. There was no need to talk about it or write about it, or think about it, or work up interest in it. It was a true feast, and when it came it was kept with a burst of spontaneous, instead of mass-inspired (and therefore false) heartiness.
>
> "But with the publication of 'The Christmas Carol' it lost its natural vigor and began to cultivate itself. The supreme success of that fable was a death-blow to the spirit it celebrated. By drawing attention to it Dickens made it self-conscious, and so destroyed it.
>
> "Let a woman be told that she has a charming smile. Probably she didn't know it until told; but, once told, for the rest of her life she will be smiling—and the smile will be utterly without charm.
>
> "Dickens held the mirror up to Christmas, and merry Christmas, shown itself, has never been merry since.
>
> "He found it a festival, and left it a function. He found people who were dancing, and left them going through motions. The difference between Christmas before it was dramatized and sentimentalized and Christmas to-day is the difference between a funny comedian and a comedian who is being funny; or between a kindly act between neighbors and the acts of a philanthropist.
>
> "As, years later, Albert Chevalier, by presenting the coster on the music-halls, killed the vital essence of costerism, so Dickens killed Christmas. Chevalier discovered and exhibited the coster, and once he was thus exhibited, he became self-conscious. He ceased to be his expressive and demonstrative self, and went away and hid. The pearlies and feathers and bell-bottomed trousers disappeared, and are now never seen except on deliberate and formal occasions.
>
> "With his exhibition of Christmas, Dickens took all the spirit out of it, and left only forms and phrases; and as feathers and pearlies and donkeys only appear now as traditional fancy dress, so the ghost of Christmas parades round our national festival as a fancy-dress representation of its one-time truth.
>
> "All done by 'The Christmas Carol' and its successors. After that book, everybody who at Christmas time had felt well-disposed toward others, and had marked the occasion by special little acts expressing that good disposition, began to think about good-will and began to do pleasant little things because it was Christmas. Worse still, all those who hadn't done these things, and never wanted to do them, also began to do them because it was Christmas and because they were afraid of being called *Scrooges*."

The killing of the real Christmas was bad enough, continues Mr. Burke, "the production of this vile spirit out of its corpse must go as a very black mark against Dickens. He meant to be its friend, and he did it the kind of bad turn that only friends can do. And this bad turn, the creation of this fake-Christmas-spirit, has had the effect of turning the whole thing sour." Then he goes on:

FIRST LADY OF THE FILMS

Lillian Gish, who will have Reinhardt as director in a film whose scenario is by Hugo von Hofmannsthal; but mystery holds the secret of it.

> "To-day the whole nation is compelled to go through the forms of Christmas. Nobody can escape it; and as all the manifold Christmas observances of a nation—the sending of cards, the giving of presents, social entertaining—can not be crowded into one day, it means that it no longer comes, as a festival should come, casually, but is with us weeks before its date. So that presents, which are meant to be surprizes, are delivered a week or a fortnight before the day; Christmas Numbers appear a month before; and by the time the day arrives the whole thing is over, and we come to it stale. And as everybody is in it, it means that we all have to observe it in one standard way.
>
> "By the curse of organization, Christmas Day, once the brightest day in the winter calendar, has become the most doleful. On what is supposed to be the chief festival of the English year, every town in England, instead of displaying signs of festival, presents signs of death and mourning.
>
> "Shops shut, streets deserted, half the lights off, no public traffic after four o'clock—a stranger walking round an English town on the evening of Christmas Day would be justified in assuming that England had been revisited by the Great Plague; and if you told him that we were revisited by our great national festival, which we were celebrating in the spirit of our great national novelist, he would, no doubt, accept the statement as one of the tasteless jokes of the mad English.
>
> "But the only joke in it is the fact that it isn't a joke. It's the Dickens Christmas. The whole nation is plunged into this gloom of Happy Christmas, and if it isn't your idea of Happy Christmas, then you must jolly well lump it.
>
> "Looking at this Christmas Carol Christmas, one wishes that our national master, who made so many jokes about serious things, could have dropt his solemnity over trifles and spared one

joke for the light-hearted trifle called Christmas. It might then still be alive. We might be keeping Christmas in the true and natural spirit of religious carnival, instead of being compelled to stay like rabbits in our holes in a dead city.

"We do manage to come spontaneously to our other festivals, without this rule-of-thumb routine; but, then, Dickens, thank goodness, never wrote about Easter holidays, or Boat-race Day, or Derby Day, or August Bank Holiday. Had he done so we should be going through these occasions as we go through Christmas, like a crowd of public-school Babbitts, doing things not because we mean them, but because they are 'done.'"

DIAGNOSING THE THEATER

NEW YORK being the sick man of the theater does not naturally seem able to diagnose his own case. The theater is sick, and while the symptoms are apparent, the death-working germ is apparently as elusive as is that of influenza. Perhaps a doctor outside the range of infection may appraise the symptoms more clearly. Portland, Maine, offers a diagnosis in the editorial page of its *Sunday Telegram and Press Herald*, which we cite herewith:

"New York theater managers have had about the worst season in their memory, hence great is the discussion as to the chief cause. This shows up sooner or later, in one form or another, in the tendency to take the theater away from what has always been its most loyal supporter, the great middle class. In the old days when prices were fixt and theaters classified clearly as to style and quality, a steady patronage could be built up that would ride steadily through good weather and bad. There may not have been any dazzling winnings then, but losses were not so crippling either. The theater was a standard entertainment, patronized by most classes, with the gallery as a steady meal ticket.

"Now, partly through their own efforts and partly through causes beyond their control, managers have been forced to make something altogether different out of their product. Instead of a steady diet for a lot of people the theater has become a special treat, a luxury, or the pride of those making whoopee. Instead of the red wine of the every-day meal, it has become the champagne of the special celebration. Plain people now can not have the theater regularly any more than they drank champagne every day in the pre-Volstead era. So the managers must depend on their special 'killings' for their profits.

"Here and there through the season an attraction stands out above all the rest, and so draws all those with plenty of money to spend. Costs do not count, and admission can be handled with all the abandon of the bootlegger in fixing his price schedules. This does not leave much for the rest, so failures are many. Whether this has resulted from the greed of managers not satisfied with a more modest if steadier income, or has been forced on them by changing conditions, can be argued. The fact remains that the theater now is nothing at all what it used to be, and its position in modern life has changed completely.

"Admitting this, the problem is whether managers can adjust themselves to their new status, or it will prove intolerable to all concerned. So long as luxury remains a commodity in this country, some managers are sure to survive, but once luxury is cut off, they will go down with the rest. For they certainly have made the theater a luxury, win or lose, and this fact explains a great many of their troubles they otherwise try to make so mysterious."

Robert Littell, of the New York *Evening Post*, contents himself with passing up the troubles of to-day and taking a prophetic view of something that may come to pass in a hundred or more years. A current play like "To-morrow," which deals more with gadgets than humans, is the exciting cause of his reverie:

"It is pleasant, while toying with the future, to rearrange the theatrical situation into a neat, orderly, and handsome little corner of the universe. 'The theater of New York in the year 2065.' It would be really quite an interesting book to write, and not very difficult, as research into the future has always been played under easier rules than those observed by diggers into past or present.

"The theaters themselves, towering spires of pink, azure or blue granite, would rise on four sides of a vast piazza, or public square, the center of which, many hundred acres in extent, would be adorned with equestrian, velocipedic or allegorical statues of famous actors, press agents, dramatists, and assistant stage-managers. The public would enter the theaters from the outside and use the square for refreshment, artistic discussion, and harmless gossip between the acts.

"The theaters would be very carefully arranged, according to a scientific scale of emotional values. The year 2065 being very tolerant, there would be shows for every human demand, from the banana-peel fall through nice, clean dirt all the way up to advanced theosophy. And each theater would house only its own particular brand of play. Nowadays, when you go to one of those cute little colonial playhouses, you don't know whether you are going to see suburban infidelity or Shakespeare in full-dress uniform.

"So that a visit to the 'Eclectic,' in 2065, would mean an evening with Eugene O'Neill, rain or shine.

"And every show would be run at a profit. That would be one of the most novel and ingenious features of life a hundred and fifty years from now."

SALUTING THE "STAR SPANGLED BANNER"—The National anthem" competitions, resulting in the award of the $1,000 prize to ten contestants, calls forth a pæan for the "Star Spangled Banner" not often heard in these days of change. The New York *World* speaking first of Mr. Markham's poem:

"It says some nice things about freedom, and friends, and Florida, and alludes to the Brother Plan, but whether this is some new way to buy Florida real estate, we can not say, not knowing. Nevertheless, we must ask one important question in connection with it, and it is this: What is wrong with the anthem we have got? Having asked the question, we answer it at once: Nothing. 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' no matter which way you regard it, is the one perfect anthem that has ever been written. Words and music blend perfectly, even tho each had a different origin: they are martial, bold and defiant, and cause you to feel proud of your country. Furthermore, such is the nature of the music, at any rate, that it can not be degraded to the uses that other national anthems have to submit to. It is in three-four time, so that you can not march to it; hence it will never be played for a parade. It can not be sung, even by opera singers; hence it always has to be played by a band, and we are sure that it will always be competently rendered, and not dragged out by ladies' choruses and such organizations. And since it can not be sung, there is no sense in playing it twice, as the second verse would sound just like the first. Hence we get it over quickly, and do not have to stand up with our hats off unduly long. This is probably one reason why the American nation, as a nation, is less afflicted with colds than any nation on the earth.

"In short, this anthem, as we have said, is perfect, having not a single flaw. What is the sense, then, of paying $1,000 for another anthem? If Mr. Markham has a sense of the proprieties, it seems to us that he will turn his share of the prize to the American Legion to be used to provide knitted socks for soldiers in the next war."

THE COVER—Do not go to Rome or Naples expecting to locate the exact spot of Mr. Grant's picture, "The Thieves' Market," and find there the agglomeration of colorful types and the archiac background. All the materials for the picture will be found in Italy, but the scene as you see it represented exists nowhere outside the artist's brain. Mr. Grant writes: "As for its being an accurate reproduction of a place, it is perhaps a disappointment to people who require that sort of thing in a picture. It is really just an impression in color and form, as I would like to see it, of the scene I ran across when I was last in Italy. The work of mine that I like the best is just that sort of thing, and no more. I am always trying to give my own personal view-point of everything I see, and how I feel about it."

This picture won the Hearst Prize at the Chicago Art Institute in 1927. It has been shown in New York, Philadelphia, and other places since.

Frederic M. Grant was born in Sibley, Iowa, in 1886, and studied art under various masters, Vanderpoel, Mucha, Wm. M. Chase, Richard Miller, Henry Snell, Jonas Lie, and others, in Europe and America. His list of prizes is considerable, particularly those won in Chicago.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

GRAVE CHARGES OF MISTREATING THE INDIANS

CHILDREN CHAINED TO THEIR BEDS; children fed on maggot-infested meat; men and women robbed of their birthright; a hundred thousand Indians "massacred"—this, we read, is the blasting indictment drawn up against the Indian Bureau in its management of the nation's helpless wards. This alleged shocking betrayal is brought to our attention by an article in *The Survey Graphic* (New York) by John Collier, said to be based on evidence brought out in hearings before the Senate subcommittee on Indian Affairs, composed of Senators Frazier (chairman), Pine, Thomas, La Follette, and Wheeler. Hearings have been held in Oregon, Washington, and California, and are to be continued in other States.

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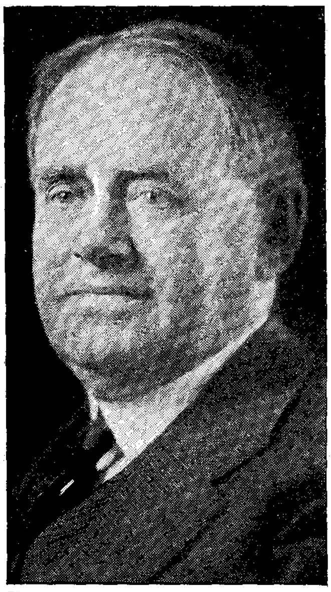
A "MASSACRE" OF INDIANS

Is charged by John Collier, Secretary of the American Indian Defense Association, who recites evidence purporting to show instances of brutality toward Indian children and "the starvation—even to death—of aged Indians and Indian children."

Before going further with the serious charges, it must be stated that, in the interests of strict impartiality, THE LITERARY DIGEST telegraphed Commissioner Charles H. Burke of the Indian Bureau, and several Senators, for their interpretation of Mr. Collier's article. Mr. Burke, in reply, asserts that the testimony referred to by Mr. Collier is made up of "*ex parte* statements by witnesses not subject to cross-examination. The Indian Bureau," he says, "was not represented and had no notice of the hearings," and he expresses his confidence that the existence of most of the conditions complained of can be disproved. Mr. Burke's position is supported by Senator Elmer Thomas, who replies that he does not think that Mr. Collier's article is substantiated by the evidence, and that the publication of it is "only propaganda for him in his campaign for funds to carry on his activities." On the other hand, Senator Frazier replies that Mr. Collier's article is "a fair statement of conditions that were set forth by testimony before the subcommittee of Indian Affairs of the Senate," while another Senator, who desires that his name be withheld, replies to the same effect. Senator Wheeler states that he was unable to attend the hearing in which the testimony to which Mr. Collier refers was given, and Senator La Follette, whom illness prevented from attending the hearings, replies that Lewis Glavis, attorney for the subcommittee, "states that Mr. Collier's article in substantial particulars is supported by evidence in the record of the committee." Mr. Collier is introduced to us as Secretary of the American Indian Defense Association, the man, *The Survey Graphic* informs us, who "more than any other individual has stung the conscience of America over its abuse of the Indians."

To read the terrible story as it is put down in *The Survey Graphic*, by Mr. Collier, is to hark back to the galley slaves of ancient Rome. But this story is worse, since it purports to be of conditions permitted under the banner of civilization in the United States of to-day. One may shudder in reading over again the stories of the Indian massacres at Jamestown and in the beautiful Wyoming Valley; but there the white man was a trespasser. Here and now the white man is the Indian's guardian, and if the record be true, he has betrayed his trust. As the matter is still under investigation, it may be only fair to omit the names of the schools accused until the bureau has presented its side of the case. Mr. Collier speaks of a school at the San Carlos Apache reservation in Arizona, described as "a pesthouse since 1923," we read, which "has helped along the tuberculosis death-rate of Arizona Indians, found by the Institute for Government Research to be seventeen times the general tuberculosis death-rate. The facts have been urgently but vainly prest on the attention of Assistant Commissioner Merritt and Commissioner Burke since 1924, through reports by the American Red Cross and the agency superintendent." This Indian tribe, we are told, richly supports the Indian Bureau from its tribal funds, but in 1927 the Institute for Government Research "found that the children forcibly confined at the school were being fed on an allowance of nine cents a day." Against this Mr. Collier tells us what he says a witness, an engineer, recently transferred to another school, testified:



Phot graph by Underwood & Underwood

DENIES BRUTALITIES

Commissioner Charles H. Burke of the Indian Bureau, who says that the testimony tending to show inhumanity toward the Indians was taken without cross-examination. He is confident that the charges can be disproved.

> "He told of Indian girls, eleven and twelve years old, who escaped from the school, were pursued, caught and brought back. Their punishment, in part, consisted in walking with heavy cordwood on their shoulders, around and around the school-yard, for an afternoon. One girl stood dumb, bowed, offering passive resistance. The principal 'seized a club from the ground, beat the girl till she fell, and beat her on the ground. Then the girl carried the cordwood for the afternoon.'
>
> "These girls, engineer Patrick Kennedy testified, were chained to their beds when they entered their dormitory at night. They slept in chains. And they were marched to their meals—their three-cent meals—held by chains fastened about their necks. Kennedy did not give a word-picture of the girls. Florence Patterson of the American Red Cross, and the staff of the Institute for Government Research, have given this picture: Emaciated, poisoned with fatigue from compulsory child labor, bleak with homesickness and emotional starvation—little children, inescapably seized by an institutional engine."

Does this school exemplify a condition general to the 29,000

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SENATORIAL INVESTIGATORS OF THE INDIAN BUREAU

The group, reading from left to right, is composed of Senators R. M. La Follette; Elmer Thomas; Lynn J. Frazier, chairman; W. B. Pine, and B. K. Wheeler. Of the five, Senator Thomas thinks that Mr. Collier's article is "only propaganda for him in his campaign for funds to carry on his activities," while Senator Frazier says the article is "a fair statement of conditions set forth in the testimony.

Indian boarding-school children? "Yes," replies Mr. Collier. "With inconsequential shiftings of detail, the school exemplifies a general condition which the Indian Bureau knowingly maintains." Here, for instance, we are told, is testimony concerning a boarding-school for Ute and Navaho children in Colorado—testimony from bureau functionaries:

> "Mrs. Charles W. Welfelt, now, as then, a cook for the bureau, swore that the dried fruit at this school had been full of worms. She protested, but the children were fed the wormy fruit. The meat was full of maggots. She protested, but 'dead maggots are not poisonous,' and under orders she served the maggoty meat. Others swore that the flour for bread was kept in a cellar; dirty water from the floors above dript onto the flour; mice nested in the flour; portions of dead mice were cooked in the flour; and when at last, after protests to the reservation superintendent over the school principal's head, the worst spoiled of the flour was taken away, this flour was issued as rations to the aged and infirm Utes.
>
> "Children are brought at six years of age, before they are worth much for child-labor purposes. The school maintains four grades only. The witnesses swore that the last-grade children were denied promotion and kept year after year in the fourth grade, because by then they had grown big enough to do the compulsory industrial work. There was more—including details regarding the dungeon where 'recalcitrant' children were locked in darkness and fed on bread and water."

The Indian Bureau and its spokesmen, says Mr. Collier, have one alibi and one defense alone: "Congress is to blame; Congress will not appropriate the needed money." Mr. Collier agrees that there is not, in fact, enough money. "But," he inquires, "is it lack of appropriations which necessitates that children [at another school] be whipt with leather straps until they howl all night with pain? Be knocked down for 'sarcasm toward the disciplinarian,' and struck with fists or hard objects until covered from face to knees with blood? (The sworn testimony, with names and dates, given with slow deliberation by the Rev. Berlyn H. Stokel, now in charge of a Baptist congregation at Riverside, formerly a missionary resident in the school, and later a missionary among the Navahos.)" Conditions at this school, however, are said recently to have been improved.

Of Indian allotments on the public domain, less than 3 per cent., A. L. Barrett testified, could be put to any sort of agricultural use. In all California, Mr. Barrett, who is director of the lands-work in California and western Nevada of the Bureau of Forestry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, testified, less than 10 per cent. of the Indian land is theoretically usable for agriculture; but only one-fourth of this theoretical total, or 2½ per cent. of the whole, is actually supplied with water. And most of the land, we read further, is situated in unfavorable places, where to live is to starve, because no outside work is procurable. Miss Florence Ames, a public-health nurse, who made a survey for the State Board of Health, "described, with a dreadful summation of detail," writes Mr. Collier, "the starvation—even to death—of aged Indians and Indian children." The old and indigent and the children, we are told, are fed a ration purchased at a cost of $5 a month by bureau orders on the nearest country store. The aged and sick must fetch their own ration. They get this ration part of the year; then for months they get nothing at all. And, declares Mr. Collier: "The Indian Bureau, down the years, by direct and indirect means, has massacred a hundred thousand California Indians. All this the testimony proved, and it proved that the massacre is going right ahead. The bureau representatives heard, were invited to testify, and were silent."

However, to give both sides, it must be reported that Mr. Collier's credibility was attacked by Representative Louis C. Cramton of Michigan in a speech in the House, February 15, 1928, on a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to execute an agreement with the Middle Rio Grande conservancy district for improvement of certain Pueblo Indian lands in New Mexico. In that speech Representative Cramton accuses Mr. Collier of lobbying against the bill, and makes this statement:

> "And I say, measuring my words, from knowledge of his methods and his accomplishments, that he is an insincere, unworthy, unreliable, misrepresenting, destructive lobbyist. He goes about peddling misinformation and threats with equal facility and irresponsibility, never constructive, but always destructive."

This quotation, taken from *The Congressional Record*, is enclosed by Commissioner Burke in his reply to THE LITERARY DIGEST. Mr. Burke encloses also a copy of a report showing that Attorney Glavis of the Committee was removed from his position in the General Land Office of the Interior Department by Attorney General Wickersham. Concerning the hearings by the Senate subcommittee on Indian Affairs, Mr. Burke writes:

> "The witnesses who testified were, some of them, former employees of the Indian Service who were removed or dismissed for misconduct, or for other good reasons, and the testimony was taken without cross-examination and without any notice to the Indian Bureau, which was not represented; neither were employees and others who were accused afforded any opportunity to be present or to be heard. Only ten days were consumed by the so-called hearings, and the investigation has, apparently, only just begun, and it is earnestly hoped that, until the hearings have been concluded and the Indian Service given an opportunity to offer testimony in rebuttal to the testimony of witnesses who may testify, there will be no conclusions reached, as otherwise great injustice would be done, as we are confident that we will be able to disprove most of the things complained of and charged."

A SCIENTIST'S BLAST AT GOD AND SIN

By throwing down the gantlet to the Jehovah of the ancient Hebrews, declaring that a new concept of God is needed, virtually discarding the Decalog and ruling out sin, Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes of Smith College ruffles many of the clergy, arouses much comment in the secular press, and brings back rather violently on his own head the charge that he is jousting at a windmill. It's "old stuff," say some of the commentators. In a paper before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which met during the holidays in New York, Dr. Barnes said that if there is a greater need for an adequate conception of God, "this newer view of God must be formulated in the light of contemporary astrophysics, which completely repudiates the theological and cosmological outlook of Holy Scripture." But it is pointed out that ancient notions of cosmology changed some centuries before Dr. Barnes entered the arena, and that the Mosaic account of creation was revised long before he read it. However, Dr. Barnes is not without support for his argument that our moral laws should be subjected to the scrutiny of science and be rewritten in the light of modern needs.

P. & A. photograph

ANOTHER CHALLENGER OF GOD

Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, who rejects the notion of "sin," and asserts that "modern science has shown it to be difficult to prove the very existence of God."

As this latest challenger of God and the Bible is quoted in the press, he argues:

> "If the Ten Commandments are to be obeyed to-day, it should be only when their precepts and advice can be proved to square with the best natural and social science of the present time. They must be subjected to the same objective scientific scrutiny as that to which we would submit the cosmology of Genesis or the medical views in Leviticus.
>
> "The new cosmic perspective and Biblical criticism, indeed, rule out of civilized nomenclature one of the basic categories of all religious and metaphysical morality, namely, sin. One may admit the existence of immorality and crime, but scarcely sin, which is by technical definition a wilful and direct affront to God—a violation of the explicitly revealed will of God. Modern science has shown it to be difficult to prove the very existence of God, and even more of a problem to show any direct solicitude of God for our petty and ephemeral planet. Biblical criticism, the history of religions, and cultural history have revealed the fact that we can in no direct and literal sense look upon the Bible or any other existing holy book as embodying the revealed will of God. Consequently, if we do not and can not know the nature of the will of God in regard to human behavior, we can not very well know when we are violating it. In other words, sin is scientifically indefinable and unknowable. Hence sin goes into the limbo of ancient superstitions such as witchcraft and sacrifice.
>
> "The psychoanalyses have already shown that the 'sense of sin' is but a psychophysical attribute of adolescent sentimental development."

But, observes the New York *Times*, "it is late in the day to call for the elimination of theology from the Decalog. Several centuries after Copernicus, a century after the Glacial Theory, seventy years after 'The Origin of Species,' it is a shock to be reminded, with such emphasis, that Revelation can 'no longer be cited in defense of Biblical ethics.'" As *The Times* sees it:

> "Reflection may yet show that Galileo's modest sighting-tube constituted a greater menace to the Ten Commandments than the forthcoming 200-inch telescope will be. Over Galileo's shoulder we peep into a universe big enough to shatter ancient authority, but not too big to stagger us. The 200-inch telescope invites us kindly to cast our eyes over 2,700,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles of space. After a good look at that sort of thing, the mind is apt to find much comfort in something fairly limited and concrete, like the desirability of honoring one's father and mother, guaranteeing a weekly day of rest to the toiling masses, and refraining from theft and murder."

Dr. Barnes "succeeded in shocking a few ecclesiastics. He succeeded in saying nothing very new," comments the New York *Herald Tribune*, to which it occurs, indeed, that "much of what Dr. Barnes said is very old. Some of it is as old, indeed, as Lucretius's two-thousand-year-old poem on the Nature of Things. Some of it is as old, at least, as the Higher Criticism of the Bible, which Spinoza launched some three centuries ago. A little of it has that shabby look of something whose antiquity is a bit *nouveau*. It smacks of the late nineteenth century, more especially of Robert Ingersoll." Both Dr. Barnes and those he shocked are a little behind the times, says *The Herald Tribune:*

> "The fact is that the modern scientific study of religion has taught us to realize that religion is both something more and something less than intellectual. Religion has psychological and social sources and consequences. It can not be explained or explained away in terms of the formulas of logic or science. One can not expound or destroy Christianity in terms simply of the literal truth or falsity of its beliefs.
>
> "The quarrel between Religion and Science that used to agitate the readers of Mrs. Humphry Ward is seen now to be a foolish quarrel about an unreal issue. Science and Religion are not two rival accounts of the nature of the world—they are two different responses to experience. Religion addresses itself to human needs too deep, irrational, and permanent for any formulas of science to quell or to quiet. It arises not out of adherence to a formula but from response to life. It has enshrined in the images of Christian tradition the permanent ideals and frustrations and triumphs of humankind. The formulas of science may change their fashions. There will always be millions to say, and to feel, 'Our Redeemer liveth; let us pray.' The formulas of science will always be irrelevant to and shorter-lived than the convictions of the heart, whereof religion consists."

Dr. Barnes's paper "would have to be regarded as 'old stuff' anywhere," observes the Springfield *Union*, and the Brooklyn *Times* thinks that no human good is served by it, and that "many with whom religious faith is merely traditional will find in the new basis of conduct furnished by Dr. Barnes a refuge from the inhibitions of the creeds." "To say that 'God is a myth' is as dogmatic a statement as any that a steel-clamped moralist could make, and is unworthy of a man of Dr. Barnes's training and intelligence," asserts the Troy *Times*. "For to dogmatize is unscientific. His statement is unscientific because it can not be proved, and no truly scientific mind would be guilty of stating dogmatically what it has no evidence for."

One to rally to the side of Dr. Barnes is *The Nation*, which tells us that "all men of broad scientific training know that there is no satisfactory evidence for a divinely revealed code of conduct. Christians and Jews have the Ten Commandments, Buddhists the Noble Eightfold Path to Nirvana, and Mohammedans the dozen major injunctions of the Koran, but their 'divine' origin will not stand scientific tests. These great historical codes of conduct represent the rich and varied experience of the human race—and nothing more." What Dr. Barnes said is "a commonplace of historical science," recites *The Nation*, "but the tremendous clamor of opposition which it has aroused is the best possible demonstration of its need." Reference is made to the "blast of misrepresentation picturing Dr. Barnes as opposed to morality because he rejects an outworn theological conception of immorality," and to the "silence" of his colleagues, some of whom, it is asserted, "hold the old theory that belief in the supernatural sanction of moral laws is a useful illusion." These scientists reason, we are told, that the kind of men who commit crime are more likely to be "moral" if they think that morality comes from the skies, and *The Nation* continues:

> "Doubtless this theory has something to be said for it; there are men who need vengeful Jahvehs in the sky and Billy-Sunday-hells in the earth to keep them good; and weak men crave cosmic illusions to make this sorry life endurable. But no scientist can traffic in such cowardice. The scientist's task is the relentless search for and the accurate statement of truth. If he allows a single compromise to creep into his practise, he will find presently that every superstitition has its utility; that is to say, he will become a politician.
>
> "Of course, there is no proof whatever that goodness is increased by belief in the supernatural origin of moral codes; in practise, the reverse is often true. Race hatred and war and class discrimination persist in our civilization partly because our morality has been accepted on authority without the scientific examination which every social practise deserves. We shall have a better chance to remake our barbarous moral 'laws' when we admit that they were man-made in the first place."

THE ANVIL

By Anna Hamilton Wood

I WONDER that the metal stands the test;
The hammering of dogma, and of creed,
The lifting ferment of a world's unrest,
The battering of ignorance, and greed!
The dead-white flame of atheistic scorn,
The ringing blows of ridicule, and doubt;
The infidel's rough handling, and the worn
Deceits and prayers of the half-devout!
Yet still the anvil of God's mercy stands
Singing its answer to each heavy blow,
The stronger for humanity's demands—
And man bends on it, steadily and slow!

—*The Churchman, New York.*

BILLIONS FOR PRACTICAL PIETY

WHILE WE TALK of a "breakdown of religion," waves of crime, and the sins of flaming youth, the practical piety of gifts for good works mounts into the billions. On the surface, says the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, there may be indications of wrongdoing which bewilder the casual; "the report on giving shows the heart of the country intent on the betterment of the nation and the improvement of the people as it has always been."

American stewards of great wealth rained millions into the coffers of philanthropy during 1928, the grand total, according to incomplete tabulations compiled by the John Price Jones Corporation, reporting to the Associated Press, reaching the amazing sum of $2,330,600,000. This is more than $100,000,000 in excess of the sum given in 1927, and more than $600,000,000 in excess of the total philanthropies of 1921. Nearly 500 lump sums of $1,000,000 or more were given to religious, educational, scientific, social, and a variety of other causes. The spirit of national gratification is practically universal in columns of comment. The Philadelphia *Inquirer*, for instance, says that the moral of all this giving can not be too strongly emphasized. "It is that the most prosperous people in the world are also the most generous. We work, and we work hard, not for money itself, but for the good that may be done with it. We have been accused by some misanthropes of being a nation of money-grabbers, but back of our industry are the joy of achievement and the satisfaction of accomplishment." The steady increase in the vast enterprise of philanthropy is shown in the following table:

Year	*Total Benefactions*
1921	$1,719,000,000
1922	1,787,760,000
1923	1,859,310,000
1924	2,000,320,000
1925	2,068,570,000
1926	2,192,680,000
1927	2,219,700,000

The largest benefactions were those of Payne Whitney, who bequeathed $60,000,000 to libraries, hospitals, and other institutions. Of this nearly $26,000,000 went to create a trust fund to promote educational and scientific progress. New York Hospital received $18,632,000; the New York Public Library received $6,210,725; the medical colleges of Cornell and Yale Universities each received $2,823,057, and the Croton Preparatory School, $1,129,222. There were also other smaller benefactions. Next in size were the Rockefeller donations, totaling about $30,000,000. The Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial voted $5,000,000 to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, $1,000,000 for the teaching of religion in the University of Chicago, and $2,000,000 for Brooklings Institute, Washington. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gave between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000 for the restoration of the historic town of Williamsburg, Virginia, $2,000,000 to the City University of Paris, and a like amount for a museum in Jerusalem. The Rockefeller Foundation gave $3,500,000 conditionally to Cambridge University, England. The General Education Board promised $3,000,000 to Harvard, and $1,416,666 to Cornell. There were numerous smaller donations. As the rest of the report is summarized in the New York *Times:*

> "Many of the largest contributions went toward the assistance of education and allied research. George C. Booth of Detroit gave $6,500,000 to Cranbrook Foundation for an educational and cultural center. Edward S. Harkness was reported to have given $3,000,000 to Harvard: James G. Cutler left $2,650,000 to the University of Rochester: Chauncey M. Depew left $1,000,000 to Yale. Yale also received $1,000,000 from Abram E. Fitkin of New York. Julius Rosenwald promised $2,000,000 to the University of Chicago. A. P. Giannini gave $1,500,000 to the University of California; Leonard D. and Arthur J. Baldwin of East Orange, New Jersey, gave $1,500,000 to convert Drew Theological Seminary into a university.
>
> "M. C. Taylor of New York gave $1,500,000 to Cornell University; Mr. and Mrs. Albert D. Lasker gave $1,000,000 to the University of Chicago. The Charles M. Hall estate gave $2,000,000 to Harvard for education in the Orient. Mrs. Annie C. Kane of New York gave $1,000,000 to Columbia, and the same amount to the Home for Incurables. James Ward Packard gave $1,200,000 to Lehigh University. Edwin Webster Sanborn left $1,500,000 to Dartmouth College, to which the F. Augustus Schermerhorn estate gave $1,158,000.
>
> "John J. Raskob gave $1,000,000 to create the Bill Raskob Foundation for poor children and orphans. R. R. Fogel left $1,500,000 to the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum and Home Society, San Francisco. Fred J. Fisher of Detroit gave $1,000,000 to the Little Sisters of the Poor. Milton S. Hershey gave $2,000,000 to be used in the construction of a Community Center in the town of Hershey, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.
>
> "One of the largest benefactions to hospitals was that of $5,000,000 left to St. Luke's Hospital here by the late Mrs. Mary Ann Fitzgerald. Uri T. Hungerford gave $2,600,000 to the Charlotte Hungerford Hospital at Torrington, Connecticut. Mrs. John I. Kane left $1,000,000 to New York Orthopedic Dispensary and Hospital. The New York Public Library will receive the principal of the $1,300,000 estate of the late John R. Slattery.
>
> "Felix M. Warburg gave $1,000,000 to the American Jewish Joint Agricultural Corporation for the establishment of Jewish agricultural colonies in Russia. The late Morris Schinasi, cigaret manufacturer, bequeathed $1,000,000 for the erection of a hospital at Magnesia, Asia Minor, where the donor was born. Mr. and Mrs. George Blumenthal gave $1,000,000 to the Metropolitan Museum to acquire art treasures.
>
> "Julius Rosenwald gave $2,000,000 to the Rosenwald Fund, bringing it to more than $20,000,000, all of which must be spent within twenty-five years for the betterment of humanity."

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

THE NEW YORKER gives us this with the explanatory note that the poet lately dead wrote it for its pages two years ago as a portrait of herself. Then it adds: "We reprint it now, in memory of a lovely person":

PORTRAIT

By Elinor Wylie

"She gives herself"; a poetic thought;
She gives you comfort sturdy as a reed;
She gives you fifty things you might have bought,
And half a hundred that you'll never need;
She gives you friendship, but it's such a bother
You'd fancy influenza from another.

She'd give the shirt from off her back, except that
She doesn't wear a shirt, and most men do;
And often and most bitterly she's wept that
A starving tramp can't eat a silver shoe,
Or some poor beggar, slightly alcoholic,
Enjoy with Donne a metaphysical frolic.

She gives away her darling secret hope
At dinner tables between eight and nine,
And she would give Saint Peter's to the Pope,
And coals to men of Newcastle-on-Tyne,
She would arrange a match for Solomon
Or give Casanova an adoptive son.

She does not give advice; that I admit;
Here's her sole virtue, and I'll count it double,
Forgiving her some crime because of it,
But she gives tiresome and endless trouble.
If you need rest, she'll straight contrive a racket;
If gaiety, she'll fetch a padded jacket.

And she gives love of the least useful kind
At which advanced civilization mocks;
Half, a platonic passion of the mind,
And half, a mad desire to mend the socks;
She's always wishing to turn back the page
And live with children in a golden age.

She gives a false impression that she's pretty
Because she has a soft, deceptive skin
Saved from her childhood; yet it seems a pity
That she should be as vain of this as sin;
Her mind might bloom, she might reform the world
In those lost hours while her hair is curled.

She gives a vague impression that she's lazy,
But when she writes she grows intense and thorough;
Gone quietly and ecstatically crazy
Among the sea-blue hills of Peterboro;
She'll work within her cool, conventual flat
As self-sufficient as a Persian cat.

And she can live on aspirin and Scotch
Or British ginger beer and bread and butter,
And like them both, and neither very much;
And in her infancy she possessed a stutter
Which gives a strong impression that she's shy
When heard to-day, and this is verity.

But when she clothes herself in gold and silver
In the evening, she gives herself away;
Having remained a high laborious delver
For all the hours of a sunny day,
At night she gives you rather the idea
Of mad Ophelia tutored by Medea.

She gives you nothing worth consideration;
The effervescence of enthusiasm
Is trivial stuff; she'll give you adoration
If you belong to her peculiar schism;
As, that a certain English man of letters
Need never call the Trinity his betters.

Sometimes she gives her heart; sometimes instead
Her tongue's sharp side. Her will is quick to soften.
She has no strength of purpose in her head
And she gives up entirely too often;
Her manners mingle in disastrous ways
"The Lower Depths" and the Court of Louis Seize.
Doubtless, she gives her enemies the creeps
And all her friends a vast amount of worry;
She's given oblivion only when she sleeps;
She says she loves the grave; but she'd be sorry
To die, while it is vanity to live;
"She gives herself"; what has she left to give?

She'd give her eyes—but both her eyes are blind—
And her right hand—but both her hands are weak—
To be "Careless to win, unskilled to find,
And quick—and quick—to lose what all men seek."
But whether this has truly been her story
She'll never know, this side of purgatory.

Such a day as this poem in *The Dial* (New York) evokes would depress the ordinary observer, so he might be grateful to the writer for finding a virtue in it:

RAIN ON THE RAILROAD YARDS

By Edward Sapir

Rain through the grime is sweeter rain
With a persistent fall,
With rush, spatter, and brush of smoke,
Than any I recall

Of clear drops dropping on green lawn
In such translucency
As through an air of sun may you
On a day of summer see;

For perfect beauty may not ease
So certainly as plain
Cooling simples cast by God
Upon a common pain.

There are fewer broken hearts to-day, and the philanderer will find one less scalp at his belt, or this reporter in the January *Century* deceives herself:

YOU COME TOO LATE

By Evelyn Bigelow Clark

You come too late—my need of you is gone,
For I have triumphed over time and pain,
And learned of sorrow how to stand alone
And how to smile and face the world again.
I gave you all, in love's great Sacrament
—My soul the wine, my heart the broken bread.
You feasted lightly and as lightly went,
And left me here with something in me dead.
My life is cleansed and empty now of grief;
I rise again—the pride of life is strong
And in the place of love and old belief,
Courage goes marching with a merry song.
Come in my friend, but do not hope to find
A trace of anything you left behind.

If this does not come near embracing all the sons of Adam, *The Saturday Review* (London), where we find it, will correct us:

EPITAPH

By Martin Armstrong

We are those unthrifty souls
Who watered dusty streets with wine;
Gathered pearls from Indian shoals
And cast them royally to swine;

Our most precious love who strowed
To be trampled by the crowd;
Freely broached our hearts' red blood
To dye the garments of the proud;

Who have sung away our years
To soothe the perjurer and the thief;
Poured for the heartless healing tears;
Fed the tyrant with our grief;

Paid the price we never owed;
Prayed to gods who ask no prayer;
Climbed the high encumbered road
Never asking why or where.

Like an etching with economy of strokes and an interpretative small sketch in the margin, this in *Interlude* (Baltimore) touches us:

WINTER SKETCH

By Philip Gray

Like a quiet-laughing lyric—
Laughing, sighing, shivering lyric—
Written by a woman-poet
On a parchment blurred and fading;
Like a gently sighing poem,
Shivering with cold and laughter
In a man's huge hairy fingers,
Crumpled there with genial pressure. . . .

Folded carelessly, the village
Lies abandoned in the valley.

Swinging roads hum to the five hills,
Lazy roads in week-old snow-clothes.

Houses, few and gray and faded,
Smile at buried tales of sorrow;
Tell their funny stories sadly.

Chimney-smoke hides in the mountains,
Mantles wintry hills and pine-trees.

Gentle village in the five hills,
Crumpled as by love's old pressure,
In the sighing, shivering valley—
Like a quiet-laughing lyric
Written by a woman-poet.

The theme of frustrated lives is not new to poetry, and Browning has summed it up poignantly and simply in the line "We missed it and lost it forever." This contributor to *The Book of the Rhymers' Club* (Cleveland) treats it effectively:

REUNION

By William Heermans Wright

The only question I could find
Was, "So you find the climate mild?"
She spoke across the mists of many years,
"Indeed, I'm very well," and smiled.

We picked the faded patchwork over
For little bits of this and that,
And sifted all the shadows of the past
For scraps of things to wonder at.

She said, "You never came again."
I answered, "And you never wrote."
The moments dropped like quiet tears, and words
Were like a swelling in the throat.

"Your children didn't live, I knew."
"No, and you never married, John."
And suddenly the room was very cold,
Though the embers flickered on.

The broad gray sea of silence closed
Over our heads, and that was all—
All that was left but the phantoms on the floor
And the firelight on the wall.

The world of King Arthur is always with us, and *The New Statesman* (London) adds to the picture:

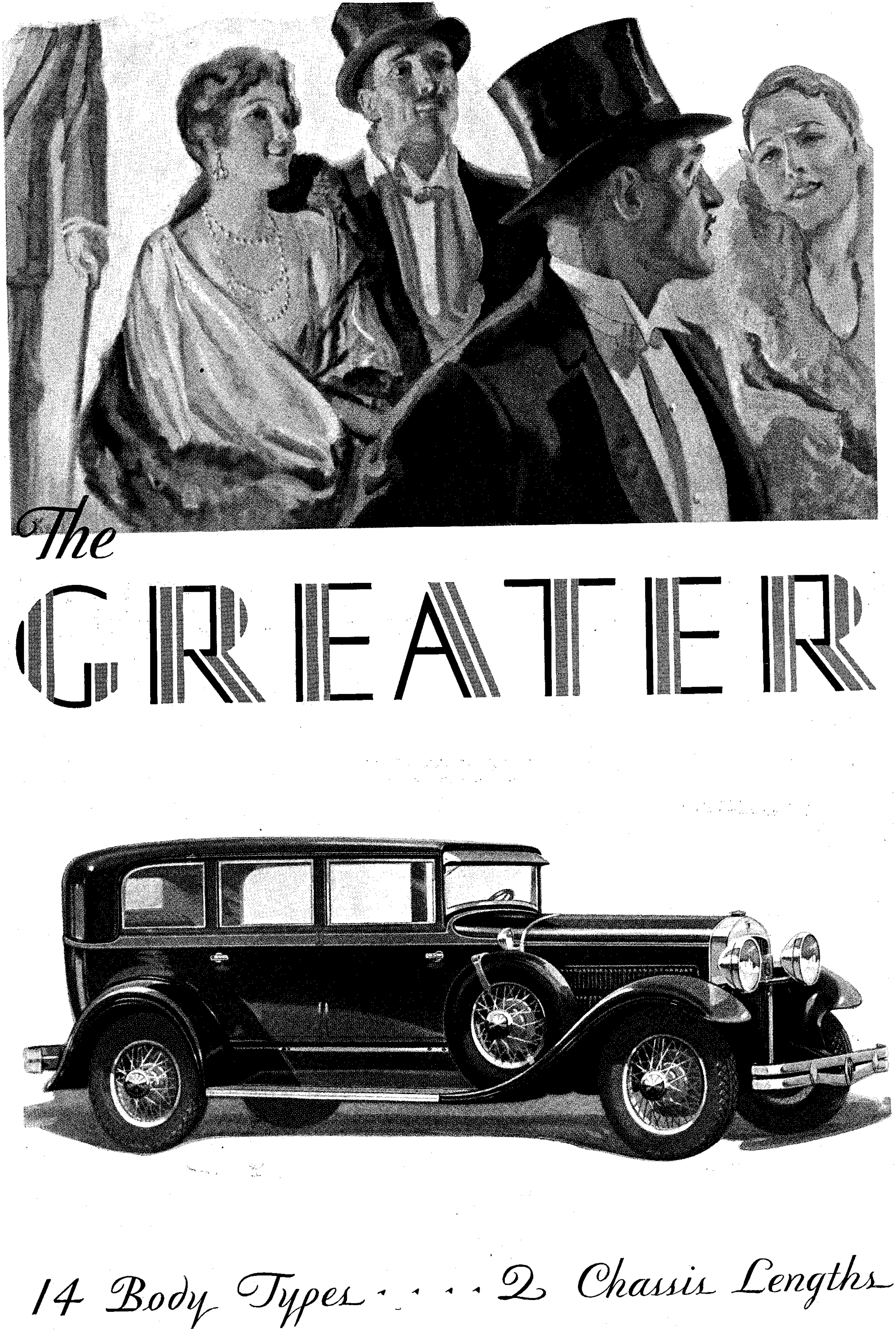
OLD MEN IN CAMELOT

By Piers Compton

Old men in Camelot loved to tell,
As they nodded by half-cold fires,
Of Tristram's vigour and Merlin's spell,
Of the king with a saint's desires.

And the young men marvelled, so strong the past
Appeared to their milder sight,
As the cloven Modred sailed on the blast
With the ebon swans of night.

But their lady's shame set a crimson seal
On the old men's lips, it seems,
As against the tower of the deadly real
They shivered a lance of dreams.



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PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

YES, "TEX" GAVE THEM A GREAT SHOW TO THE END

THE STOUT, RED-FACED GENERAL stopt short in horror, and his long flapping coat-tails hung limp about his legs. He had forgotten his sword as he hurried out of his fort. The fort had been built, Hazel Canning tells us in the Boston Sunday *Post*, by Bolivia on Paraguayan territory, and the general waited until some one ran after him with the missing implement of warfare, and then he went on, buckling the weapon as he advanced to tell the band of American adventurers that they could not go farther into Paraguay, or cross the Pilcomayo River. "Because," said he, "that's why we built this fort here. To guard the land. And keep strangers out. And that's why we have those guns we can stick through the openings at a moment's notice. For hostilities. We mean business." And he rattled his sword against his side.

International Newsreel photograph

A YOUNG ADVENTURER

"Tex" Rickard was a gold miner when this picture was taken of him at the age of twenty-one.

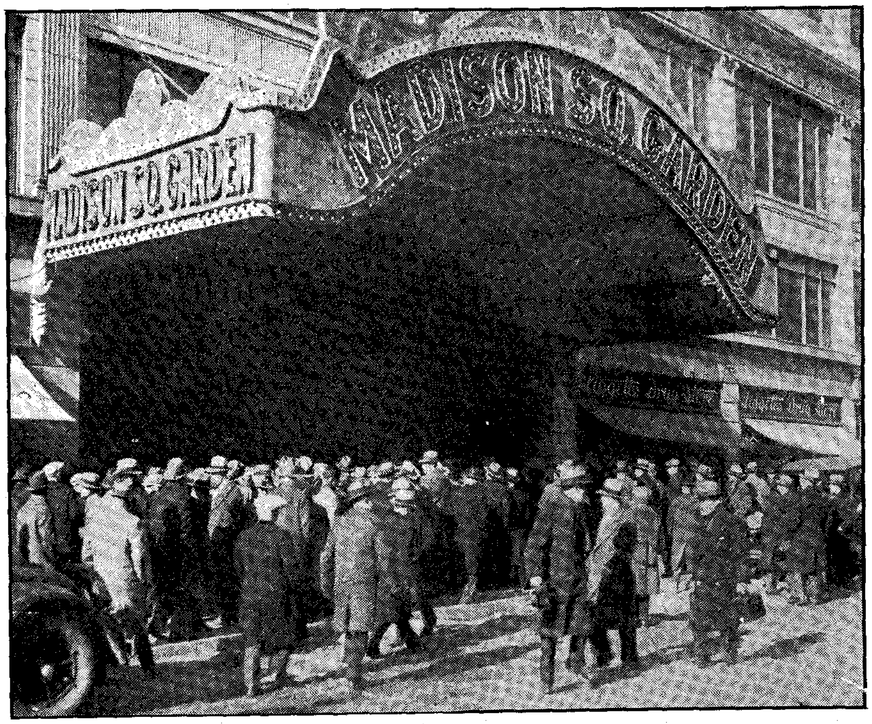
It was then that George L. Rickard showed the finesse and tact which were to help him to the peak of his career, and a position so dominating that his recent death in Florida has proved disturbing to his own section of the professional sports world. "He said no hard words to the general. He did not pull off his sword or remark that he was an American, nor anything of the sort. He merely said it was kind of tough, not being allowed to cross, but of course what the gentleman said was law. And just where, along that river, were those other four forts, anyway?"

The time was some seventeen years ago, we learn from Miss Canning's interview, published, by coincidence, on the day of the promoter's death in Florida. Rickard had gone to South America to buy cattle land, for a British-French-Belgian syndicate, Courtenay Terrett adds in the New York *Telegram*. But "Tex" outwitted the absent-minded general, and nearly "promoted" a war between Paraguay and Bolivia, nations which have been belligerently before the public of late. Reading on:

> The general was so imprest with the way he had imprest the American with his importance and his dignity, that he immediately unbuckled the sword he had almost forgotten, and drew plans with it in the sand. He sketched the location of the other four forts, and told the exact distances at which they were placed along the river.
>
> "Thank you, general, for all your courtesy," said Mr. Rickard, and they shook hands and—apparently—the Rickard cavalcade turned right about face. But as soon as they were out of sight, Tex turned again, took a path once more toward the river which lay miles distant from Forts One and Two. He crossed on fords the Indians improvised, and after many more days he had arrived at Asuncion, where he was to buy his five million acres of land. But first he sought out a Senator—for Asuncion is the capital of Paraguay—and told him about the five Bolivian forts on Paraguayan territory.
>
> "The blasted impudence of them," was about what the Senator said, and at once called together the party leaders to tell them. They arrived at Rickard's hotel that same night.
>
> "Be our general!" they invited. "Take what you wish and wipe out those rascals! Five forts indeed! Finish them!"
>
> Again Mr. Rickard showed the qualities that were to bring him fame.
>
> "I told them," he said, "we could better conduct the cattle business with the enemy playing cards all day long in the five forts, than we could with them ranging the country making trouble for us. While the forts stood, they had to man them. And there were plenty of places for us to cross between the forts whenever we wished. So the forts were really a good thing for us. Finally, I made them see it my way."
>
> Rickard then set his Indians to making miles and miles of wire fences, and by and by the first of the 46,000 head of cattle were put to graze, and so was the cause of peace and industry served.

Such was one striking episode in a life of many adventures. And now, "What will happen to boxing?" is the question raised automatically by Rickard's passing. The possible effect on Jack Dempsey, plunged into grief over the loss of his "best pal," is one of the factors in this. It seems fitting to the Kansas City *Star* that Dempsey should have been at the death-bed of Rickard, and for this reason:

> Together they came into their world-wide fame, Dempsey as the greatest of all champions of the prize ring, Rickard as the greatest of all promoters. The one hardly would have thrived



Wide World photograph

HIS MONUMENT IS THE "GARDEN," WHERE HIS BODY LAY IN STATE

Here we see the main entrance to the great sports and amusement palace, with people entering for a last view of the picturesque promoter.

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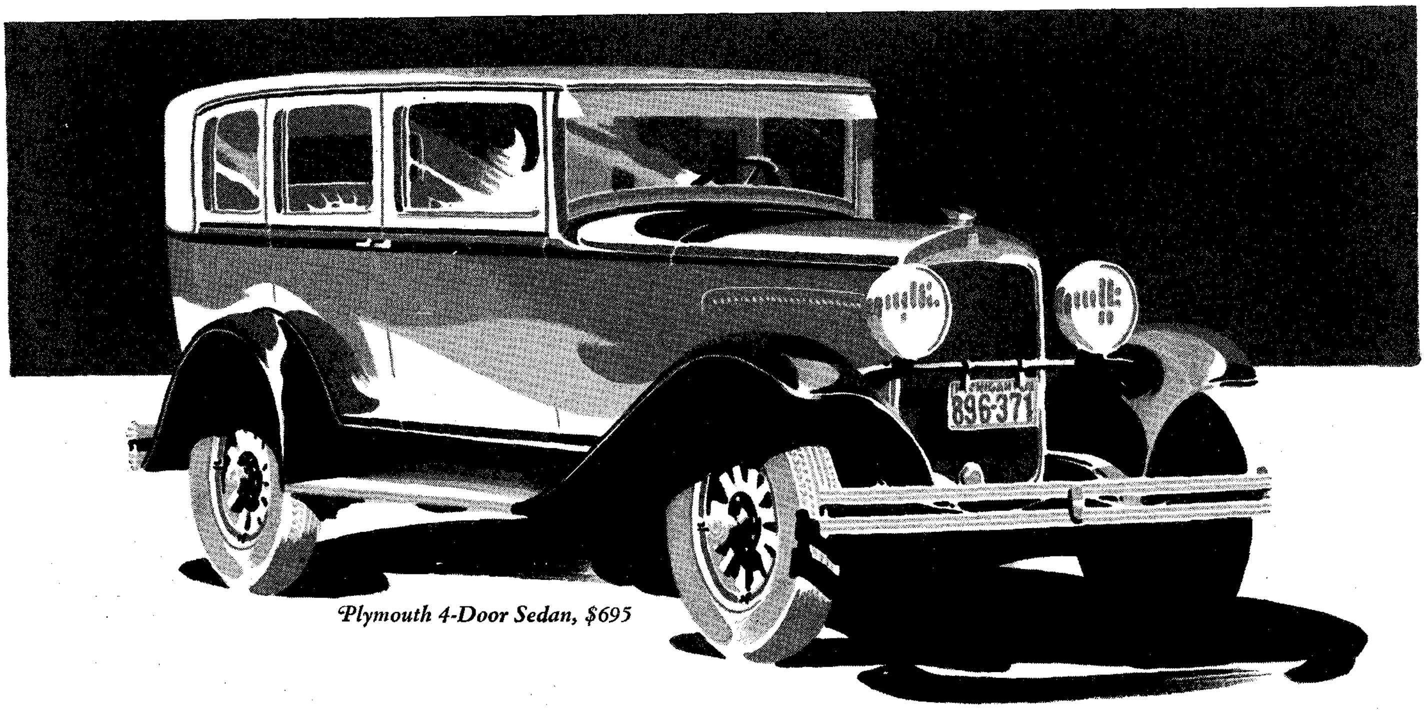

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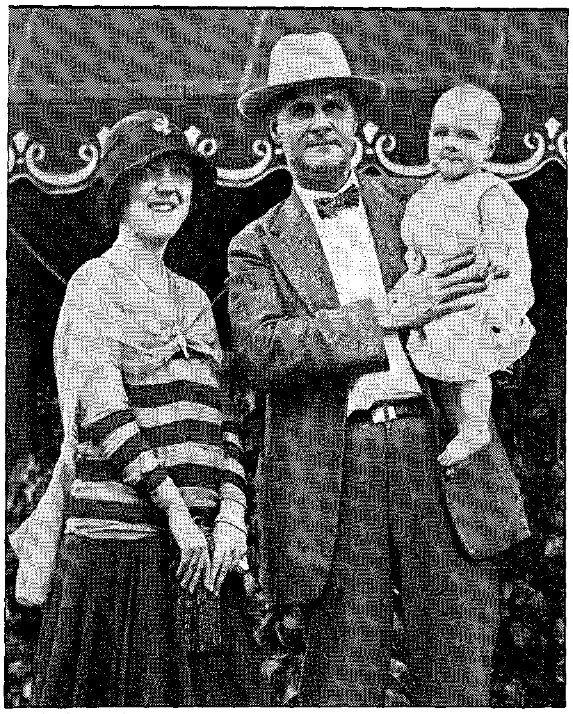
so successfully without the other. Together they trod the upward path to millions, basked in the glory of their great achievements, and so it seems fitting that in the final hours of the one the other was there to grieve.

Rickard was the first to see the possibilities of the fight game as a big show business. A born gambler, Rickard possest the Barnumlike qualities of the showman. At Toledo, in 1919, when Jack Dempsey felled the giant Willard, "Tex" Rickard, promoter of the fight, builder of the first stadium for the housing of that championship fistic show, was quick to see the possibilities of the new champion.

Here was a colorful character, coming up from the ranks of bumdom, a champion who could hit, a swarthy fighter with a man-killing punch. Straightway Jack Dempsey became the "Man Killer," and "Tex" Rickard launched his promotional career that was to carry the fight game into the realm of big business, two-million-dollar gates and the building of the wonderful Madison Square Garden, financed by a corporation with Rickard at the head.

"Give the public what it wants," became the working slogan of this king of a new industry. Quick to sense the world-wide interest in the fight game, Rickard produced the Dempsey-Carpentier "battle of the century" at Jersey City. The hero of France failed. Dempsey again displayed the man-killing wallop. Rickard's eyes roved the world again. He found the mighty Firpo of the Argentine. Again the international flavor. The fight went only two rounds, but it was a world-beater for thrills.

The fame of Dempsey, the man-killer, spread, and keeping pace with it the fame of "Tex" Rickard, the promoter. The one hardly would have risen so high without the other, and hand in hand they traveled into Millionaire Row.



P. & A. photograph

AT LAST HE HAD A CHANCE TO PLAY

And these—his wife and baby—were his favorite playmates on his Miami estate, bought with the accumulated profits of successive "battles of the century" promoted by him.

Now it is believed that Dempsey was scheduled to make a "comeback" for the heavyweight championship this year. An article written by Rickard for *The Ring* tends to show this, in the opinion of commentators. This article, copyrighted by *The Ring*, gives Rickard's ratings of fighters. Gene Tunney heads the heavyweight class, with Dempsey second. Nobody expects that boxing will die with Rickard, James Dawson assures us in the New York *Times*, continuing:

> But at the same time nobody can doubt that the passing of Rickard will be felt not only in that sport but also in the affairs of the Madison Square Garden Corporation.
>
> The belief is general that Rickard's death spells the passing of the days of tremendous gates, fabulous purses, and staggering ring spectacles, for an indefinite period.
>
> The first effect of Rickard's death will be to discourage the proposed comeback of Jack Dempsey, if word attributed to the Manassa Mauler is true. It is reliably reported that Dempsey, shaken under the strain of being an attendant at the bedside of his friend of years' standing, changed his mind about the return he contemplated, and announced definitely that he was through with the ring forever.

International Newsreel photograph

"THE BEST PAL TO ME THAT A MAN EVER HAD"

Such was Jack Dempsey's emotional tribute to the promoter whose chief star he had been, and who was to have staged his "come back."

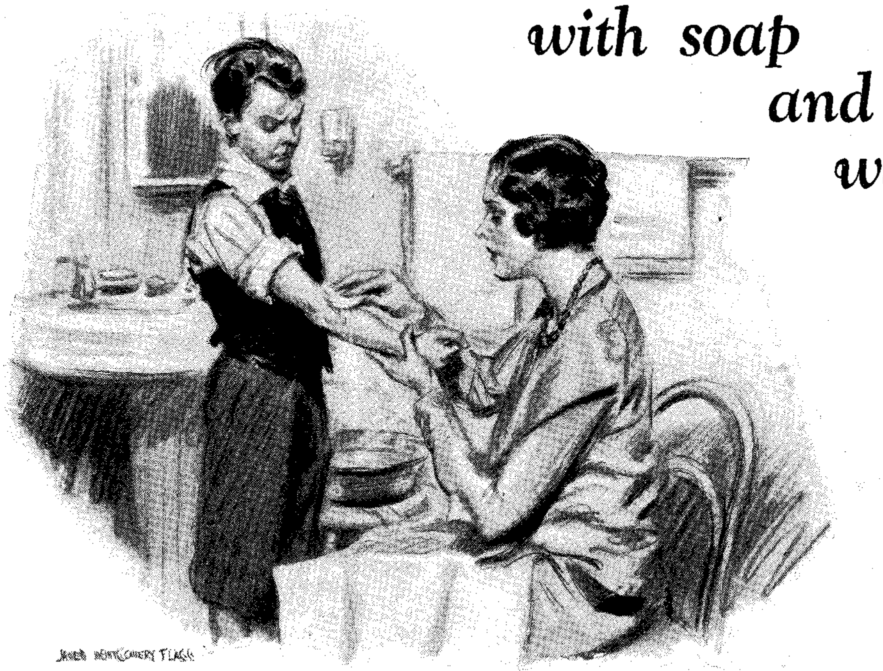
Rickard was internationally influential. How the far corners of the earth followed his projects is shown by William Bolitho, who writes in his column in *The World:*

> "Tex" gave my generation an epic, quasi-anonymously, like all true epics, and if he was only out for dollars, that does not alter our gratitude for making them in just that way. We needed it badly, for we were desperately poetical and desperately in need of expression in the electric days just before the war.
>
> I remember how I followed the Jeffries-Johnson fight. I was in a little place on a lagoon, surrounded by a steaming primeval forest, only to be got at by road, for the single-track railway ended forty miles away. I had just begun to learn Hebrew, for my own reasons, and "Tex's" first masterpiece is all tangled up with the adventures of *qtl* through *pual* and *poal* and all the interminable moods, so that the crabbed characters, even if they are only in a Yiddish advertisement, are always incongruously linked in my mind with what happened in Reno.
>
> How the thought-creation of an American showman could get to such a corner place, I can not clearly theorize, but all of us knew the gigantic black figure of Johnson down to its last terrific detail of gold teeth, extrahuman reach, sugar-cone polished skull as the crowning heroic menace of humanity. The Black Peril—the beauty of the universe in danger.
>
> If he won, humanity is done. We really thought like that in those days, when reality was different. Now against this colossal power of night and doom emerged a demigod, just as heavy, just as much round the biceps, within an inch of that reach—Jim Jeffries to the rescue!
>
> Now if there were any human fitness in the universe, "Tex" Rickard would be in Valhalla, that heaven of good sports our remote Nordic ancestors reasonably believed in, starting at once to organize on a strictly amateur basis fights at last worthy of him; arranging for Alexander vs. Genghis Kahn, Hannibal vs. Cæsar, restaging Austerlitz, giving Napoleon his comeback for Waterloo, providing for eternity, within a ring of planets, under the toplights of the Milky Way, the show of all the bloody comparisons universal history suggests and excites, setting the fantom armies at last eternally against each other for a purse of unearthly grandeur.

Rickard had a life of hard work. He had no chance to play as a boy, but he had planned to "take it easy" during his later years. Only

Wash Wounds

with soap and water



When an accident happens, the cut whether shallow or deep should be washed clean as quickly as possible. Put enough soap into boiling water to make the water sudsy. When the water cools sufficiently wash out the wound with a sterilized gauze-pad or cloth. Cover with sterilized gauze.

NO wound is so slight that it may not become infected and cause death.

If a wound which breaks the skin is not promptly and correctly treated, there may be immediate infection from germs that are found anywhere and everywhere — streptococcus, staphylococcus and saprophytes.

It should be assumed that all accidental wounds may be infected.

During the World War medical science discovered that by using pure soap and boiled water, fresh wounds, big and little, could be thoroughly cleansed, thereby reducing to a minimum the danger of infection. In other words, the germs were literally washed out of wounds.

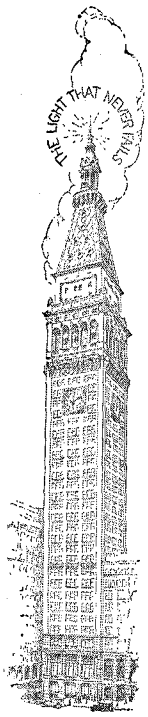
Small wounds, immediately cleansed and properly covered with sterilized gauze will, as a rule, heal very promptly without further treatment. But if germs are covered over and bound into wounds, or are sealed in by drawing the skin together, infection is almost certain and serious complications may result.

In applying soapy water to a new wound, it is best to use a pad of sterilized gauze. Any pure soap will do—liquid, soft or hard—but a liquid soap as free from alkali as may be obtained is best. Otherwise the wound may sting or smart. But the slight temporary discomfort caused by a liberal application of soap and water is of little consequence when compared with the protection afforded by a thorough cleansing.

Common sense must determine how long a fresh wound should be washed. But remember always, the washing must be *thorough* so that the soap bubbles may do their part and lift the germs away from the flesh. The water carries the germs away. The wound must be clean before healing begins.

Warm water that has been sterilized by boiling is safest and the utmost care should be taken to keep the fingers from coming in contact with the surface of the wound.

Wash big or little wounds with soap and water at once—as First Aid before the doctor comes.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

According to the latest available United States Census figures, septicemia (blood poisoning) was the direct cause of 1,178 deaths in the year 1925 and a contributing cause in more than seven times as many deaths.

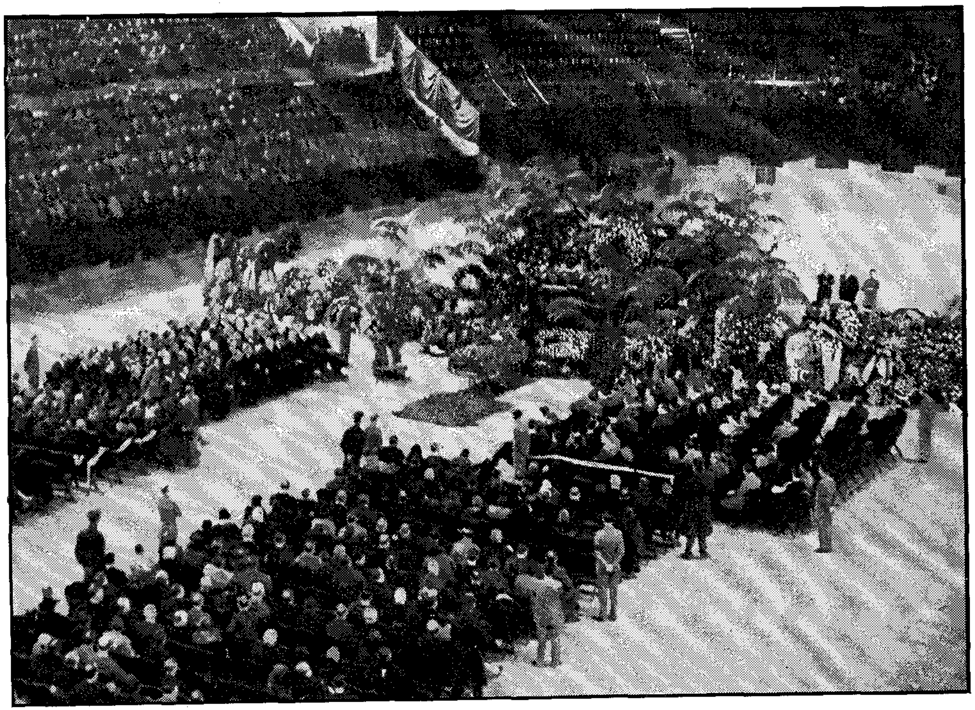
The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail to each family one copy of its booklet, "First Aid in the Home." It tells how to sterilize cotton or linen cloth when sterilized gauze is not available and gives many other valuable First Aid directions. Ask for Booklet No. 29-L. It will be mailed without charge.
HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

a week before his death he talked with Hype Igoe, a sports writer and his close friend, who records the conversation in a review of the promoter's life in *The World:*

“I never got a chance to romp when I was a kid; I'm going to take mine now. It isn't too late. I'm a tough old bird, and I've got plenty of time left. I've got me a place in Miami Beach, and that's going to be my playground. I'll just lay on the sands, meet the warm Gulf breezes, and be happy. I'm going to play and play hard.”



International Newsreel photograph

A SOLEMN OCCASION IN THE FAMOUS HOME OF INDOOR SPORTS

The simple funeral service for the promoter of pugilism took place in his own Madison Square Garden, on the very site of the ring in which fighters had exchanged blows under his management.

Rickard himself gives us a glimpse of his hard youth in an autobiography written with Bozeman Bulger for the North American Newspaper Alliance and the New York *Evening World*, and copyrighted by the former. Quoting:

In 1880, when I was ten years old, my father took sick. It was necessary for me to go to work. I went to live with a big cattleman named Jim Curtis at Cambridge, Clay County, Texas. That was not far from Henrietta. In fact, Cambridge soon thereafter practically ceased to exist. The two towns were bitter rivals.

One night a band of cowboys rode down on Cambridge and stole the post-office, which they brought back and established at Henrietta. My mind is hazy on the details of this, but for years I remember the fact of Henrietta having stolen the post-office from Cambridge being a matter of bitter controversy.

Jim Curtis was big-hearted and kind, and so was his family. I did the chores and ran errands for the ranch. It was there that I faced my first tragedy.

One of my duties was to go down to the town and tell Mr. Curtis when dinner was ready—dinner was served at 12 o'clock. At that hour the cowboys were usually in town, and always in or around the saloons. They were rough, shooting fellows.

In the spring, one day, Mrs. Curtis told me to go down and tell her husband that dinner was on the table. I went to the regular saloon gathering place, but he had just left. I just missed him in two or three places, leaving word at each.

“He was around here a while ago with Van Rice,” a cowboy told me. “You better get on home, son.”

Even at that age I recognized something ominous in the man's tone.

Just as I was turning toward the ranch, I heard some shots in a saloon across the road.

Jim Curtis and Van Rice, both cattlemen, had been standing at the bar. A disagreement arose over the branding of some cattle. But a few words were spoken. Van Rice, a dead shot, as was Curtis, drew his gun in a flash and opened. Before Curtis could get his six-shooter from its holster, three bullets had gone through him.

“Don't! For God's sake, don't shoot—don't kill anybody!” a cowboy called to them, but too late. He actually leaped toward the two men, holding his hand between them. So quick and deadly was the aim that two bullets went through his hand and wrist and into the body of Curtis!

My boss tumbled over behind a stove in the center of the room, dying. With his last gasp, tho, he pulled himself up on one elbow, took deliberate aim and fired a bullet squarely through his assailant's heart.

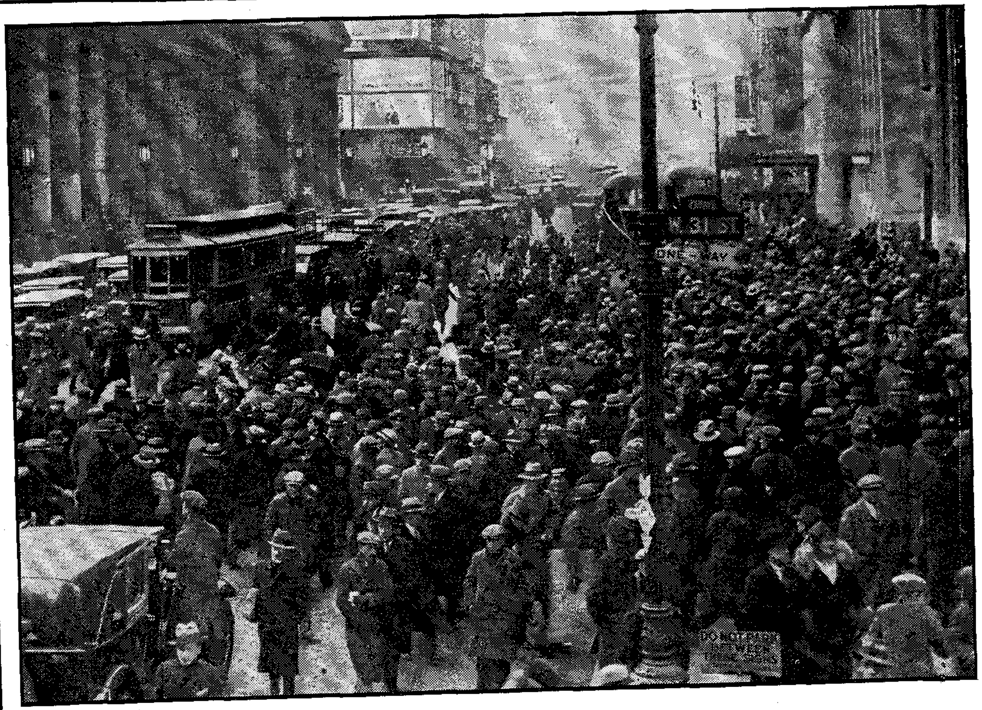
Both men dropt dead.

Returning to Mr. Igoe's biographical sketch, we read of young Rickard in Texas:

When only a slip of a boy he was one of a number of horsemen who hit the north trails with herds.

In 1886 he went along with an outfit which was wintering a herd of 16,000 steers in Montana. The herd was divided into three bands. A terrific winter pounced down on all of them, and after enduring unbelievable suffering the outfit took stock with the coming of spring. Of the 16,000 head of cattle only 1,000 remained.

(Continued on page 41)

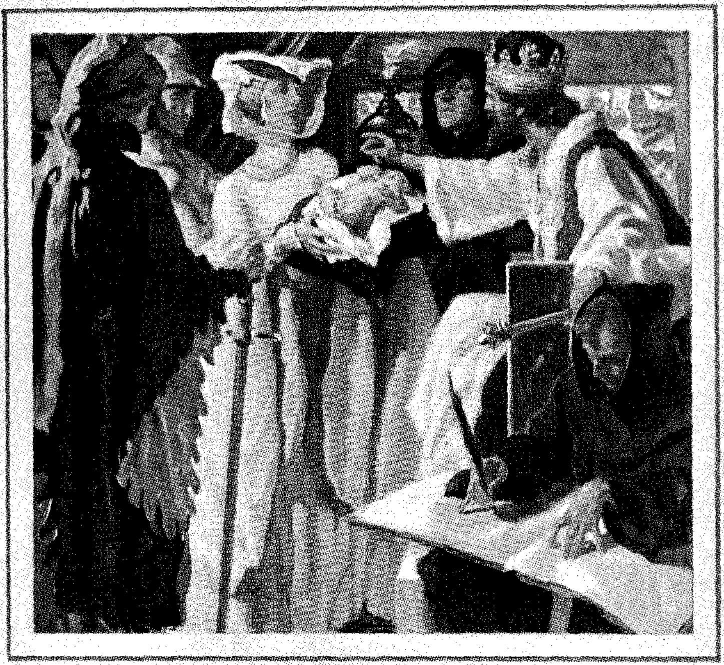


P. & A. photograph

WAITING FOR DEMPSEY'S ARRIVAL WITH THE BODY OF HIS FRIEND

A section of the crowd that flocked about the Pennsylvania Terminal, New York, to witness “Tex” Rickard's last arrival from his Florida home to the city where he was a leading sports figure.

PACKARD



Those to the manner born still rule in the realm of taste and artistic discernment

Packard was born to occupy the fine car field. Its reputation has been made in that field alone. The history of all fine things shows that they are produced by men and organizations that have no other thought and no other ambition.

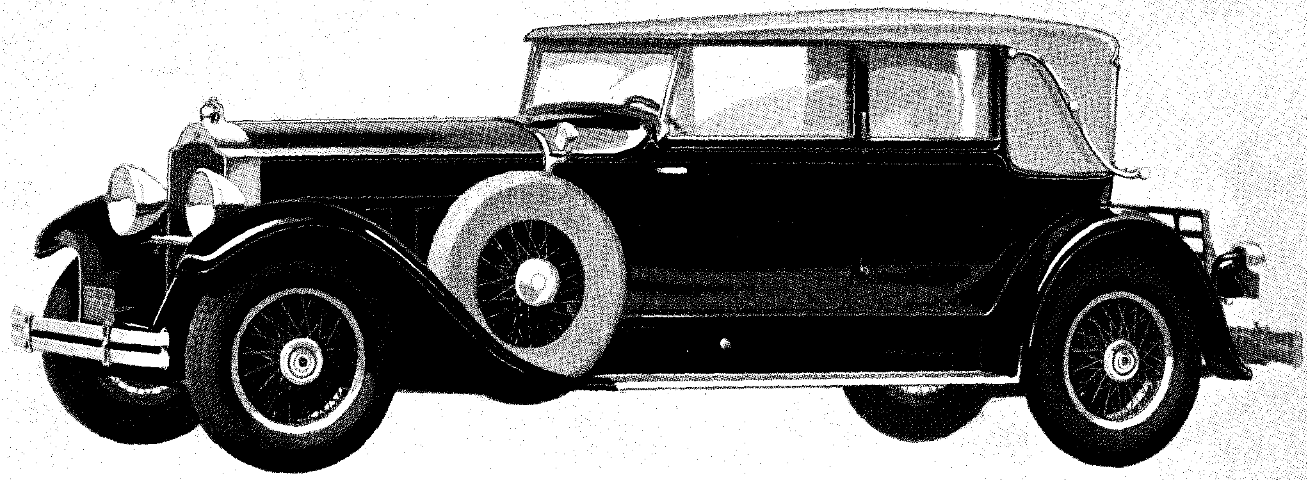
For thirty years only one ideal has actuated the Packard organization—to build quality motor cars for the most discerning and discriminating clientele.

The new Packard Eight, produced from so long and rich an experience in exclusively fine car manufacture, represents the highest fulfillment of the Packard ideal.

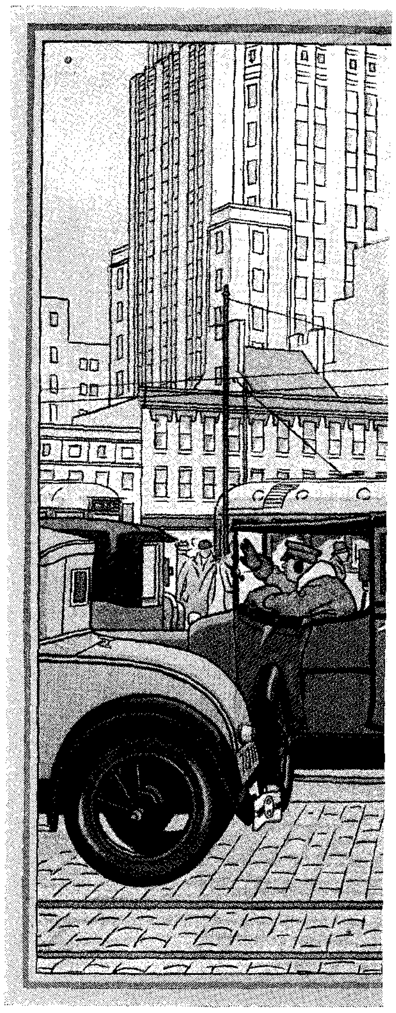
The characteristic Packard beauty is enhanced. The famous Packard straight eight powerplant, compact and simple, is refined and developed to new standards of smooth, silent performance.

A new and exclusive shock absorbing system, in conjunction with deeper, more luxurious cushions, provides driving ease and riding comfort never before achieved in any car.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



The new Ford has a very simple and effective lubrication system



If you could look into the engine of the new Ford, you would be surprised at the simplicity of the lubrication system. It is a combination of pump, splash and gravity feed—an exclusive Ford development and unusually effective.

The action is like this . . .

The oil pump draws the oil from the bottom of the oil pan through a fine mesh wire screen or filter and delivers it quickly to the valve chamber. Even when you are traveling at thirty miles an hour, the five quarts of oil in the pan pass through the pump *twice* in every mile.

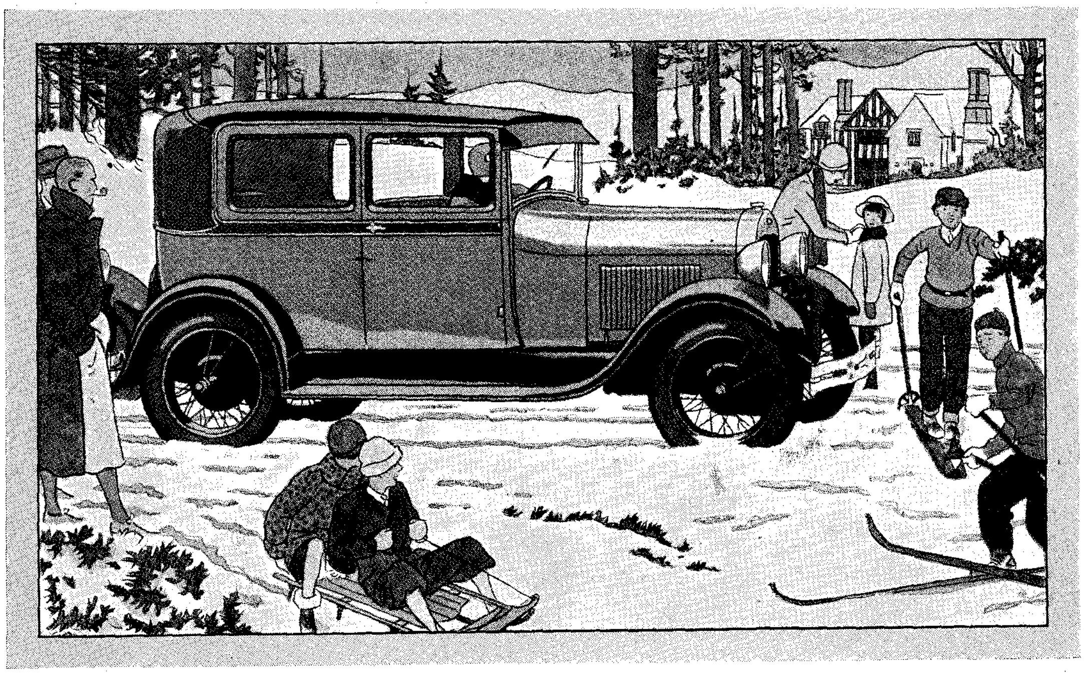
From the valve chamber the oil flows by gravity to the main bearings of the crankshaft and front camshaft bearing. Reservoirs of oil are provided for each main bearing pipe opening through a series of ingenious dams at the bottom of the valve chamber.

After filling these reservoirs, the surplus oil flows down an overflow pipe to the front of the oil pan tray. In this tray are four troughs into which dip the scoops on the connecting rods. These scoops pick up the oil and throw it into the grooves of the swiftly moving crankpin bearings. They also send an o spray over the cylinder walls, can shaft and timing gears. From tl tray the oil flows back to the oil pa whence it is again drawn throug the oil strainer into the pump.

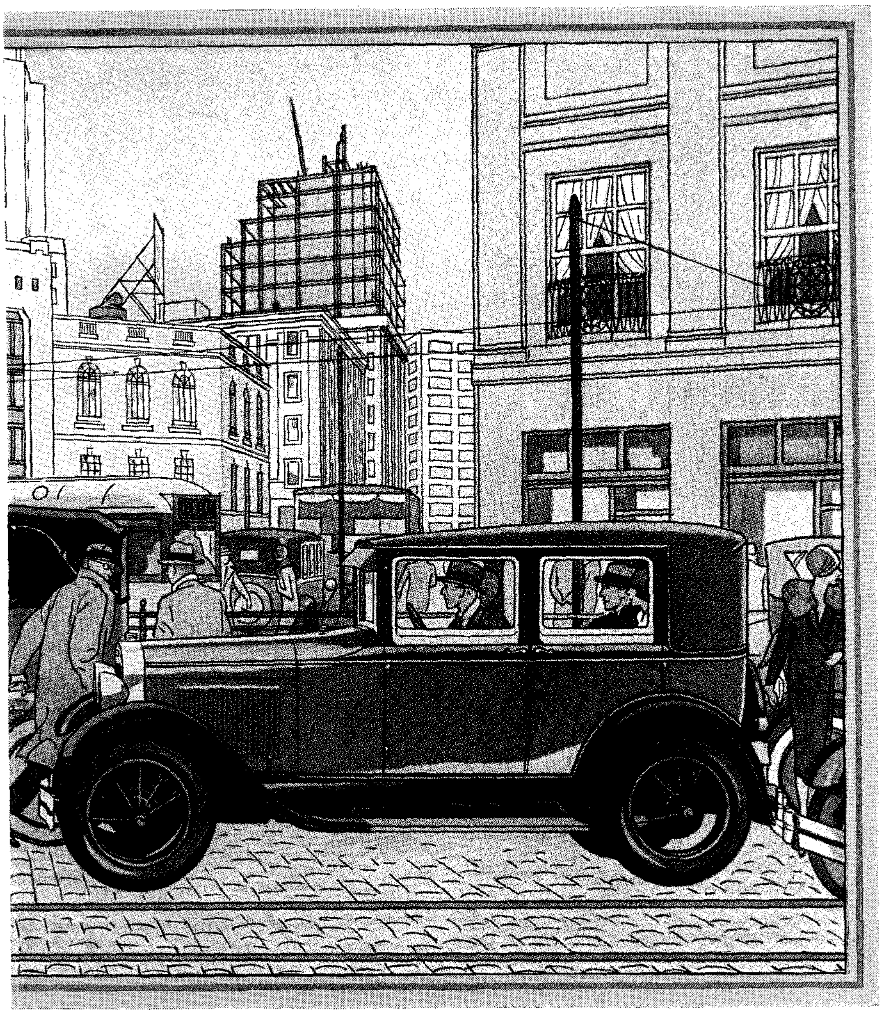
The only movable part in the e tire Ford engine lubrication syste is the oil pump. From valve char ber down, the entire flow of oil an easy, natural flow—as simp in principle as water runni downhill. There is no need f pressure.

Because the new Ford is su a good car and is built to su close and exact measurements, should be given the care that given every fine piece machinery.

When you consider that ea piston moves up and down 13 times a minute when your car traveling at only thirty miles hour, you can see the need complete and proper lubricatic And the piston is only one



The new Ford Tudor Sedan, finished in Aral Sand—just one of the beautiful new Ford col An economical car to own and drive because o low first cost and low cost of up-keep. Buil endure—to serve you faithfully and well for m thousands of miles.



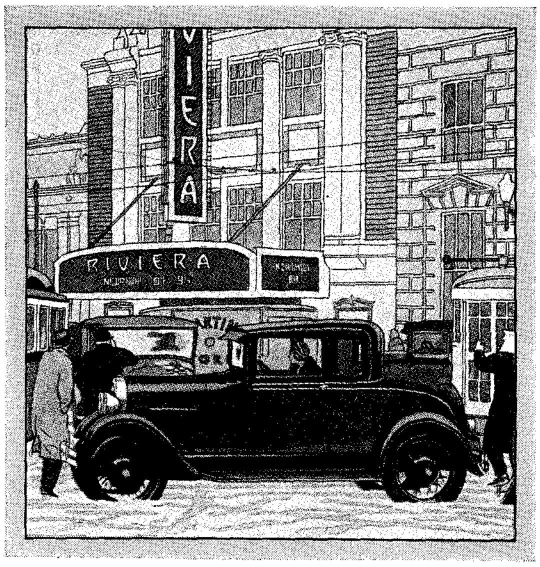
new Fordor Sedan is a strikingly beautiful car be- e of its long, low streamline body, and attractive s. An unusually comfortable and easy-riding car use of the generous seat space, new transverse springs and Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers.

ny moving parts in the engine! The oiling system of the new rd is so simple in design and ective in action that it re- ires practically no service at- tion. Like every other Ford rt, it has been built to give u many thousands of miles of e at a minimum of trouble and pense.

There is only one thing to do, t that is a very important ing . . . *watch the oil!* Keep ough oil in the oil pan so that e indicator rod never registers low low (L) and change the every 500 miles.

If the oil level is allowed to l below low, the supply be- mes insufficient to oil all parts they should be oiled. The oil also loses its lubricating properties more rapidly because it is used faster.

The lubrication of the chassis is likewise important. It has been made easy in the new Ford by the high pressure grease gun system. For best performance, the chassis should be lubricated every 500 miles.



Shown here is the new Ford Coupe—a particularly snug and cozy car for winter driving. The quick ease of steering and of shifting gears is a joy to the woman driver.

FEATURES OF
THE NEW FORD CAR

Beautiful low lines
Choice of colors
Remarkable acceleration
Smoothness at all speeds 55 *to* 65 *miles an hour*
Fully enclosed, silent six-brake system
New transverse springs
Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers
Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield
Economy of operation
Reliability and long life

Every 2000 miles the distributor cam should be cleaned and given a light film of vaseline. At 5000 miles, the lubricant in the differential and transmission should be drained, the housings flushed with kerosene and new lubricant added.

The oiling and greasing of an automobile is so important and means so much to economical, satisfactory performance that it ought not to be neglected or carelessly done.

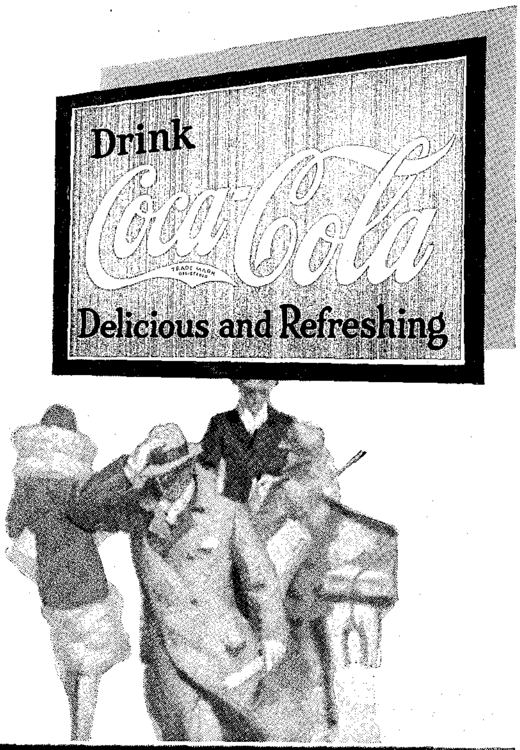
Ford dealers are the most competent to handle the lubrication requirements of the new Ford. They know the best oil for each part and they have special equipment to do the job right.

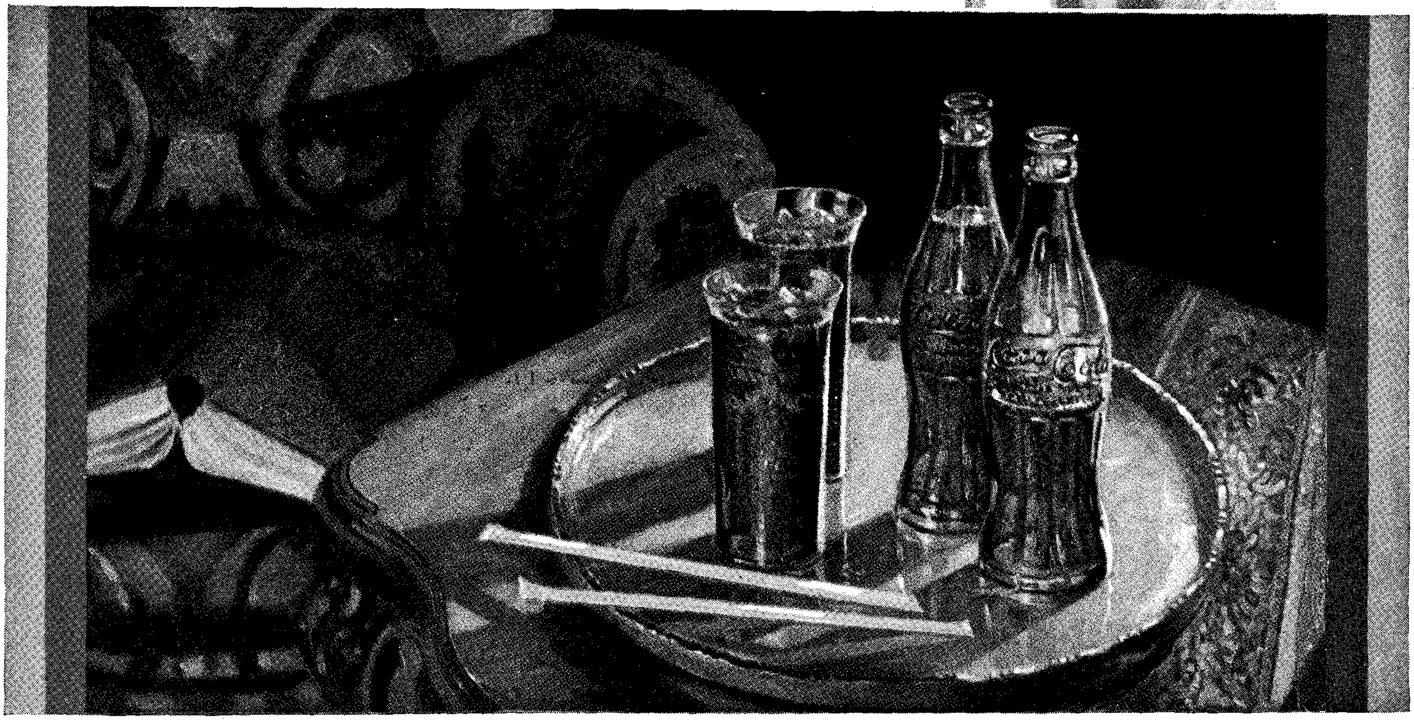
No matter where you live or where you go, you will find Ford dealers prompt and reliable in their work, fair in their charges, and sincerely eager to help you get continuously good service from your car.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan

The drink that belongs beside a big, easy chair





The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

IF anything could be more inviting than a minute's pause for a refreshing drink on a busy day at your office or workshop—it is the drink that belongs beside a big easy chair at home or at your club where there is leisure to enjoy refreshment and be refreshed for enjoyment. ▼ ▼ Coca-Cola—the drink with that tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment—is the most convenient of all drinks to serve at home. Order a case from your grocer, just as you order groceries. Keep a few bottles ready in your ice-box. ▼ ▼ The great thing about it is that it is wholesome refreshment—a pure drink of natural flavors, prepared with a care that makes it pure as sunlight.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

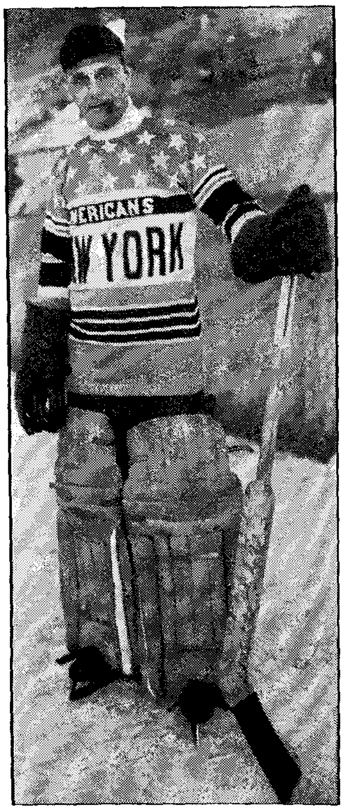
A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD OVER 8 MILLION A DAY **TO GET WHERE IT IS**

(*Continued from page 36*)

That was enough of herding for Rickard. He returned to Texas, where he became a United States Deputy Marshal.

Rickard never did anything badly, and that's why he became a model deputy marshal. He stuck to the job for two years. "Tex" thought that he would become a Texas fixture. It was here that he acquired the quaint Western drawl that stuck to him through all his later years.



International Newsreel photograph

WHEN "TEX" PLAYED GOALIE

'Twas at Niagara Falls, during the early days of his interest in hockey as a winter sports attraction.

And then in a casual way, with no idea of what it would lead to, he promoted his first fight, in this manner:

Then came the first great turning-point in his career. Gold was discovered in Alaska, and the first great wave of humanity which swept into that picturesque country carried young Rickard with it.

Rickard's drawl and his bearing settled his nickname. He became "Tex" for all time. Whether he wished it or no, the name was fastened on him by the prospectors who learned to like and respect "Tex" for his daring, physical courage, and sky-is-the-limit code of gambling. Rickard's poker face became a Klondike tradition. That poker face was characteristic of him to the end.

An up-and-down career in Alaska, as prospector, leader, dance hall and gambling king, brought Rickard more renown. Never a boastful man, he was quick to resent an insult, first to champion a weaker brother. Rickard eventually pulled up stakes in Dawson. Another boom had cracked wide open at Goldfield, Nevada. Tex always believed in riding in on the crest.

Rickard sensed a lack of something in Goldfield. Certainly the big guns of the town were not satisfied with Goldfield's place in the sun. Tex had been around, and they consulted him. And then out of a clear sky came the idea that was to make Rickard one of the best-known men in all the sports world, the idea that brought him fame as a promoter, and riches because he knew how to gamble, how to do big things in a big, gambler's spectacular way.

He told the Goldfield folks that a championship fight would be just the ticket to put Goldfield on the map with a bang.

There had been talk of matching Joe Gans with Battling Nelson, then roaring along boxing's Milky Way as its bright, particular star.

"We'll put that bout on here. We'll make 'em sit up and take notice. We don't want to profit by it, but we want to attract men and money to this section. I propose, boys, that we offer Gans and Nelson thirty thousand dollars in gold coin to come and fight here for the lightweight championship."

As a sort of feeler, Rickard telegraphed Terry McGovern and Jimmy Britt the offer.

Both Terry and Britt got the message, and both admitted afterward that they enjoyed a good laugh. Another gold-miner gone mad in the rush for gold! Nelson wasn't so mirthful. He liked gold, and the greatest offer ever made up to that time appealed to his frugal mind. He personally sent back a "hold-everything-until-I-get-there" answer to Rickard. And Nelson came bounding into town in two days' time.

The $30,000 in $20 gold pieces reposed in a glittering heap in the town's most conspicuous window. They led the Battler up to have an eyeful. "Winner take ALL?" asked Nelson in a mixed whisper and a frog croak.

"Anything you boys desire. Bet you never saw anything like that gold for a purse, did you, Nelson?" asked "Tex," knowing that the "Durable Dane" had been sold to Goldfield and what the outside world deemed its daffy venture.

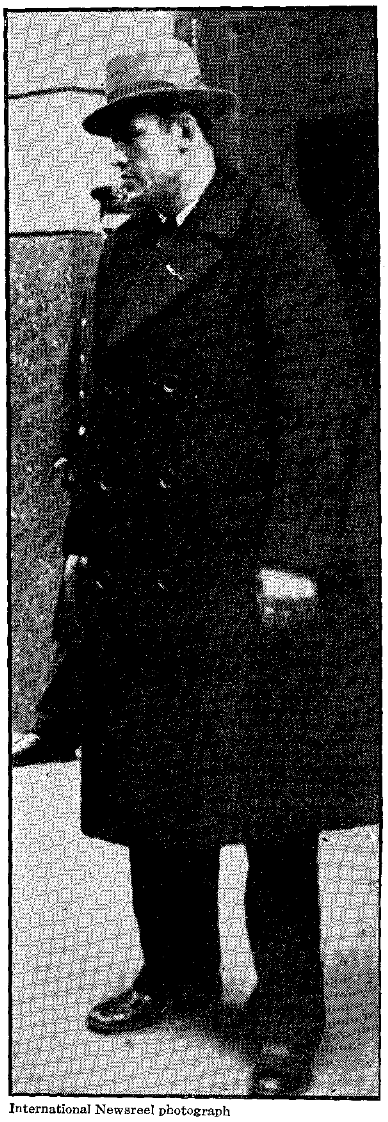
The outside world didn't know "Tex" Rickard. By the same token "Tex" Rickard didn't know the outside world, but, gambler that he was, he was willing to explore. With Nelson's acceptance came hurrying an answer from Gans. He'd be delighted.

"I had no idea that the big newspapers of the country would pay any attention to us," said "Tex" in talking of the project recently. "I knew it would attract sportsmen, and that we might have a chance to break even. But we weren't concerned about profit and loss. We figured to lose. I got my first big shock when two young fellers came up to me and said they represented the San Francisco *Bulletin*. They looked so young that I thought that somebody had sent them in to kid me. But when young Bill McGeehan and Rube Goldberg, the cartoonist, showed me their credentials, I nearly fell down.

"And I got shock number two when they hired a hole-in-the-wall on the main street and stretched a banner across the street announcing to the world that here was the San Francisco *Bulletin's* headquarters for the great $30,000 'Battle of the Century.' Oh, yes, we had battles of the century that far back.

"And then came another shock. McGeehan asked me, as promoter of the bout, to pose for a photograph. Was I embarrassed? I tried to get out of it. I couldn't understand why they wanted my picture. Finally I agreed if they'd come behind the livery stable and take it when nobody in town was looking."

The bout of itself, aside from anything it may have done for Goldfield, became famous. It started Rickard on his climb to world renown as a fistic Phineas T. Barnum.



International Newsreel photograph

JACK SHARKEY WAS THERE

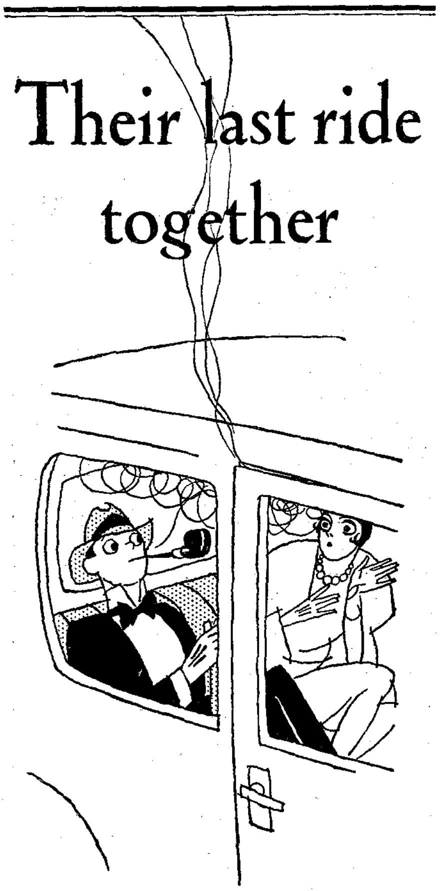
The Boston heavyweight is seen leaving the promoter's funeral service. Doesn't he look like Tunney?

It will be recalled that Nelson lost on a foul to Gans in the forty-second round. George Siler, the referee, disqualified Nelson for low hitting when Gans sank to the floor claiming foul. Nelson always maintained that Gans quit, and tried to back up his argument by displaying enlarged stills of the portion of the moving-picture films which depicted the action in question. For one thing, Nelson proved that Siler wasn't in a position to see the blow.

Rickard came out of the affair recognized as a new genius in the art of promoting on a big scale. Over a stretch of twenty years, he has never allowed his fame as a "director" of big things fistic, to die out. His first and only big losing venture, strange to say, was his last, the Tunney and Heeney fight.

Tho the real figure has never been divulged, it is estimated that Rickard sank $300,000 or more by guaranteeing Tunney a sum that almost equaled the total gate. Rickard's uncanny foresight failed him here. He had not counted on the reaction the weird count in the seventh round in Chicago would have on the public. Also he was fooled into believing that his public would accept Tunney as Dempsey's conqueror. For once the fans refused to jump through Rickard's paper hoops. Dempsey was the man they wanted, and, realizing that, Rickard spent his last days on earth trying to bring back the great fistic idol of the masses. From Goldfield, Rickard marched to promoting fame with astonishing

Their last ride together



THERE'S more than one reason why girls walk home. There's more than one bachelor who wouldn't have to stay that way if only some one would tell him about Sir Walter Raleigh. Oh well, for that matter, *we'll* tell him. It's milder, men, a lot milder, and it will do a lot to make that strong old briar of yours fit to enter decent company.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)
If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.
Dept. 25, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Who discovered how good a pipe can be
It's *milder*

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

strides. He broke every existing attendance and box-office record, and no sooner would he set a new high-water mark than he would be turning over a greater fistic attraction in his mind.

It is a strange thing, but Rickard often vowed that he knew nothing whatever of boxing or the exploitations of boxing before his Nevada début. He loved the sport, and better still, got a great amount of personal satisfaction in producing ring dramas that lived, and will continue to live, in the minds of men.

Fame actually settled on Rickard's shoulders with the exploitation of the Jeffries and Johnson bout, Mr. Igoe says, continuing:

The greatest promoters in the country were bidding for the match. Jeffries, comfortably enjoying retirement, was prevailed upon to return to the ring to wrest the title from Jack Johnson, the negro, who had defeated Tommy Burns for Jeffries's title in Australia.

Bids for the bout were to be opened in New York, and James Coffroth, Tom McCarey, Eddie Graney, and Jack Gleason, hooked up with Rickard, came scurrying from the West, their pockets bulging. Here was a plum worth the bidding! McCarey of Los Angeles thought that $55,000 was the high line. Graney of San Francisco had backing for $60,000. Sam Berger, also from San Francisco, had the same amount ready for tapping.

Coffroth, the greatest promoter of the day, had $81,000 to offer.

Actually the bids with their attending amounts were opened in Hoboken. In those days boxing was tabu in New York State. It was unlawful to promote or bid for the promotion of boxing bouts. Hence the pilgrimage to Hoboken in a State not so fussy. Some of the preliminary arrangements had been made at the old Albany Hotel, now the Continental, at Forty-first and Broadway. At least there was a deal of talk and some weird glaring and the registering of nonchalance on the part of Jeffries and Johnson.

The plan had been to negotiate for the bout with sealed offers. "Tex" ripped that idea apart, and incidentally imprest Coffroth and the others that they were dealing with a man of action.

"Let's lay it on the line," said "Tex" in his drawling way. "I see a lot of paper and promises, but I've come with the cash. My bid, boys, is ONE HUNDRED AND ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS." And he slapped the money on the table in thousand dollar bills.

That broke up the party. Coffroth folded up. So did McCarey, Graney, Berger, and the rest. It happened that I got into Coffroth's cab on the way back across the ferry for New York. I asked him what he thought of Rickard's $101,000 offer as against his own $81,000.

"The man is absolutely daffy. He nor any other man can guarantee such money. It can't come through the gates. He'll go broke and sink a lot of good fellows with him. He's plumb crazy."

Rickard made money on the bout, drawing the unheard-of gate of $270,755.

He never stood a chance to lose a dime. A young Western millionaire, knowing of "Tex's" ambition to do big things in a spectacular way, had grub-staked "Tex," so to speak.

"'Tex,' you go get that big fight for yourself. You keep bidding until you get them dizzy. Top the best bet with $20,000, and keep topping it until you break their hearts. I'll give you plenty to take back to New York."

Rickard often spoke of those bills and the effect they had on Jack Johnson, sitting at the table. It is possible that no man at the gathering ever saw so much of the worldly goods before, and certainly not Johnson.

"Johnson's eyes stuck out until they looked like telescopes," said "Tex," telling the story. "I never had a doubt about Johnson's loyalty to me after he got a peek at those bills and made sure that it wasn't musical-comedy money. They didn't have a chance to take that fight from me. I could have gone to two hundred and two thousand if I had to. I came heeled."

Rickard attempted to put the bout on in San Francisco. He had received the promise of the Governor of California that he could go ahead. The Chief Executive of the Golden State liked "Tex" and his fascinating personality.

Rickard had spent just $35,000 on his arena in San Francisco, when, like a bolt out of the sky, came the order from the same Governor that the fight must not take place in California.

"Tex" broke all records to Sacramento, the State capital. The Governor got down to cases at once when "Tex" walked in. He showed "Tex" the avalanche of protests that had come to the capital demanding that the Governor prevent the bout.

"I never dreamed that this would be the result. I'm sorry, Rickard, but you can't go."

Without batting an eye, Rickard left the half-finished arena where it stood, hopped on a train, and in a few hours had closed all the necessary arrangements to bring the bout to his old stamping ground, Nevada. This time he put Reno on the map.

Rickard got the wanderlust. He wanted to hit the trail for New York, and did.

He was bringing plenty of nerve with him. He had it. He proved it when he went into the ring and refereed the bout between Jeffries and Johnson when the principals failed to agree on a third man. Bill Naughton, dean of the boxing writers at that time, served notice on "Tex" that inasmuch as he had started something he'd have to see it through by accepting the dangerous job of referee. "Tex" was acceptable to both men, and worked flawlessly. The tenseness of the situation, however, convinced Rickard that such a bout had no place in boxing, and he determined then and there never to promote a mixed bout for the heavyweight title. He never broke that resolution.

He was living in New York when he brought Willard and Moran together in old Madison Square Garden. Later he matched Willard and Dempsey, and with that bout and the victory of Dempsey came riches for the both of them. They formed a magnetic pair, and the chances are that this generation will never know their equal. They made ten million dollars between them. By a strange whim of Fate she drew Dempsey from the Far West to be at his death-bed in Miami when the end came to this remarkable man.

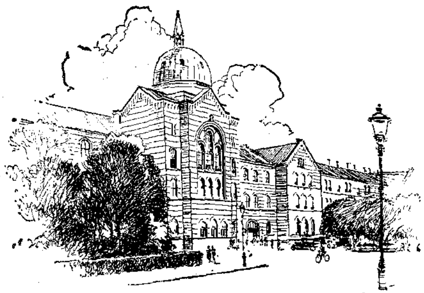
His nickname, "Tex," always clung to him. Only a few years back, he stunned the scribes when he told us that his real name was George Lewis Rickard. We hadn't even thought to ask him.

Rickard took over old Madison Square

... WORLD AUTHORITY ON SKIN DISORDERS ...

Dr. Edvard Ehlers

says *"I invariably prescribe yeast"*



Municipal Hospital, Copenhagen, where Dr. Ehlers is chief physician of the dermatological department

"IT IS MANY YEARS *since my teacher and friend, Dr. L. Brocq of Paris, taught me to use fresh yeast for staphylococcic infections of the skin. Since then I have invariably prescribed yeast in all cases of boils, as well as in rebellious cases of acne. The effect of yeast upon boils is surprising and incontestable. It is often slightly laxative.*"

Dr. Ehlers

DR. EDVARD EHLERS, OF COPENHAGEN

THE most romantic figure in Danish medicine—Dr. Edvard Ehlers. Hazardous medical research in the tropics has brought him decorations from half the governments of Europe.

Hospitals, established by him in Denmark for children born sick, have almost eliminated infant deaths from one dread disease.

Holder of degrees from the universities of Paris, Strassburg and Copenhagen—what Dr. Ehlers says of the health properties of yeast is drawn from years of experience as a skin specialist of world wide fame. Many doctors now agree that unsightly, embarrassing and unpleasant skin eruptions are associated with clogging of the intestinal tube.

"In furunculosis (boils) the effect of yeast is incontestable," Dr. Ehlers says, and advises, "the yeast treatment should be continued for several months, until the elimination of harmful bacteria is complete."

In a recent survey in the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these pass daily through your intestinal tract they combat harmful poisons, purify the whole system. Eat three cakes daily, before or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Start today.

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. C-126, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

90 per cent of ills start here . . . Here is where yeast works

As this picture shows you, the alimentary tract is one continuous tube from throat to colon. Poisons caused by clogged intestines spread swiftly through your body. By eating Fleischmann's Yeast you can keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy. You can insure the flawless, healthy complexion which comes only from a clean active colon.

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***for* HEALTH**

EAT THREE CAKES A DAY
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
FOR HEALTH

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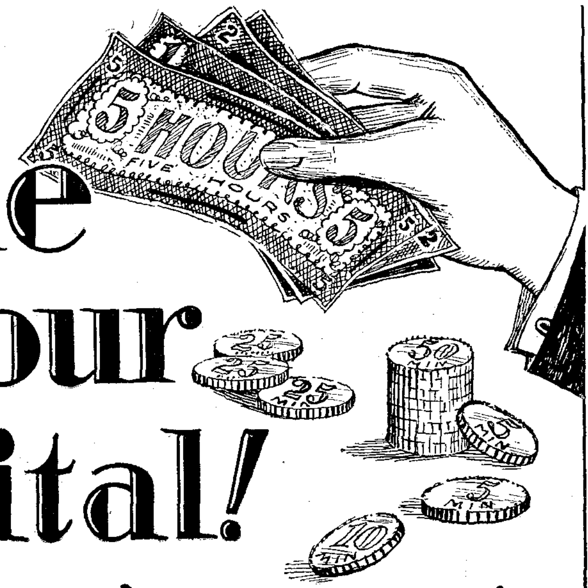
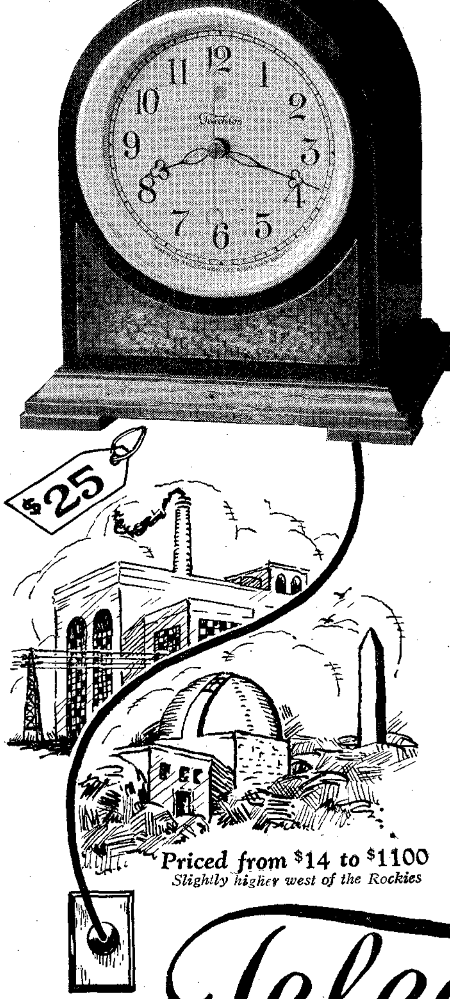
Time is Your Capital! Don't Waste It!





Priced from $14 to $1100
Slightly higher west of the Rockies

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Telechron is as accurate and dependable as modern inventive genius can make it, and is based on an entirely new principle of timekeeping—Observatory Time from your electric outlet—the greatest improvement in over 200 years, and exclusively Telechron! All springs and escapements have been *replaced* by a tiny electric motor which directly operates the hands. All winding, oiling, regulating, and cleaning are *entirely* eliminated. Sunday morning clock winding is now a thing of the past.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Garden, always a white elephant in the hands of the would-be Barnums before him, and began the formation of the corporation which made it possible for Rickard to erect the present edifice.

He loved the new Garden. While it was under construction I climbed with him over the timbers and girders, high up under the roof itself. Looking down on the vast arena I couldn't help remarking that it reminded me of the Grand Canyon. I wrote such a story, and of all the yarns I've ever written around "Tex" Rickard, that story tickled his fancy most.

"This is my dream come true, Igoe, my dream baby come to life. I always wanted to do this for the fans, and here it is. It will be the finest thing of its kind in the world. And not a nail in the whole shebang."

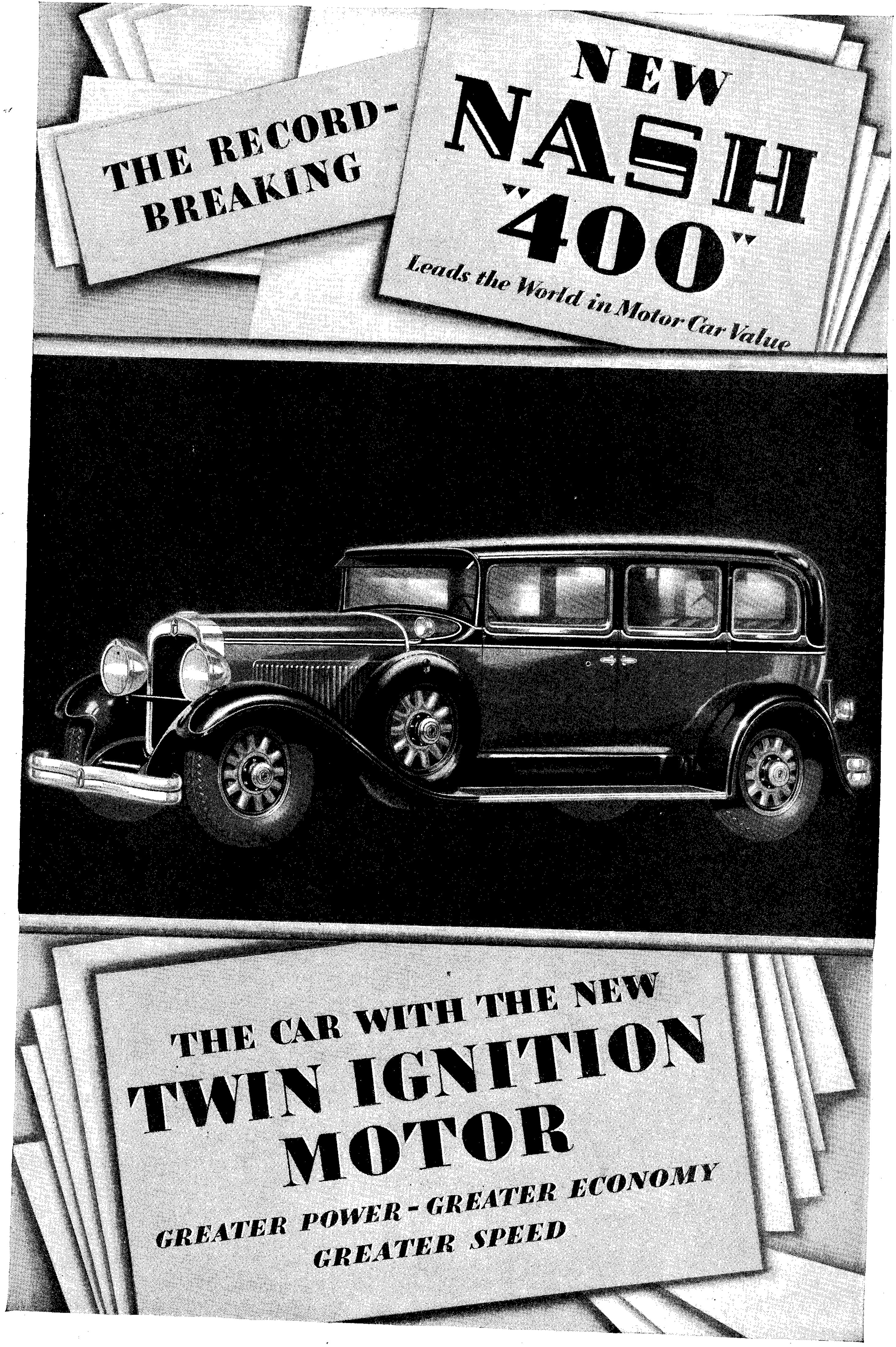
I asked him why he wasn't calling it Rickard Stadium. "Oh, leave me out of it. I want them to have it all over again in a newer and better way. It's my dream, and she's out."

Rickard's grip on the public was never more in evidence than at his own funeral in Madison Square Garden, where his body lay in state, we learn from this later *World* article by Mr. Igoe:

> I've seen the gathering of the clan before. I saw it when John L. Sullivan was buried in Boston, I saw it when Terry McGovern went to his last rest in Brooklyn, and when Griffo, the zephyr of the ring, was buried by "Tex."
>
> There never was such a gathering as came to say good-by to the tall Texan. The halt, the blind, the lowly, and the mightiest either came to "Tex's" great playhouse, or else did him the honor to stand uncovered, somewhere along the edge of the lane made by his funeral cortège.
>
> And they saw "Tex" through, right to the end of his last trail. The crowd was as great at Woodlawn Cemetery as it had been at the Garden or along Fifth Avenue, through Harlem or on the Grand Concourse. And they weren't all old-timers. Even the school kids banked up on the curbstone and watched "Tex" go through.
>
> As one old fellow struggled with the cops to get through the lines, he said with all the reverence and admiration in the world: "Egad, he WAS a showman; even his funeral is a sellout."
>
> Old men, scarcely able to totter along, came with their faded green coats, their treasure duds of more glorious days. They might have been men who panned through the gold gulches before "Tex" was born. They might have been Westerners grown citywise these many years.
>
> Here and there you saw a nose or an ear that was the badge of some old ring battle long forgotten. I stood beside Joe Humphreys in the lobby watching two great lines file out after having had their last look at the master builder.

And Norman Klein wrote in the New York *Evening Post:*

> It was a master showman's funeral. It was thrilling to the crowd. The music and the prayers and the flowers got you.
>
> "Tex" was dead, but "Tex's" showmanship lived in the Garden.
>
> "Tex" gave them a good show.



THE RECORD-BREAKING

NEW NASH "400"

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

THE CAR WITH THE NEW TWIN IGNITION MOTOR

GREATER POWER - GREATER ECONOMY GREATER SPEED

Rolls Cigarette That Burns For Half an Hour

Edgeworth Plug Slice provides a new thrill—and saves Mr. Hjermstad $200 a year

Pipe-smokers! Here's a hot tip on how to roll a real good cigarette with Edgeworth Plug Slice smoking tobacco, and it comes from Mr. C. O. Hjermstad of Portland, Oregon—the man who claims to be its originator.

Portland, Oregon
c/o Elks Club
August 29, 1928.

Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

As you are now saving me about $200 a year in tobacco money, may I speak a somewhat delayed word of appreciation.

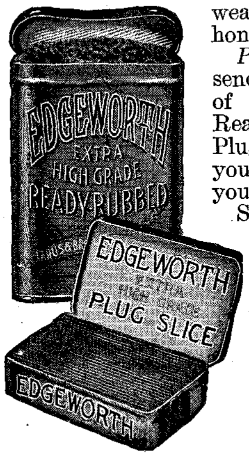
I have used Edgeworth for twenty years or more and it is to me the best pipe tobacco extant. On a fishing trip, some six months ago, I rolled my first Plug Slice Edgeworth cigarette. I enjoyed it so much that I've been "rolling 'em" ever since. And I'm saving at least $15 a month in cigar money. Also, my several pipes on home duty get a chance to cool off between smokes, for, while I smoke only between meals, I smoke continuously, and to refill a hot pipe isn't fair even to dependable Edgeworth.

Thousands may be doing it, although I haven't seen anyone roll a Plug Slice Edgeworth cigarette before I did it. But everybody desiring a long, satisfying and aromatic smoke should try it.

This is how I roll 'em. I take two plug slices (sometimes two and a half or three) and place one slice to cover one half of the paper; then place the second slice to cover half of the under slice—the other half of the upper slice extending over the paper towards me—then I fold the top slice over till it reaches the nearest edge of the under slice, then roll both slices as I would any other cigarette—but without wasting any tobacco whatever—and I have a perfectly rolled cigarette that looks well, draws well and burns well while I smoke, but ceases burning when I lay it aside. When relighted, it's as sweet as ever. I can smoke one of these Edgeworth cigarettes continuously for thirty to forty-five minutes, and the long filler eliminates the annoyance of spilling any ashes.

(signed) C. O. Hjermstad.

We wonder how long Mr. Hjermstad's claim will go unchallenged. Until some other resourceful smoker comes forward, Mr. Hjermstad will wear a blue-ribbon honor.



Personal: Let us send you free helpings of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice so that you may experiment yourself.

Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 2 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice come in various sizes from small pocket packages, to handsome pound humidor tins. Plug Slice Edgeworth is packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave Length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 Kilocycles.—Special Feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

WHEN JUSTICE ALMOST WENT WRONG IN A MURDER CASE

THE angry English landowner repulsed the lawyer's offer. "Lascelles," George Manners had said to him, "I am holding out to you the hand of friendship. Will you give me yours?"

The servants heard their master cry out with fury, "In ten seconds you'll get not my hand but my boot!"

George Manners laughed softly, "I think you would find it an interesting adventure." Then his tone changed. "I am serving you notice that Eva and I are to be married within the month. I still ask your hand in amity. But if you don't give me your hand, before I get through with you, you'll give it to me whether you want to or not!"

A little later George Manners was to regret those foolish words uttered to Edmund Lascelles, in the presence of the latter's sister, Eva, we learn from Joseph Gollomb, who writes in a copyrighted article in the New York *World* Magazine of a famous English murder case. Our readers will recall recent quotations from Mr. Gollomb's book on spies (Macmillan). The article from which we now quote is one of a series entitled "Famous Mis-Steps of Justice." In the case under review we learn that Lascelles, who was possest of a quick, hot temper, and was feared by nearly all who knew him, especially by the tenants of the farms on his English estate, had opposed his sister's marriage to Manners, the lawyer from the neighboring town of Beckfield. Manners had tried to handle the delicate situation tactfully, but on this day his temper had got the best of him, and after his flash of anger he rushed out of the house, apparently afraid to trust himself any further. Reading on:

> A little later the servants saw their master leave the house too. His face was livid. In his hand was a riding crop, and in the failing twilight he looked an ugly figure to encounter as he hurried out of the grounds.
>
> By nightfall rain set in. James Crosby, a farmhand working for a small cultivator, whose farm ran up to the highroad out of Beckfield, was preparing his evening meal in the small outhouse where he slept.
>
> The rain was drumming on the roof; he did not hear it, so used he had become to its sound in the last half-hour. But it kept him from hearing something else at first. Gradually, however, he became aware of some repeated sound—a human voice calling.
>
> He put down his cooking utensils and went to the door.
>
> From up the road, now drenched with rain and darkness, came the call:
>
> "Help! Help! Help!"
>
> Crosby shrank back into the house and locked his door. If that was an assault on the highway, he wanted to have nothing to do with it. He listened. The cry was repeated regularly. It could not be an assault, Crosby finally decided. In that case it would be too craven not to answer the cry of some one hurt and probably abandoned.
>
> Lighting a lantern, Crosby took up a cudgel in his other hand and set out. As he came near the still repeated call for help he thought he recognized the voice. He came up cautiously as his lantern showed him a man standing in the road.
>
> Crosby held up the lantern to the man's face and recognized George Manners, the young attorney.
>
> "Did you call, sir? Lawd, how mired you look!"
>
> Then his lantern showed a body lying in the road.
>
> "Lord bless me!" Crosby cried. "It's Mr. Lascelles! Is he drunk or—"
>
> "He's dead!" Manners stammered.
>
> Crosby, frightened tho he was, could not help noticing the consternation of the other man. The farm man was not bright, but it did not take much intelligence to read fear in George Manners's tone. And now that Crosby raised the lantern again he saw that the attorney was smeared with what could not be plain honest mud.
>
> "How do you know he's dead?" Crosby asked, with what he thought was well-concealed suspicion.
>
> But Manners curtly sent him off. Then he left for the Lascelles home.
>
> Crosby returned with several farmers and a cart. They stooped to lift the body into the cart when simultaneously from two newcomers there broke a cry.
>
> "Good Lord, his hand is gone!"
>
> It was the right hand that was missing, hacked off at the wrist.

Meanwhile George Manners rang the bell of the Lascelles home, and Mrs. Marsh, the housekeeper, opened the door, Mr. Gollomb tells us, continuing:

> As the light from the hall fell on his face, she cried out at the sight he made. But her emotion did not concern him—at least, not at that time.
>
> "I must see Miss Eva," he began.
>
> The bell had already brought Eva Lascelles out on the stairs. She heard her lover's voice and Mrs. Marsh's exclamation. His appearance, even before he could say a word, already cried out disaster; and his words were no less appalling.
>
> "Eva—bear up, my dear! Edmund has been—murdered!"
>
> For a while she stared at him, her eyes distended with horror. Then she fell to the floor.
>
> Manners started forward to raise her, but realized that he was mired from head to foot.
>
> "Mrs. Marsh, please tend her!"
>
> The housekeeper drew back from him as if there were something leprous in his very speaking to her.
>
> "I don't need you to tell me my duty!" she snapt.
>
> The two maids came running with cold water and helped Mrs. Marsh in her efforts to revive the girl. To Manners it seemed an endless time before Eva showed signs of animation; and indeed it did take a long time to bring her back to consciousness. The brutal blow of the news and the sight of her lover as he told it were terrible enough in themselves. But what had struck hardest was the thought that seared her like a bolt of lightning.
>
> Her lover had killed her brother!
>
> The moment she came back to consciousness she slipt off again, and none of the household remedies the servants tried availed. Manners in his fear for her ran to call a doctor.
>
> While he was still away the battered and mutilated body of Edmund Lascelles was brought home. In its train was an increasing

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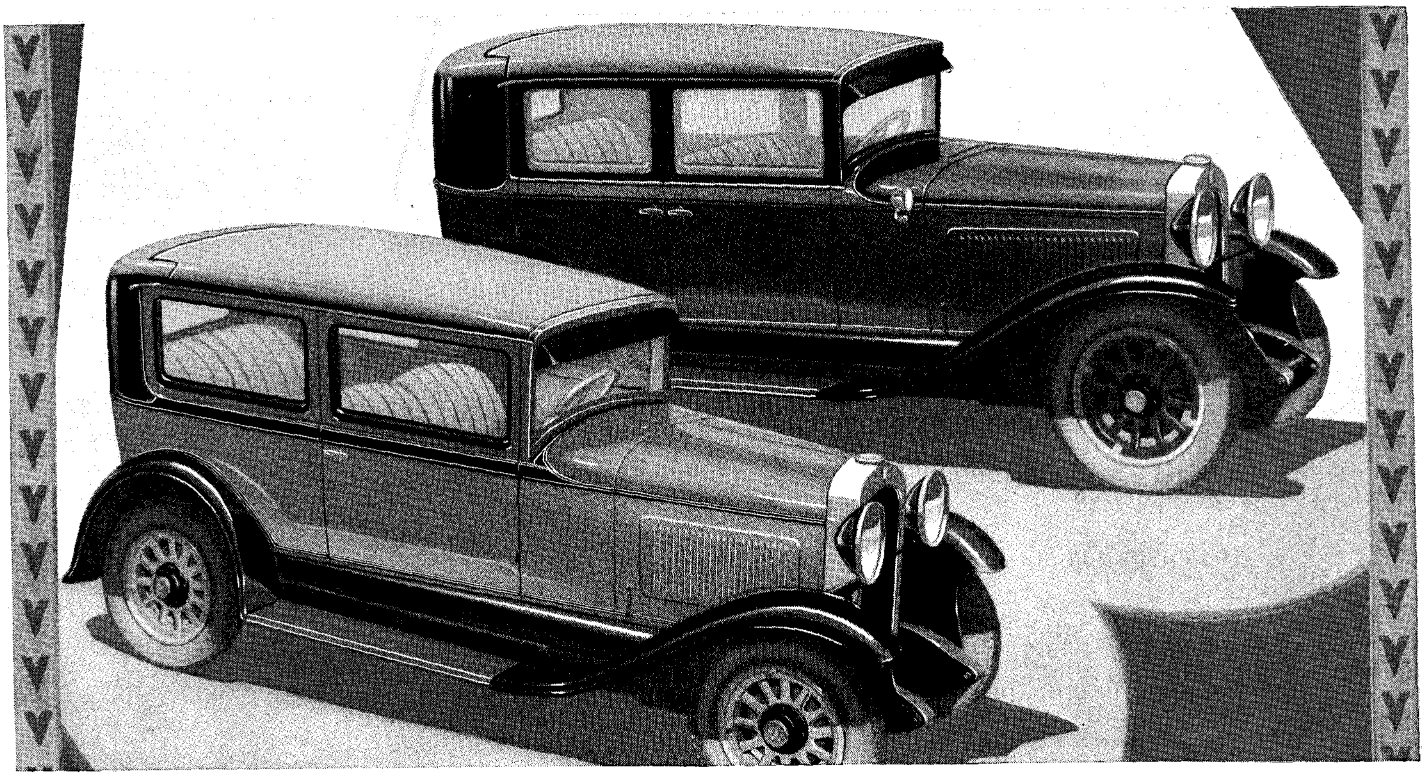

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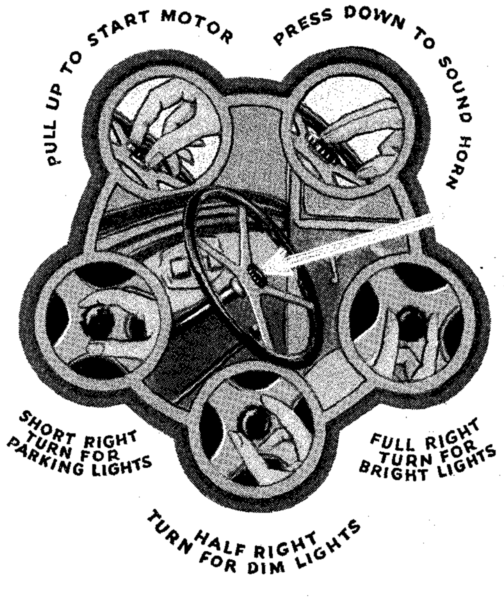
THE MOST NOTABLE ADVANCE IN DRIVING CONVENIENCE SINCE THE SELF-STARTER


PULL UP TO START MOTOR
PRESS DOWN TO SOUND HORN
SHORT RIGHT TURN FOR PARKING LIGHTS
FULL RIGHT TURN FOR BRIGHT LIGHTS
TURN HALF RIGHT FOR DIM LIGHTS

Whippet Four Coach $535; Coupe $535; Sedan $595; Roadster $485; Touring $475; Commercial Chassis $365. Whippet Six Coach $695; Coupe $695; Coupe (with rumble seat) $725; Sedan $760; Sport DeLuxe Roadster $850 (including rumble seat and extras). All Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

IN modish design, the new Superior Whippet is as far ahead as the first Whippet was ahead in engineering advantages. With longer bodies, higher radiator and hood, low graceful lines, one-piece full crown fenders, mechanical 4-wheel brakes, rich, harmonious colors—the new Superior Whippet establishes an ultra-modern style trend for Fours and light Sixes.

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More spacious interiors, with 3 inches added leg room, together with longer springs both front and rear, and form-fitting seats, insure maximum riding and driving comfort.

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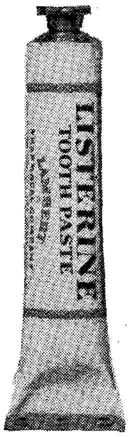
Tooth paste starts Baby's bank account with a $3 deposit

Sounds strange, doesn't it? But it really isn't. Figure it out this way: by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c the large tube, instead of ordinary dentifrices costing twice as much, your average saving per year is $3. With this $3 you can open a savings account for your youngster. Or you can buy yourself gloves, or hosiery. There are countless items to choose from—the choice is yours.

A *remarkable* tooth paste at a *remarkable* price

You be the judge



Large Tube
25¢

AS makers of Listerine, we learned much about the requirements for firm, healthy gums, and beautiful gleaming teeth.

We felt that there was room for an improvement in the quality of tooth paste—and a real demand for a lower price.

Therefore we created a first class dentifrice suitable for all types of teeth. Listerine Tooth Paste is its name, and its price is but 25c for the *large tube.* Such a price for such a paste is possible only because of ultra-modern methods of manufacture and mass production.

The moment you begin to use Listerine Tooth Paste, you will be conscious of the delightful, fresh, clean and healthy feeling of your mouth and gums. And in a very short time you will note a marked improvement in your teeth—a new gleaming whiteness.

* * *

And remember, Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes an average saving of three dollars a year per person, assuming that a tube a month per person is used. Think how substantial is the saving, when there are several in a family. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

crowd of farmer neighbors. In undertones, but agitatedly, news and comment flew from lip to lip.

Toward morning heavy steps crunched on the gravel outside the house, then in the hall. The local Police Inspector with two other officers approached Manners.

"I'm sorry," said the Inspector, "but I must take you into custody for the murder of Mr. Lascelles."

Manners kept on repeating that he was innocent. But after he had been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death, he sank into the apathy of hopelessness. However, we learn:

He had friends who fought for him. With all the evidence against him, some of them still felt that the brutal murder was not in the character of George Manners. Justice, the blindfolded goddess, with her even scales in one hand and the sword of power in the other, might declare herself satisfied with the verdict. The friends of George Manners were not.

One day two strangers from London came to Beckfield, tired business men, they told the host at the inn where they put up. They meant to smoke, stroll about the country, chat with the farmers, and call it a holiday.

Inevitably they became interested in the Lascelles murder, and visited several times the scene where it took place, and its vicinity.

They learned, for instance, that the farmer for whom James Crosby worked, was a tenant of Edmund Lascelles. He was having such a hard time making his farm pay that at the time of the murder he was behind in rent; and being behind in rent with Edmund Lascelles, as everybody knew, was trying on the nerves.

Now the two men from London began to keep late hours for a quiet town like Beckfield. Not that this attracted any one's notice; the two visitors were careful not to attract attention whenever they came back to the inn toward dawn. Least of all did the farmer, Charles Parker, suspect that it was on his farm the visitors spent their nocturnal hours.

For they had become interested, indeed, in Charles Parker. They had struck up an acquaintance with him and James Crosby; but their talk was of farming, the weather, and like topics. Occasionally, Crosby would make them listen to his oft-repeated dramatic experience on the night of the murder. Parker seldom alluded to it.

Finally, he became irritated at the frequent visits of the two Londoners, and let them see that they had worn out their welcome. It was then that the two men from London began to do their visiting by night.

They came quietly, a lantern under the coat of one, a shovel secreted by the other. Quietly they would dig into the ground in stable, stalls, barns, and cellars. Before they touched shovel to earth, however, they would study the chosen spot by the light of the lantern. But for weeks they got little for their labor.

Then one night they looked thoughtfully in a pile of litter in a broken-down barn of Parker's. They wondered why litter should be there, litter of just that kind, so far from its probable place of origin. They decided to dig.

They dug for an hour without results. Suddenly the man who was using the shovel, while the other held the lantern, said:

"Wait a minute!"

It was really an expression of excitement. For the light of his companion's lantern showed a gruesome object in the spadeful he had just dug up.

A little later his shovel encountered something else—a short butchering knife, its blade thickly rusted. The knife, together with the human hand, rewarded the labors of the two London detectives.

In the morning Charles Parker was arrested. The charge against him was the murder of Edmund Lascelles, and after that the whole truth came out, thus:

While he was being taken off to the police station, the London detectives searched his house as thoroughly as they had his farm.

In one of Parker's pillows, trained fingers encountered a small, hard object. It was a ring with a large sapphire set in it, known to have belonged to Edmund Lascelles.

When this discovery was put before Parker, the stolid silence with which he had met all questions up to then came to an end. Despair, such as George Manners must have felt, broke up the farmer's resistance, and he confessed.

Sick cattle, poor crops, and the everlasting nagging and bullying of Lascelles had done little to improve Parker's temper. On the night of the murder his landlord came to see him, and Parker got the benefit of the temper in which Lascelles had come away from his last interview with Manners.

Parker finally forgot that Lascelles was his landlord. He told Lascelles for the first time what he really thought of him. Whereupon Lascelles gave the farmer a good taste of his riding-crop. Then the landlord strode out of the farmhouse.

For some minutes the farmer remained where he was, smoldering. The welts raised on his face by the riding-crop burned his flesh as if with fire.

Then, rushing out into the kitchen, the farmer snatched up a knife, and set out on the dark road after Lascelles. Before he overtook him, Lascelles heard him approach, and turned. Again the farmer got the riding-whip across his face. This time, however, he had an adequate retort.

Madly he stabbed Lascelles again and again, exultant whenever his blade sank into flesh. The struggle ended abruptly.

With resistance gone, the farmer's rage went. Realization of what he had done held him rooted to the spot. Fumbling for a match he struck it, lost it, tried a second and a third time; then saw that his landlord would trouble him no more—except as a corpse.

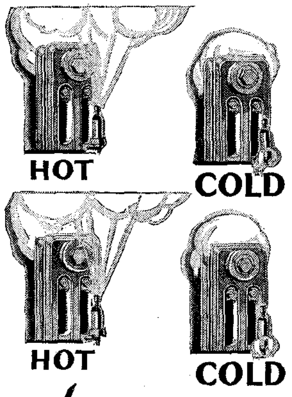
Utter fear and misery now possest Parker. What was he to do when the crime should be discovered? Flight was his only hope. America—Australia—the farther the better! But how was he to get there, he who could not even pay rental on his farm?

The sapphire ring on Lascelles's right hand was part of the unforgetable picture his match showed. Here was his one hope for his escape—the ring! Stooping, he took up the hand and tried to pull the ring off.

The hand resisted the effort as tho the dead man still had strength. But Parker had to have that ring. And down the road some one was coming. In desperation as savage as had been his attack, Parker used the knife again. Off went the hand!

Parker was tried, found guilty, and executed.

George Manners was released, but had to wait weary months before the woman he loved recovered sufficiently to marry.



–but now...

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Charles A. Banister lives at Indian Orchard, Mass. Winters there are nippy. His steam radiators warmed the house an hour or so after the fire was brightened—except the dining room. *That* radiator never *did* get hot.

But the minute the fire subsided the radiators began to cool. In an hour his house was chilly. Again and again each cold day rooms were hot—then cold—then hot—then cold.

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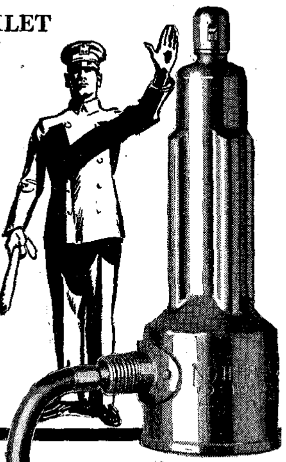

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BEASTS ▾ BIRDS ▾ AND ▾ TREES

MICKEY THE BEAVER'S ENGINEERING EXPLOITS

DISGUSTED MICKEY SURVEYED THE MESS that had resulted from an error in his calculations. Skilfully he had felled a tree growing in his pond and rising some twenty feet above the surface. But as it went over its top became entangled with the tops of three other trees standing near by. "What a nuisance!" he seemed to say as he planned to make everything shipshape once more. Then he set to work. Moving the butt of the felled tree proved useless; so did climbing up the slanting trunk, hanging on with his teeth and throwing his body sidewise in an effort to bring the trees clear. Then the beaver, for Mickey was a member of that industrious tribe, living in Michigan, tried another method, we learn from James MacGillivray in *The National Geographic Magazine.* The writer is a member of the educational division of the Michigan Conservation Department. Mickey, he tells us, got his name from the Chippewa word for beaver, *a-mic.* Mr. MacGillivray studied this beaver at close range, damaging his dam to watch his methods of repair, and photographing him. Mickey was engaged in such work when the crisis of the tangled tree-tops rose. After his first efforts, Mickey dived. Suddenly one of the unfelled trees whipt in a half-circle, like a trout rod cast by a novice, and the felled tree dropt clear. In some way, unseen by man, the ingenious rodent had restored order. Probably a firm grip at the base of one of the standing trees and a vigorous twist did the trick. The writer's first glimpse of Mickey was in the late afternoon, and at a distance of two hundred feet, he tells us, continuing:

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"OH, DARN IT! HERE'S MY DAM DAMAGED AGAIN!"

Brave little Mickey never suspected that his human friends were damaging his dam at night in order to photograph him repairing it in the daytime.

My companion and I, approaching the pond against a light breeze to discount detection of our presence by scent, discovered him sporting in the open water that fronted his dam. He was gyrating rapidly in a small circle, driven by the tail, which appeared to revolve like the propeller of a boat.

"If you want 'em to pose for you, talk to 'em. They know if your voice is kind, the same as you know a bird sings sweet," an old trapper had admonished me a few days previously. I tried out his formula. Mickey's response to my hello was a slap of his tail, sounding like the explosion of a giant cracker, as he dived.

I was resigning myself to the same frustration in film-taking that I had met at other locations, when Mickey reappeared, swimming slowly closer to me. His approach brought him to the sloping face of the dam wall, where he found footing, raised himself upright, and appeared to study me intently as I cajoled him. By dusk he had given me an hour's audience, broken by intermittent diving.

The next afternoon Mickey repeated his performance, while I was esconced in a position nearer the water plaza, where he had sported the evening before.

Mickey stood for the camera, and apparently welcomed my chatter for eighteen successive afternoons, working for me an average of 90 minutes daily in good light. On the last day my approach had brought the lens to within six feet of the beaver at work on the breach. My companion frightened him intentionally, as good light waned, and his dive at this distance spattered water on the lens, cutting out the picture with a spray which enhanced the film record.

Each morning, with a long steel hook, we would make the same sort of gap at the same place in the dam wall. By the time for Mickey's regular appearance, the water of the pond would have dropt about twelve inches in level. Ninety minutes of strenuous work by Mickey would result in stoppage of the flow by a superficial upstream face. Next morning repair was complete, and one could not recognize the place of embrasure except by its relation to other objects.

Repeatedly Mickey's wife appeared, coming near, as if she intended to help in the repair work. Two young were with her on each visit. Always her advent resulted in Mickey's slap of alarm and her disappearance with the children.

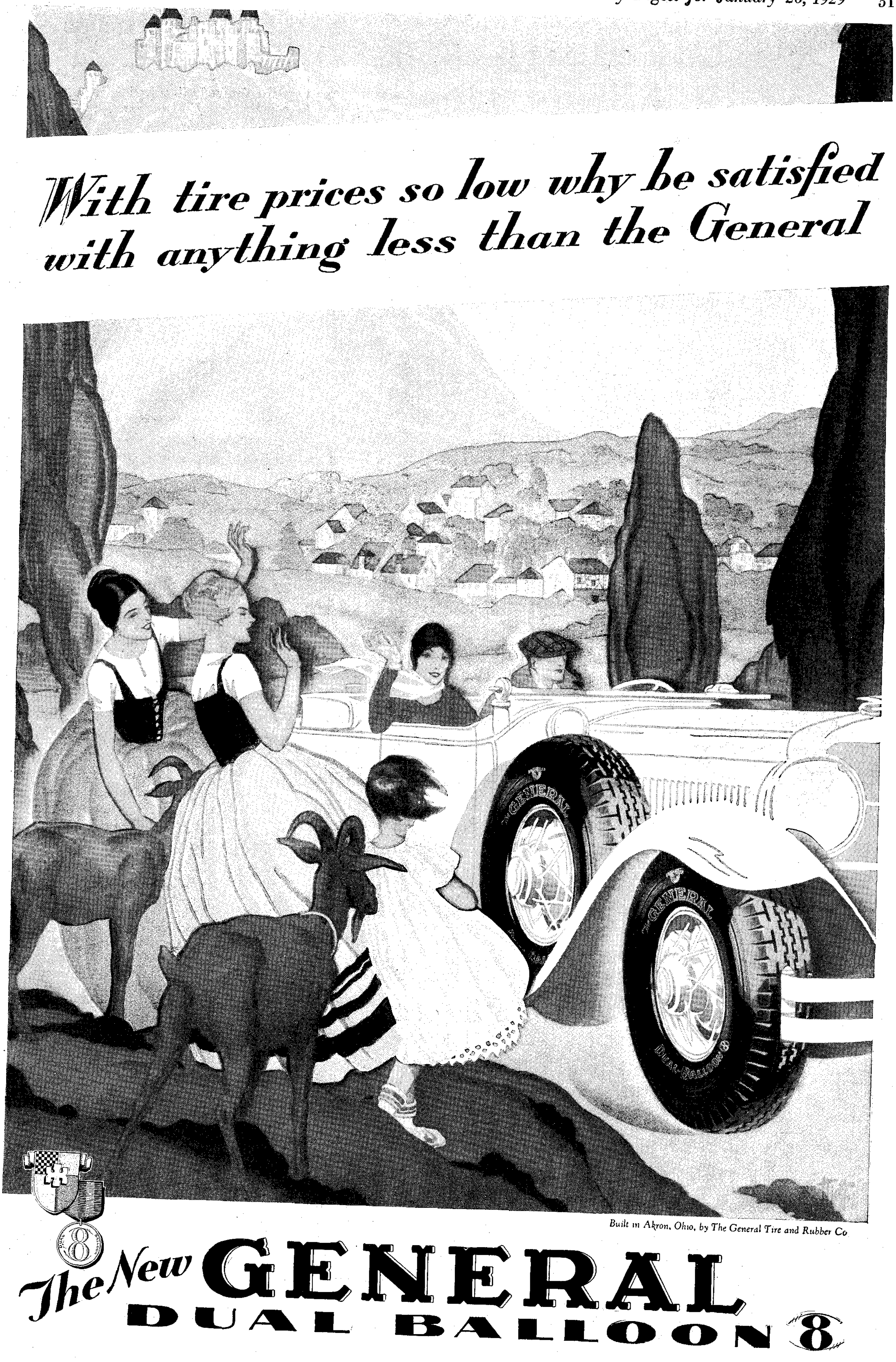
Mickey's initial conduct in the daily repair of the break, after a general inspection, which took him over the wall in a careful examination of the down-stream base, was to fell several saplings. He towed them to the breach and allowed them to float down, the butts resting on the creek bottom below.

These saplings were from 2 to 5 inches in diameter. Often he utilized inundated stock. His dive would indicate the tree he was going to cut in the water. Several times he cut stock of more than two inches without coming to the surface during the operation. His submerged time on a tree of this size was about eleven minutes.

With his studding of saplings in place, nondescript bits of flotsam were assembled in a depression of the wall. On one occasion, Mr. MacGillivray tells us, "not until he had brought in seven small stakes, which he drove down vertically at intervals in the breach, did he make use of this cache." Mickey's engineering methods evince great precision united with economy of labor and material. Observe the studied efficiency of what follows:

He collected willows of about an inch in width, and drove them into the sides of the gap at variance with the lay of the studding saplings. Occasionally he would nip off a branch from the protruding studding tops, utilizing it in the work below. He varied his activity by diving, and we assumed from the discoloration of the water that his webbed hind feet were kicking up the bottom mud.

This mud, carried by the current into the interstices of his woodwork, plastered the construction. One pond that I after-



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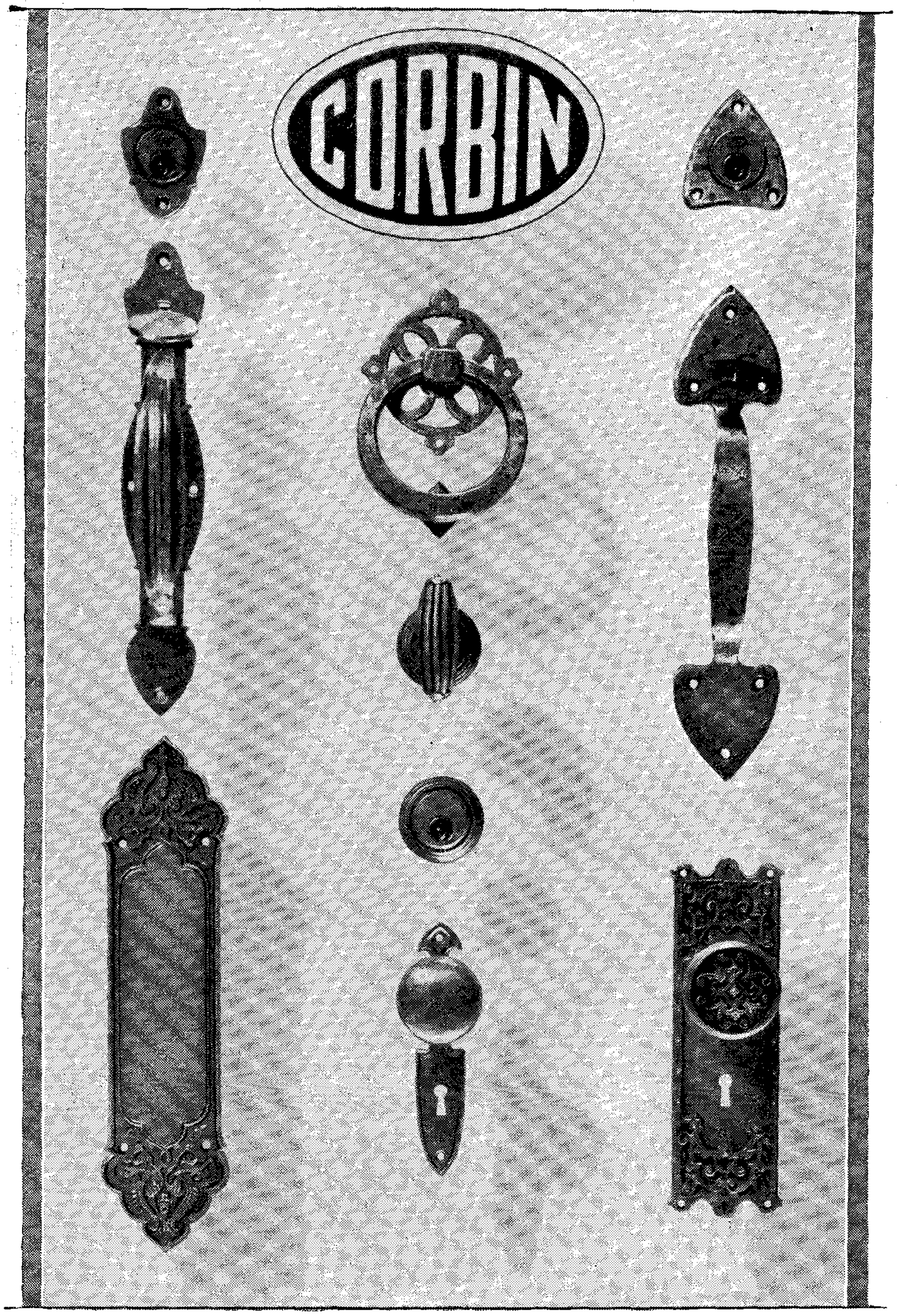

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

ward drained displayed a crescent ditch coinciding with the contour of the dam wall, like a castle moat.

Mickey now contrived, with his reserve of pond litter, braced by the stakes he had driven and reenforced by sods taken from the pond edge, to stop the major flow. Each evening as we left he was busy chinking the trickle holes with mud and grasses. The wads of mud, like most small objects transported by him, were held between his little front paws and his chin.

Watching Mickey was just like watching an intelligent human worker meeting and overcoming various problems in the carrying out of a definite and rather complicated plan. Hence, there was no monotony about the vigil. Mickey was always springing something new to excite the sympathetic wonder of his audience. Thus, as we are told:

Mickey varied his usual procedure on the fifteenth afternoon. In the morning we noticed, floating near the dam, several large trees cut the night before. Mickey came at 4:29. His first act was to cut more large pond trees. When there were nine in all, instead of his usual preliminary work he towed the big trees in, laying them parallel with the dam wall, end to end, as near as the decaying, scrawny tops would allow, one trunk flow-prest at the gap.

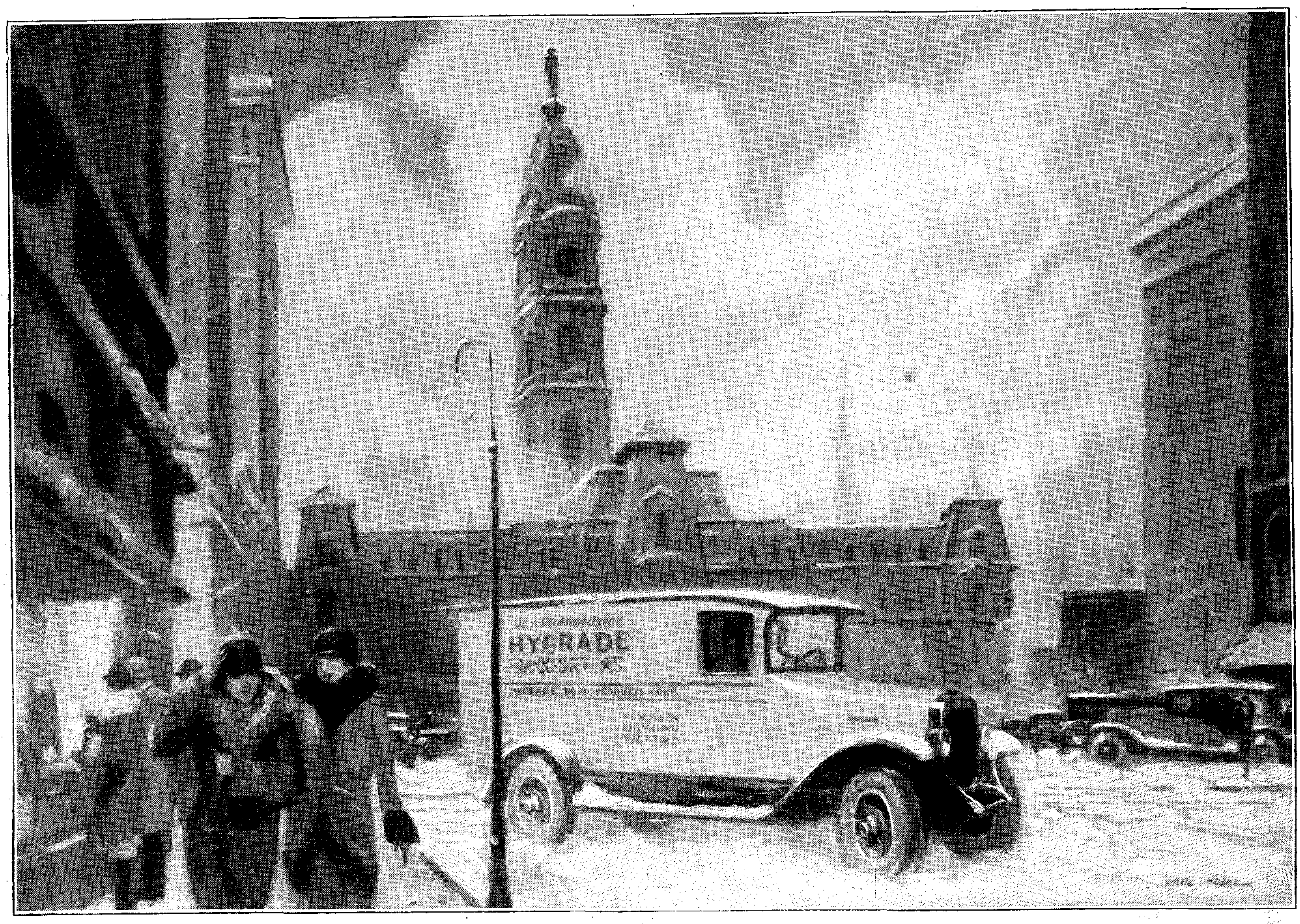
One of the big trees was forty feet in length, by tape, and ten inches in diameter at the butt. It was decayed by long submerging, so his underwater felling required the cutting of only four inches of live fiber.

Green timber had been cleared from Mickey's lower flat, so he dug a canal to the base of a poplar-covered plateau five rods distant. Such canals may be designed for self-protection more than to ease the load, for a beaver can readily haul his logs overland. There are in Michigan the wolf, coyote, lynx, wildcat, and bear, any one of which would find the beaver on land an easy prey.

Mickey's canal was thirty yards in length, and reached its objective by the most direct route available. It averaged about three feet in width, with a depth of more than two feet. In order to obtain a picture of his log-towing, three of us patrolled the pond all night, enforcing a fast. Next morning, after several timid essays, he mustered hungry courage and brought several logs through within twelve feet of our blind. Later we employed similar methods in obtaining a picture of him as he hauled a log down-hill.

On all the locations we visited, beavers began to lay in the winter supply of food in late September. The whole family joined in the labor. Most of the logs were held submerged under trees previously anchored by insertion of the limb ends in the soft bottom. Some of the lone logs, apparently lying free on the bottom of the pond, got a deft dash of mud at end or side from a flirt of tail or paw before the beaver left them.

In determining the trees to be taken, Mickey, like other beavers observed, appeared to select units that in his judgment would fall clear. As he surveyed things, his actions conveyed his intent. Upright, braced by his broad tail, he seemed to note the correlation of his objective tree with its surroundings. Not satisfied with a single view-point, he would move around, peering upward in apparent study of conditions at another angle.



The Trucks Themselves Produce the Profits

In many a business where trucks are used the trucks are only part of the business and the money they make or lose is overlooked. But when *transportation* itself is the business, the trucks must show a profit or the business won't.

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FISH THAT BUILD NESTS

SOME fish can fly, so it seems only fair that some others can build nests. But fish-nesting has never become the favored occupation of naturalists and small boys that bird-nesting is. Indeed, it may be doubted whether Izaak Walton himself knew that many species of fish not only make nests but also guard them carefully until the eggs are hatched and the young fry are launched on their careers. But, we learn from Leon Bertin, who writes in *Larousse Mensuel* (Paris), some fish "build nests more or less analogous to those of birds." These nests the writer divides into seven classes: Nests selected by chance, prepared nests, excavated nests, woven nests, nests of foam, nests of "beads" and living nests. Reading on of these classifications, we learn:

The nest selected by chance is a natural cavity, suitable to its needs, found by the fish and adopted without modification. It may be a crevice in the rock, the under side of a stone, an empty shell or a submerged old shoe or fragment of pottery. The eggs are laid in a mass or else deposited side by side in a uniform layer. Such nests are used by many fish of the littoral zone—blennies, for example, lump fish, and butter fish.

The lump fish is found on the coasts of Scotland and Norway, and has a length of from twenty to twenty-four inches and a proportionate width. It lays about 100,000 eggs at a time in a mass as large as a child's head. The male takes care of the egg mass during the incubation and watches over it closely. He defends it, cleanses it and aerates it with boundless devotion. He does not eat during the period, and can not be tempted from his task by the sight of prey. Males have been seen remaining close beside the eggs at low tide when the ground was bare.

Prepared nests show distinct improvement over those selected by chance. The fish does not content itself with merely choosing a natural cavity. It clears it out, furnishes it, garnishes it with water plants, and sometimes does its best to camouflage it. Examples of such nests are those of the goby and the parrot fish, so called because of its vivid colors. After choosing a suitable fissure in a rock, the fish carries thither in its mouth fragments of algæ with which it decorates the walls. After the eggs have been laid, the father fish mounts guard.

The nest of the goby is usually one valve of a shell selected by the male. If it happens to be placed with the hollow side up, like a soup plate, the ingenious fish begins his task by turning it over. Then he worms his way under the shell and cleans it out inside, enlarging the cavity by digging in the ground underneath. Finally he hides the nest under a layer of sand. The nest is now ready. The female enters, turns bottom side up and attaches herself to the ceiling by a sort of sucker formed by her ventral fins. Then she moves slowly along, depositing her eggs in a uniform layer.

The excavated nest is a simple cavity dug in the sand or earth at the bottom of the water. The American perches make their nests in this manner. The same is true of the cat-fish.

The care given to its young by the catfish is edifying. The father does not content himself with guarding and protecting his little ones. He likewise cleans them with his gills, which he uses like a brush. Sometimes he even takes them in his mouth for this purpose and after cleaning them spits them out. But it occasionally happens that a little catfish slips down the paternal gullet and serves for food.

Woven nests are architectural marvels, Mr. Bertin continues, telling us that the fish "constructs them with fragments of aquatic plants which it interlaces with great skill." Reading on:

The most beautiful examples of woven nests are those made by the sticklebacks, little fish which wear sharp spines on their backs and sides.

The architect and weaver is the male. He begins by digging a little excavation at the bottom of the stream or pond and then carries thither, bit by bit, aquatic plants. These he holds in place by pebbles. The cellar of the nest being made, he erects a circular wall and covers it with a dome. The materials are always water plants woven together by the fish. It must be added that the clever builder is aided by a viscous secretion which hardens quickly in a thread, analogous to the silk spun by silkworms and spiders. The stickleback carries this back and forth, "sewing" his handiwork firmly together.

When the nest is finished the male attracts first one female, then a second, then a third. These swim into the nest and deposit their eggs.

Then there is the nest of an African fish, the suyo, which is a sort of basket constructed of aquatic plants and floating on the surface of the water. Perhaps the mother of Moses borrowed an idea from this for the ark of bulrushes in which she placed her child. Sometimes these fish cradles hold as many as a thousand eggs, amber in color and as large as a hazelnut.

A number of fishes build nests of foam, that is, of a mass of viscous bubbles. Among these are the gouramis and the macropods. These admirable ornamental fish, adorned with brilliant metallic colors, have their origin for the most part in China and India. Living in marshy waters which are poor in oxygen, the gouramis and their close relatives have acquired the curious habit of coming up to breathe the air near the surface. They swallow rapidly a mouthful which is placed in reserve in special labyrinthine organs situated in the vicinity of the gills. Their special fashion of nest-making probably arises from this. In effect the nest of the gourami consists of bubbles of air expelled by the mouth of the male after having been covered with a viscous sheath which prevents them from being crusht.

Nests of beads have been discovered in the Sargasso Sea among the floating algæ. These nests resemble large bags whose wall is formed by the eggs themselves, united by filaments at the two poles. Each bag is composed of at least 1,000,000 eggs. They may be compared to the bead bags which were popular among ladies a few years ago. Unhappily it is not known to exactly what fish these nests belong.

A living nest is used by the bitterling, a sort of very small fresh-water carp. It is by no means the least remarkable of the nest-making fishes, but its methods are far from kind. It lays its eggs in the interior of a river mussel to which it deliberately confides the task of rearing its progeny. The female bears under her abdomen a long tube which enables her to introduce

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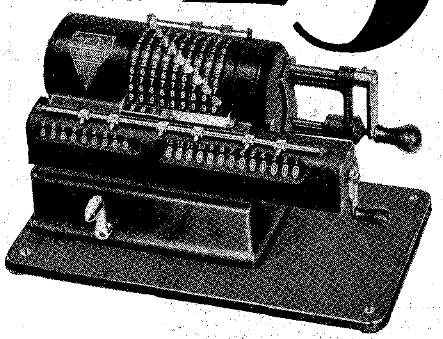

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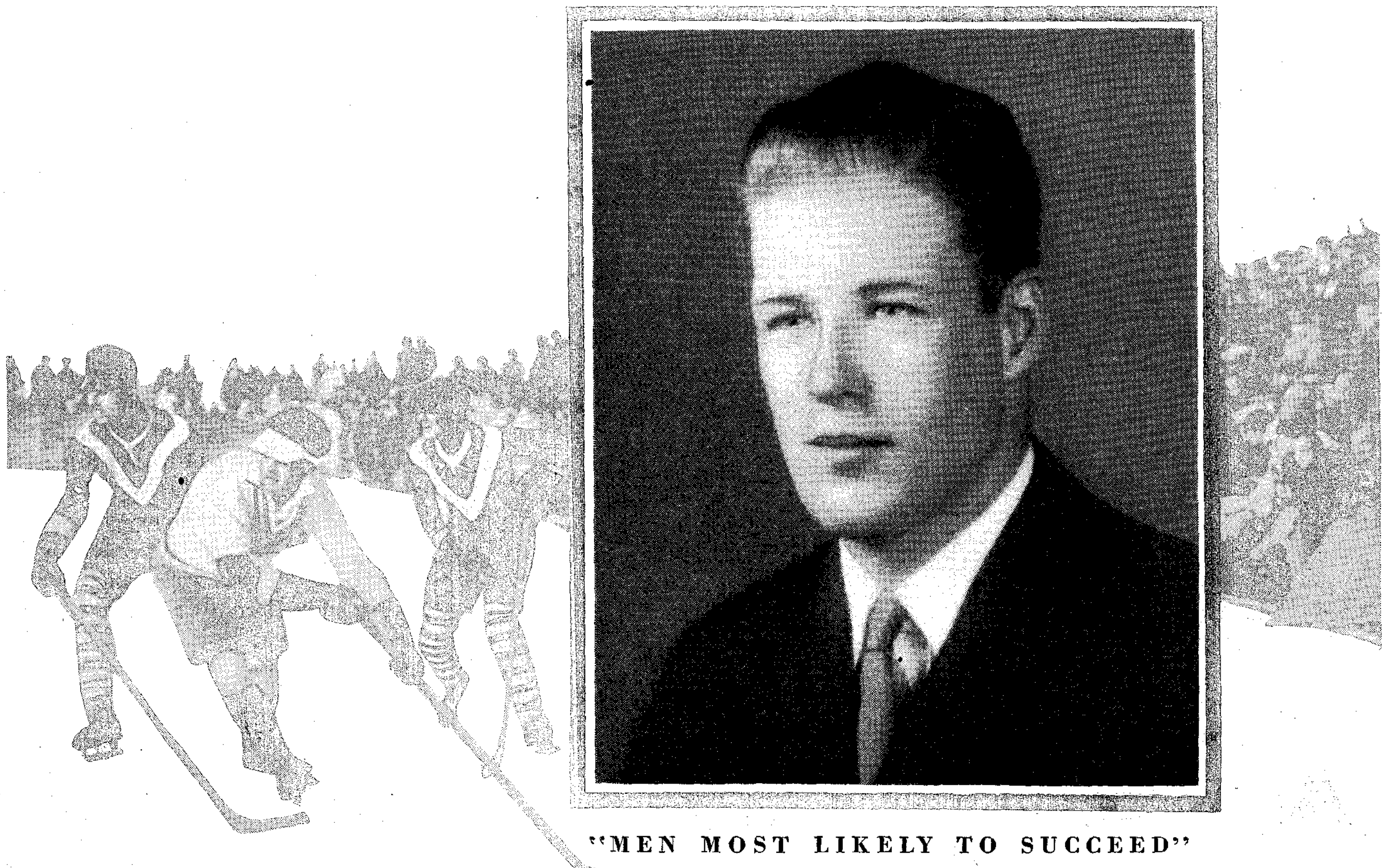

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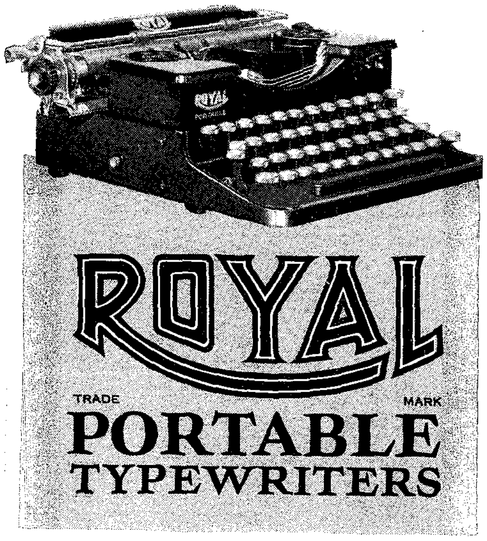

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

her eggs into the gills of the mussel. Observe now what passes on within this living nest. The eggs and embyros are arranged between the filaments of the gills. One naturalist estimates an average of fifteen to each mussel employed. It is extremely remarkable that the embryos all have their heads placed toward the edge of the gill. This is a most advantageous position for them, since they receive thus more oxygen.

WHY NOT A TEN-CENT-STORE TREE?

DOLLARS do not grow on trees. Every one, we assume, is familiar with that adage. But if certain tropical plants could be assembled in one region their diversified and useful products would make dollars almost useless. At least we may infer as much from an article on useful plants by M. A. von Luetgendorff in *Vorwärts* (Berlin). Happy would be the dweller in such a country, for many of life's necessities he could pick fresh every morning, perhaps in his own dooryard—tooth-brush, soap, sponge, milk, wine, and candles. Reading on in Herr von Luetgendorff's interesting account, we learn more of these beneficial trees, shrubs, and plants:

> A species of ash tree, as well as a certain sort of privet, assume importance in China's industry due to the fact that they both produce an excellent kind of wax. The value of these wax crops amounts to millions each year. However, in order to obtain this product from the trees, it is first necessary to stimulate them, for neither the ash nor the privet are natural wax-bearers. A number of wax leaf lice, raised by the Chinese especially for this purpose, are placed upon the trees and shrubs, and after the young of the lice have pierced the leaves a layer of white, waxlike material is deposited within a short time. When this mass, together with the leaves, is boiled in water the commercially perfect product results—light wax which is easily utilized for the manufacture of candles as well as other products.
>
> If the bees in Brazil were forced to supply all of the wax which the various industries there demand, they would not be able to accomplish this task. Fortunately a large fan-leafed palm, the carnauba, grows there and supplies wax in great quantities. The wax which covers the large leaves is merely knocked off and melted over the open fire or, in some cases, boiled in water. The grayish-green wax cakes which result are then made into excellent, aromatic candles.
>
> But the tropical countries produce not only candle trees, but soap trees as well. These are found in North Africa, India, China, and South America and belong to the saponaceous species, which is closely related to horse chestnuts. These trees bear fruit the size of cherries, the meat of which when treated with water and alcohol produces a strong foam. These soap fruits are a valuable substitute for soap and are gladly used by the inhabitants.

If the plant world can produce soap, can it not also supply sponges and tooth-brushes? asks the writer, and he answers himself thus:

This question is by no means as absurd as it sounds, for both of the "natural" products are found in tropical countries. The sponge is found principally in Africa and Asia in the luffa plant. It bears a gourd-like fruit which contain nets of fiber. If the fruit is soaked in water, to remove the meat and seeds, the resulting fiber is in the nature of a sponge which serves its purpose perfectly. But the plants are valued for another reason, for the fiber is also used in the manufacture of shoes and caps. The luffa industry has been greatly increased of late, and other tropical countries have now taken up its cultivation.

But where does one pick the tooth-brushes? Again we find them to be the product of the tropical climates. A shrub is found in India, Persia, and Arabia which is rightly called the tooth-brush shrub. When the tips of the branches are frayed out they can be used as tooth-brushes.

In addition to the kinds which we have already mentioned, one must not forget the illuminating properties of certain fungi. Both in Australia and Brazil there are fungi of the *agaricus*, *planus*, and *pleurotus* species which light up so intensively that with the aid of but a few one can easily read a newspaper at night.

A tree grows in South America which is called "cow tree" or "milk tree" by the natives. The milk flows at regular intervals, usually early in the morning, and the trees are tapt. It has a high nutritive value, and is also used in the manufacture of cheese.

In India there is a palm tree which produces "wine." This is the kitul palm. In the course of twenty-four hours these trees secrete from ten to fifteen gallons each of a sweet, aromatic sap which, after fermentation, is an excellent sort of palm wine.

A HALL OF FAME FOR TREES

THE clerk was astounded and looked at Mr. Jackson as if he doubted his sanity. No similar deed had ever before been filed in the Georgia court-house. But filed it was, and thereby William H. Jackson's favorite tree, at Athens, Georgia, owned itself and a circle of land around it. The deed filed by Mr. Jackson on that day in 1820 read: "For and in consideration of the great desire I have for its protection for all time, I convey to it entire possession of itself and all land within eight feet of the tree on all sides." The "tree that owns itself" is now 350 years old, and it has been visited by thousands, Russell T. Edwards tells us in *The American Motorist*, discussing the "Hall of Fame for Trees with a History," planned by the American Tree Association. Mr. Edwards regards the "tree that owns itself" as one of the most unusual nominated for this distinction. He tells us, also, of some others. Thus:

> As an example of candidates for this "Hall of Fame," there stands at Rome, New York, the elm from whose branches in 1776 the American Flag was first unfurled in battle. This elm is near the geographical center of the State, and yet how many pause to look at this Fort Stanwix Elm? The State of New York has nominated many candidates for the "Hall of Fame," one of the most widely known being the sycamore beneath which Washington had his headquarters at White Plains. Then

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Ideal for home use is the Universal Home Model, a compact enclosed Health Builder. The Athletic Model is very popular for clubs, home gymnasiums, colleges, health centers, institutions, steamships, etc., while the handsome De Luxe Cabinet Models combine utility with distinctive beauty.

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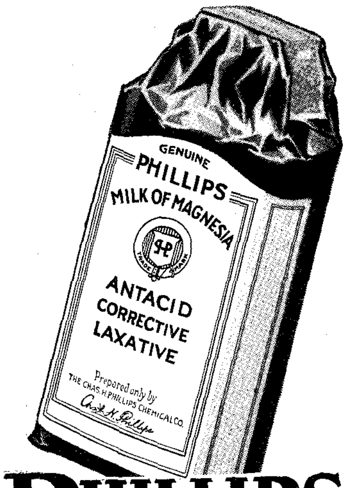
An Aid at Any Age

A world of people have learned to rely on Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Many physicians have pronounced it the perfect antidote for acidosis and a quick corrective of acid stomach, and attendant ailments. And parents should realize that this medical endorsement applies as well to children. Specialists advise its use in infants' milk.

There is no more certain and prompt relief in many cases of sourness, indigestion, biliousness or nausea. Most digestive disturbances succumb to this perfect anti-acid. So if you suffer pain after eating, or if rich foods "disagree" don't worry and don't diet. Talk to your doctor and you may find that this creamy, milk-white, pleasant-tasting, harmless aid is all your stomach needs. Phillips Milk of Magnesia has convinced many men and women that they didn't have "indigestion."

Important: Get the genuine article. Phillips Milk of Magnesia *in perfect suspension*. The same efficiency cannot be expected of any less perfect preparation. The doctors have said this for fifty years; many druggists will not even stock the imitations.



PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

In conjunction with Phillips Milk of Magnesia, use Phillips Dental Magnesia. A toothpaste that really whitens teeth and guards against acid-mouth.

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

there is the Gowanda Elm, the largest tree in the State. It is thirty-nine feet in circumference near the ground, perfectly shaped, without a limb up to fifty feet. The tree is one hundred feet high and contains 17,000 board feet of lumber. But the Gowanda Elm enters the "Hall of Fame" because of its size.

There are many other candidates worthy of a place because of association, as, for example, the Oberlin Elm at Oberlin College, Ohio. This famous college will mark its own centennial in 1933. In 1833 the first log house was built beneath this elm, now standing at the corner of the campus. This tree has seen Theodore Burton, Wayne B. Wheeler, mainspring of the Anti-Saloon League; Lucy Stone, of women's rights fame; Robert Millikan, of research fame; Hall, who made millions by perfecting aluminum there, and a host of others graduated from the old school. Now Oberlin College has many other elms because Oberlin grads have been asked to plant "Oberlin Elms" and mark them, no matter in what part of the world they may be. One of the most famous of these in the years to come will be the "Oberlin Elm," planted by Mrs. Calvin Coolidge on the grounds of the Lincoln Memorial in the Nation's Capital for the Washington Chapter of Oberlin.

One of the most famous trees in the "Hall of Fame" is the "Lincoln Memorial Tree" at Decorah, Iowa, which was planted as a small sapling by John Finn, the day he heard Lincoln had been shot. This tree is now 110 feet high and twelve feet in circumference. Motorists who get anywhere near Decorah go to see it, according to Mr. Finn, who has cared for his sapling all these years. He tells the American Tree Association the answering of inquiries so taxes his strength he placed a marker near the tree telling the facts having to do with the planting, and the size of the tree.

Elyria, Ohio, on the direct route from Cleveland west, boasts of the Lewis Cass Tree. Beneath this remarkable specimen just eighty years ago Lewis Cass bid for the votes of the Ohioans for himself as the Democratic candidate for President. Taylor defeated him but died in office. This brings to mind another nominee for the "Hall of Fame," the Naturalization Tree, in Kentucky, a symbol of the American Spirit of to-day. For this tree no certificate of age is necessary. Both name and fame rest on its service in connection with Americanizing recruits at Camp Zachary Taylor during the World War. Under its branches thousands of aliens took the oath of allegiance upon being mustered into the ranks of the United States Army. Beneath this tree in a single day took place the naturalization ceremony of 925 new Americans. It saw their salute to the flag of their new citizenship.

Going back in the nation's history before there were Presidential campaigns we are reminded of those heroic pioneers who opened up the West, the writer tells us, continuing:

One reminder of that march of civilization is the Council Oak at Sioux City, Iowa, where the Lewis and Clark expedition camped before starting into the wilds of an unknown country. This oak was the meeting-place of Indian tribes long before the white man came. Lewis and Clark opened the way for the trek by covered wagon, a trek that found gold and helped to write one of the most remarkable pages in American history. A silent witness to these events is the live-oak in the Pomona valley, beneath which camped the first white settlers to reach the valley. The D. A. R. has marked this tree. In various parts of America are trees famous through association with the Marquis de Lafayette. One Lafayette tree on the battle-field of Brandywine derives its prestige from the circumstance that when the celebrated French general was wounded at Brandywine his injuries were given first aid under this tree. At Annapolis is a tree under which a reception to Lafayette was held, with a distinguished company in attendance. In the form of trees planted by his own hand, General Lafayette left many mementoes of his travels in America. One of these is now standing at Concord, New Hampshire. Another is at Yorktown, near a house in which are still to be seen cannon-balls, embedded in the structure during the notable battle of Yorktown.

Ulysses S. Grant had a keen appreciation of the worth of trees, and showed his interest by planting them on many occasions. During the famous journey around the world which followed his term in the White House, this celebrated American planted a tree in each large city in the Orient visited in his travels. Throughout his tour he was received with ceremony befitting his wide-spread renown, and in every city the crowning event of the day's program was the planting of a tree. As a result there are many "General Grant" trees in various parts of the world. Chicago takes deep pride in one of these, an elm planted by the soldier-statesman in Washington Park in 1879, during his first visit to the city after his tour of the world.

Indiana treasures with reverence the Constitutional Elm, with its spread of 124 feet, of which we read:

Under this tree, in 1816, was held the Constitutional Convention of Corydon, and as a result of this association with the making of the State, the tree holds firm place in the affections of the people of the Hoosier Commonwealth.

In North Carolina stands the Battle-Ground Oak, also known as the Cornwallis Oak and the Liberty Oak, because of its association with momentous events in the War of the Revolution. This tree witnessed the celebrated battle of Guilford Court House, in 1781. In the opinion of its sponsors it is entitled to a place in the Hall of Fame for its shade-tree beauty as well as for its historical interest. The spread of its branches is more than a hundred feet and its base circumference twenty-one feet.

The Wesley Oak has been nominated from St. Simon's Island, off the coast of Georgia. This tree brings its message of the early days of Georgia's settlement, when British troops were quartered on the island. One notable chapter in its history is linked with the American visit of John and Charles Wesley, whose memory is sacred to the followers of Methodism throughout the world. Both Wesleys are known to have preached under the Wesley Oak, with British soldiers as their congregations.

America has many trees prized for their association with literature, as the Cambridge elms, immortalized in story and poem, the elms of Yale and Princeton, made famous by intimate relationship with many of the nation's most gifted men of

Is he a credit to you, *today*?

When he hurries into his clothes of a morning, for instance, he isn't very apt to notice a dusty coat cuff; but if *someone* doesn't notice it before he goes out, it will soon leave a tell-tale streak of gray on his linen, for *other* people to notice.

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

letters, and the trees of Boston Common which have sheltered generations of literary celebrities. A worthy addition to the list, serving to link the genius of the Old World with the spirit of the New, is the Shakespeare Memorial Oak, occupying a place of honor on the campus of the University of Rochester, in the State of New York. This oak was brought from Shakespeare's home in Stratford-on-Avon, and was planted at Rochester April 23, 1864, in connection with the celebration of the tercentennial of Shakespeare's birth.

Visiting royalty has made its contribution to the famous trees of America. In Central Park, New York, is an American elm which was planted by the late King Edward VII, of Great Britain, during his visit to this country as the Prince of Wales. Not more than one hundred feet away is an English elm, planted in 1919 by the present Prince of Wales, the widely beloved grandson of the earlier visitor. The present prince also planted trees at Annapolis and at Mount Vernon, and took part in the ceremonies at which Bishop Harding planted a tree at St. Albans Cathedral in Washington. When the King and Queen of the Belgians visited this country, in 1919, the Queen planted a European green beech in Central Park, as a token of Belgium's enduring affection for the people of America. These trees serve as fitting reminders of the visits, and in the years to come they will stand forth as living symbols of the bonds by which the civilization of the Old World is linked with the New Democracy of America.

In the grounds of the White House, at Washington, stands a tree which links the past and present in an unusual manner. This tree is the outgrowth of an acorn brought from Russia, and because of this and its unique lineage it is known as the Russo-American oak. The tree from which the acorn was obtained stands in Leningrad. It grew from an acorn produced by a tree at the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. The Mount Vernon acorn was sent to the Czar of Russia by Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, and planted in the grounds of the Imperial Palace by the Czar as a symbol of Russo-American friendship. In 1898, the tree which had grown from Senator Sumner's acorn was located by Ethan Allen Hitchcock, then American Ambassador to St. Petersburg. Gathering and planting some of the acorns from this tree, the Ambassador sent a sapling of the new generation to President Roosevelt for planting in the White House grounds. The planting took place on April 6, 1904, exactly thirteen years before the day on which the United States joined hands with Russia and other European countries in the greatest conflict the world has ever known—a conflict which led to the destruction of the old Russia and the end of the royal family. The young tree was planted by President Roosevelt himself, with the cooperation of Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, and Mr. Hitchcock, at the time Secretary of the Interior. With its registration in the Hall of Fame, this tree takes conspicuous place in the list of trees with a history.

In various spots in the District of Columbia may be found trees of individual celebrity. In the shadows of the Capitol, within the splendid park surrounding the seat of the Government, is a tree planted by

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THE CAMERA CANNOT TELL

CLIMATE cannot be pictured. Yet it is an important vacation factor.

Southern California is properly known as the Land of Sunshine. United States Weather Bureau records show that in winter and summer for the last seventeen years there has been an average of 8¾ hours of sunshine daily.

* * *

During the "Winter" months there are occasional days of rain, varying with the years. "Winter" flowers—sweet peas, roses, stocks, snapdragon, iris and other annuals and perennials—bloom joyously. Vast orchards bear golden oranges, lemons and grapefruit.

Successive days of rain in winter are rare; *nine days out of ten are delightful with warm, brilliant sunshine and cloudless skies.* Nights are bracingly cold. Nearby mountains are snow-capped during this "winter" season.

A mile below their ice-locked summits oranges ripen in the mellow sunshine! It is during "winter" and spring that you visit the desert where gorgeous flowers bloom, usually during February, March and April. This also varies with the years.

* * *

Formerly the "winter" season attracted more visitors to Southern California, but in recent years, summer has brought a larger number of vacationists.

* * *

Summer days are rainless. *Thunder and lightning are practically unknown.* You may plan a picnic, motor or camping trip weeks and months ahead. "Weather" rarely, if ever, interferes!

Mid-summer mid-days are warm enough to make sea bathing a pleasure—but they are free from the humidity which makes warm days so uncomfortable elsewhere. Southern California air is dry and keen. And, on the warmest days there are delightful breezes from the nearby Pacific Ocean.

During the summer months, say after four in the afternoon, a strange atmospheric change takes place. It becomes distinctly cooler. By sundown, there is almost a touch of chilliness in the air. Wraps begin to appear. Motorists don light coats or sweaters. As the evening advances, coolness increases. Blankets are a summer sleeping-comfort necessity—not one night in ten *but ten nights out of eleven—all summer long!*

Summer roof gardens do not exist in Southern California—nights are cool enough for dancing indoors! Hence, it's good advice to bring along light wraps if you come out in summer—but leave your umbrella at home!

* * *

Nowhere else in the world are there so many happily combined inducements to make vacation joyously restful and refreshingly uncommon as in your own Southern California. Nowhere else is there such an opportunity for re-energizing through "intelligent loafing." Mail the coupon for "Southern California Through the Camera"—a new photograph book of 73 large pages in rotogravure showing what you may expect to see here winter and summer. Plan to come—NOW, just as "spring" is about to arrive, or next summer. *But Come!*

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

George Washington and now treasured as a priceless memento of the first President's interest in the beautifying of the city named in his honor. On Connecticut Avenue hill stands a stately tree of majestic spread, known as the Treaty Oak, for the reason that under its branches an important treaty with the Indians was signed 150 years ago.

George Washington's interest in trees was of far-reaching influence, as was made clear by an article in this department of THE DIGEST not long ago. As we read on:

In many places trees are now growing which owe their existence to the Father of His Country. One of these is reported from the vicinity of Bath, Pennsylvania. It came from Mount Vernon as a gift from President Washington to General Brown, a notable figure of the Revolution. General Brown planted this tree in front of his old home, and it is known to-day as the Washington horse-chestnut. In the Friends' Graveyard at Salem, New Jersey, is an oak under which soldiers of Washington's Army drilled in the days of the Revolution. This tree is known to be more than 300 years old. Its branches cover almost a quarter of an acre. Of even greater spread than this is the Sir Joseph Hooker oak, nominated from Chico, California, which has a single limb 102 feet in length, and of which Gen. W. T. Sherman declared that at noon it would shade an army of 7,000 men.

THE RADISH-CABBAGE WEDDING

A ROUND little radish lived with her husband, who was also her distant cousin, a big round cabbage, in the garden of a Russian scientist, Dr. Georgii D. Karpechenko. He had officiated at their wedding, and now he kept track of their progeny. Whether to call the hybrid plants resulting from this crossing of two cousins of the vegetable kingdom "raddages" or "cabbishes" is a problem, we learn from an account of the experiment by Frank Thone in *NEA* Magazine and Science Service. Reading on:

A queer posterity it was. In our neighbor world of plants and animals there seems to be a prejudice against marrying too far out of the family. Mate a donkey and a horse, and you get nothing but mules. Mate a carrot and a beet, and you get—nothing at all. The relationship is too remote.

For the breeder the rule is, always, make your matings relatively close; the more distant the cousinship the less chance you have of obtaining offspring, and the less chance the offspring you do get have of amounting to anything.

There are a few good hybrids that have become standardized—the mule, for example—but for every success resulting from these out-of-the-family matings there are thousands of failures. The great majority of hybrids are worthless.

It was so with the radish-cabbage wedding that took place under Dr. Karpechenko's hand in the garden of the Institute

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of Applied Botany of Detskoe Selo, near Leningrad. The offspring were neither cabbages nor radishes, but merely queer rosettes of leaves.

They did not make cabbage heads above the ground nor radish roots beneath. In fact, they resembled, outwardly at least, the tufty little ancestral cabbage plants that still grow wild on the cliffs along the North Sea shores. That is the fate of many hybrid crosses; they produce what look like "throwbacks."

Yet in spite of the unpromising looks of the radish-cabbage children, Dr. Karpechenko cultivated them carefully, saved such seed as they formed, and took tender care of the grandchildren plants also, tho they turned out no better than their parents from a gardener's point of view.

Why? What good reason could a geneticist in a government Institute of Applied Botany give visiting officials, who were not scientists, for using good ground to raise such weeds?

Well, for one thing, Dr. Karpechenko had done a thing rated as almost impossible: he had made an "intergeneric cross." And no matter how useless they may be, the offspring of an intergeneric cross are such great scientific curiosities that their mere existence is sufficient justification in itself.

They are scarcer than two-headed calves or mathematical horses. Only once before in the history of plant breeding do we come upon a record of a cross between a radish and a cabbage. That was made by an American, Dr. G. F. Gravatt of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, back in 1910; but unlike the present hybrid it was completely sterile and left no descendants. So on the basis of rarity alone the job was justified.

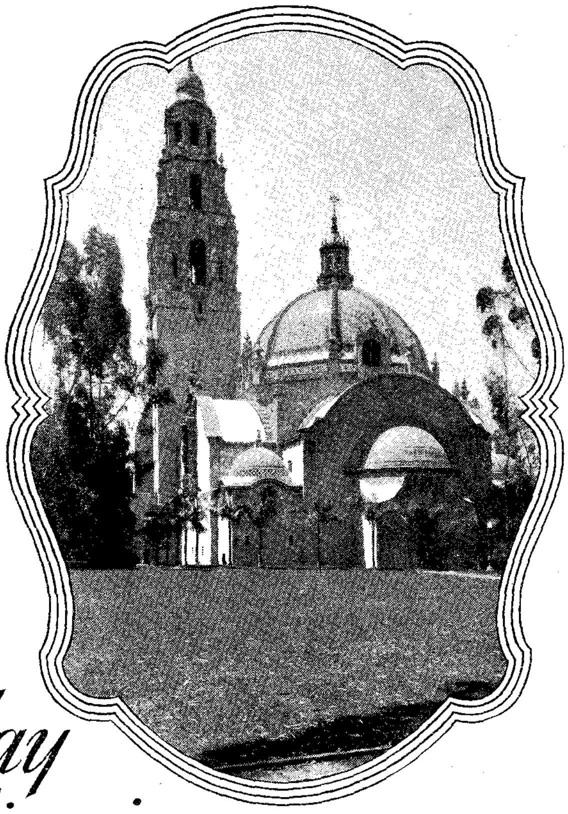
To most of us, a hybrid between a radish and a cabbage may seem no more remarkable than that commonplace cross that provides us with mules. But there is a difference, and a big one. For the donkey and the horse are distinct species, to be sure, but nearly related and belong to the same genus; whereas cabbages and radishes, tho still related to each other, are at best quite distant cousins and belong to different genera.

According to the naturalists, a species is made up of individual plants or animals quite similar in hereditary make-up, and usually also in appearance, unless breeding and selection have split it up into distinguishable varieties. Thus, all black oaks belong to one species of oak, and all white oaks to another; and in nature all black oaks look more or less like each other, as do the white oaks.

All dogs are of the same species, but here artificial breeding has split the species up into separate varieties or breeds, ranging all the way from Pomeranians and Mexican hairless to St. Bernards and Newfoundlands.

Similarly artificial breeding has split up the original cabbage stock into Brussels sprouts, kohlrabi, cauliflower, and several distinct varieties of true cabbage; but these are all children of one species, all varieties of the original stock, known to botanists as *Brassica oleracea*.

You can put your finger down on almost any part of one of these new "raddages" —or "cabbishes," if you prefer to call 'em so—and pick out, here a radish character, there something of unmistakable cabbage origin, Mr. Thone remarks as he proceeds:



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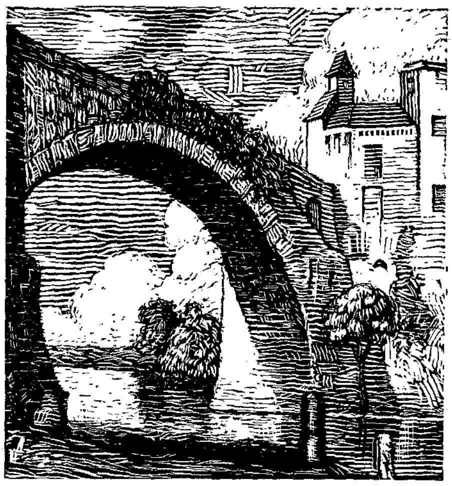

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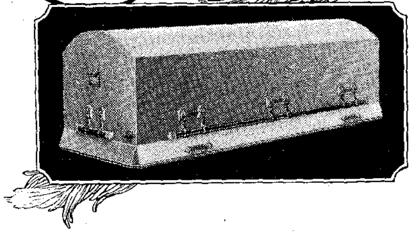

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES
Continued

The leaves, for example, have more of the radish shape and arrangement. They never try to head up, but remain as a loose rosette rising a little above the ground. The nearest they come to being a cabbage is to look a little like their old wild ancestor.

But tho radishy in shape, they are a little cabbagy in texture, being less hairy than typical radish leaves. This habit of forming only a rosette of leaves near the ground persisted into the second generation or grandchildren of the original cross, even tho these were again crossed with head-forming varieties—cabbage and Brussels sprouts.

The roots of the hybrids were plainly enough hybrid roots. They were not thickened up into the nice edible globes or spindles that radishes make, but neither were they so strictly thin and fibrous as the roots of regular cabbages. Even in the second generation crossings with cabbage, this trace of the radish in the roots still persisted.

When they came to produce their flowers, the hybrids again favored both sides of the house. They produced big, bushy growths of stalk, rather more than either parental type usually grows, and these stalks were heavily burdened with white flowers, intermediate in size and shape between cabbage and radish flowers.

Inside, the stalks tended to be like those of the radish, for they were hollow, and the cabbage stalk is typically solid.

One unusual feature about the flowers in the hybrids with extra chromosome counts was the tendency to produce extra stamens. The normal stamen number in both radish and cabbage is six, but in these plants, so unlike their type, there were sometimes eight stamens.

Perhaps the oddest thing about the structure of these cross-bred plants, and at the same time the most easily noticed, is the way the seed-pods are put together. Cabbage seed-pods are long, slim affairs, opening on the sides with a pair of trap-doors running down the whole length, and shedding their seeds through these openings. Radish seed-pods are thick and stocky, with a tapering tip; they have no natural mode of opening at all, and release their seeds only when crusht or decayed.

The pods of the hybrids are of about the same size and shape as radish pods. They have trap-door openings through which the seeds escape, cabbage fashion; but these run only about half-way from the bottom to the top, and the rest of the seeds are left inside the pod to get out as best they can, after the manner of the radish.

The American predecessor of this Russian radish-cabbage hybrid was described fourteen years ago in *The Journal of Heredity*, but did not attract much attention at the time and, since the strain died out for lack of seed, was lost sight of and pretty well forgotten.

The description then written by Mr. Gravatt, its originator, tallies fairly well with that now given by Dr. Karpechenko, but differs in some respects. For one thing, Mr. Gravatt's hybrid had leaves more like a cabbage, but they were much larger than the leaves of either parent.

It grew into a tremendous bush, filling one end of the greenhouse where it was set. Before it died of a bacterial root rot, it had grown out of the ventilator of the greenhouse and part way down the roof on both sides. It bore huge numbers of flowers, but never set a single fertile seed.

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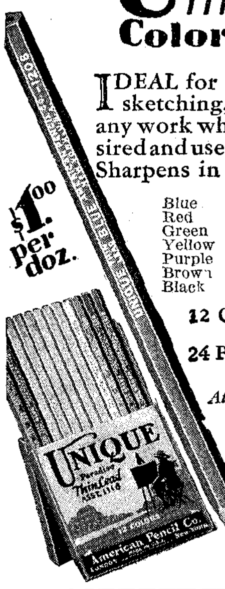

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

SOLAR AND LUNAR INFLUENCE ON BIRTHS

NOT astrology nor folk-lore, but a very up-to-date statistical and inductive study, reported at length in so serious a professional journal as *La Presse Médicale* (Paris), is responsible for the conclusion that the positions of the sun and moon have, as our remote ancestors believed, an influence on human births—at least on the frequency with which they occur. Moreover, these influences are not the same when male and female infants are considered separately. Says the Paris medical journal:

> Very extended data on this subject have been collected and published by Gochlert. They show the existence of a daily cycle having a maximum number of births between midnight and 4 A. M. and a minimum in the course of the afternoon. Krafft has investigated also the daily variation of births for each sex, and finds the combined maximum between midnight and 3 A. M. and the minimum between noon and 3 P. M. For the male sex alone, Krafft finds three maxima—between midnight and 2 A. M., about 7 A. M. and about 6 P. M., with three minima at about 6 A. M., 2 P. M., and 10 P. M.
>
> In the case of female births the odd and unexpected fact appears that the frequencies of birth are distributed much more regularly among the different hours of the day, which would seem to imply that the sun has a greater influence on male than on female births.

More exact calculation, based on the actual position of the sun instead of the hour of the day, bring out these facts even more clearly, we are told. Krafft has also investigated lunar influence, with regard to which the author says:

> "Altho the belief in lunar influence on certain biological phenomena has been considered as a gross superstition, recently the current of ideas has begun to change direction, and an impressive number of serious publications have been appearing in which theses similar to those advanced here have been defended, especially concerning human births." Proceeding in the same manner as for solar influence, the author arrives at the following conclusions:
>
> About forty minutes after the passage of the moon across the inferior meridian, the number of births of both sexes diminishes by 20 to 50 per cent. below the hourly average; while when the moon is at an angle of about 60 degrees with the horizon, their number increases considerably.
>
> The influence of lunar phases has also been subjected to statistical analysis, and the author shows that "during full moon the number of male births lessens somewhat, and then increases rather suddenly by about 30 per cent., finally reaching an excess of more than double the normal about two days and a half after the full."
>
> The variations of frequency in male births are more noticeable than the female when solar positions are in question, while the contrary seems to be the case with the moon.

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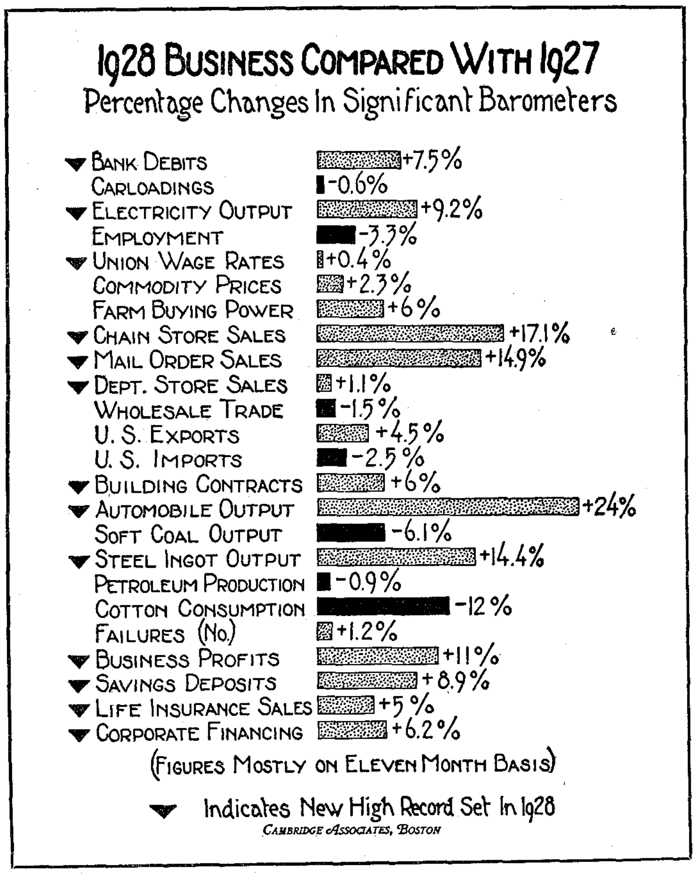
A LAST LOOK AT THE FINE RECORD OF 1928

THE YEAR OF GRACE 1926 won fame as a peak year in the annals of American business activity and progress, as the Boston *News Bureau* notes. What people are wondering about 1928 is whether it went ahead of 1926. The Boston financial daily reminds us that "in 1927 there was a slight recession—of perhaps a little over 5 per cent. in composite measurement—partly attributable to weather, and especially to the Ford suspension." But, we are told, "1928 caught up and accelerated the pace." It takes so long for final statistics to be added together and checked up that we are well along into the new year before it is safe to say exactly what happened in the old one—and if we wait too long it all becomes ancient history. So perhaps now is the best time to call attention to the record of 1928 as it is set down by representative analysts. The National Industrial Conference Board has organized a new agency to interpret business statistics every month. The first analysis covers 1928, and is summed up in these words:

> This year 1928, as a whole, has been a year of industrial and commercial activity, slightly higher than in the preceding year, but little if any above the normal annual rate of expansion of general business, except for a few months in the last half of the year.
>
> The automobile and building industries have continued to be the leading factors in the business movement; the extraordinary expansion of stock-exchange activity during the year, as in preceding years since 1923, stands in strong contrast to the general growth of industry and trade.



Supported and stimulated by the solidity of fundamental conditions, both production and distribution in 1928, we read in R. G. Dun and Company's annual review, "attained unexampled levels in certain channels":

> The strength of the situation formed a bulwark against such untoward influences as destructive storms and floods, whose adverse effects might have been far-reaching had the economic structure been inherently weak, and only a minimum of hesitation resulted from a national political campaign of unusual interest. No wide-spread labor troubles occurred to cause marked unsettlement, strikes being localized, and early apprehensions arising from the involuntary idleness of many workers were dissipated when expanding industrial operations afforded broader opportunities for employment.

The records established by some of the various statistical measures of business in comparison with 1927 are shown by the diagram reprinted on this page. The most significant general developments of 1928 are set forth as follows by T. F. Tilton of the Cambridge Associates, who prepared the diagram mentioned:

1. A record-breaking consumption of goods.
2. A record-breaking production of goods.
3. Wide-spread employment and large public buying power.
4. Improvement in the agricultural situation, small but definite.
5. Steady expansion in foreign trade.
6. Peak construction activity.
7. Higher money rates, but with a supply of money sufficient for all legitimate business needs.
8. Sharply expanded stock prices, in part the result of a tremendously increased interest in common stocks as investment mediums.
9. Record profits, at least for the larger business corporations.
10. A decided trend toward the merging and consolidating of business enterprises into fewer, larger, and more efficient units.
11. Definite efforts to improve distribution methods, thereby making them modern and comparable to the highly efficient methods of productive operation.

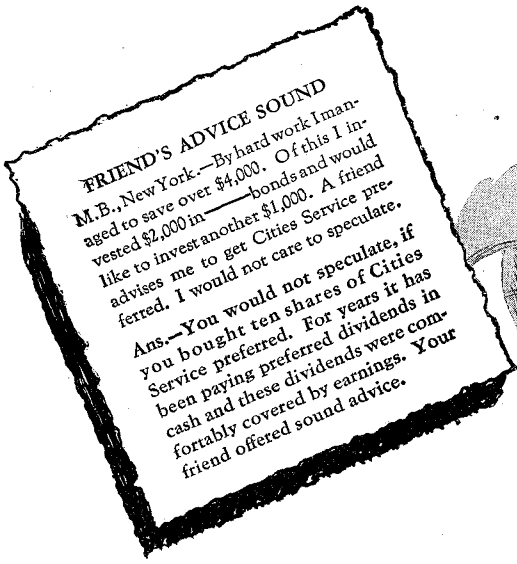
"Even the banner year of 1926 and the wild orgy of buying of 1920 were over-shadowed" by the record of 1928, says J. C. Royle in the Consolidated Press, and we quote in part his record of the high spots of the year:

> The total income of the country approximated $90,000,000,000. The farmers gained over $900,000,000 in purchasing power. Retail trade aggregated $45,000,000,000 in volume.
>
> Railroad-car loadings were heavy, winding up with a peak movement as the year closed. Operating efficiency gained 2.6 per cent., and net operating income about 4.5 per cent.
>
> Mail and express movements were heavier than ever before. Freight movement by truck progressed over a larger mileage—270,000—and air-mail routes now total 14,502 miles with 102 station stops.
>
> The year wound up in a furore of holiday buying, in which the sales ran approximately 15 per cent. higher than in the big year of 1927.
>
> Foreign trade left the United States with a balance on the right side of the ledger between exports and imports of about $600,000,000.
>
> Not all industries were prosperous, but only two or three, chief of which were paper and sugar, wound up the year with their affairs in worse condition than a year ago.

An opportunity to compare 1928 with the two preceding years is given by the Boston *News Bureau* and *The Wall Street Journal*. Out of a long column of statistics we quote a few of the more significant items as they appear in the Boston daily:

	1928	*1927*	*1926*
Railroad gross income	$6,161,000,000	$6,206,237,873	$6,451,418,163
Passenger automobiles produced	4,044,000	3,092,783	3,975,640
United States bank clearings	$636,379,000	$555,151,413	$523,773,772
Failures	24,100	23,146	21,773
National debt	$17,493,408,877	$18,036,352,451	$19,074,665,337
Merchandise exports	$5,115,000,000	$4,864,806,773	$4,808,660,235
Merchandise imports	$4,088,000,000	$4,184,378,182	$4,430,888,366
Wheat, bushels	902,749,000	878,374,000	831,040,000
Total crop values	$8,456,052,000	$8,522,560,000	$7,793,480,000
World gold production	$412,000,000	$400,987,213	$399,981,749
United States gold stock (Nov. 30)	$4,128,242,495	$4,379,267,721	$4,492,429,488
Pig-iron produced, tons	38,200,000	36,565,645	39,372,729
Building (37 States)	$6,680,000,000	$6,303,055,000	$6,300,915,000
Electric kilowatt hours	88,400,000,000	80,205,474,000	73,791,000,000
Income-tax collection	$2,180,000,000	$2,195,506,998	$2,172,127,321
Cigarets produced	106,000,000,000	97,176,607,484	92,096,973,926

But "by all odds the star actor in the year's cast was the stock market," observes the paper from which we quoted the above



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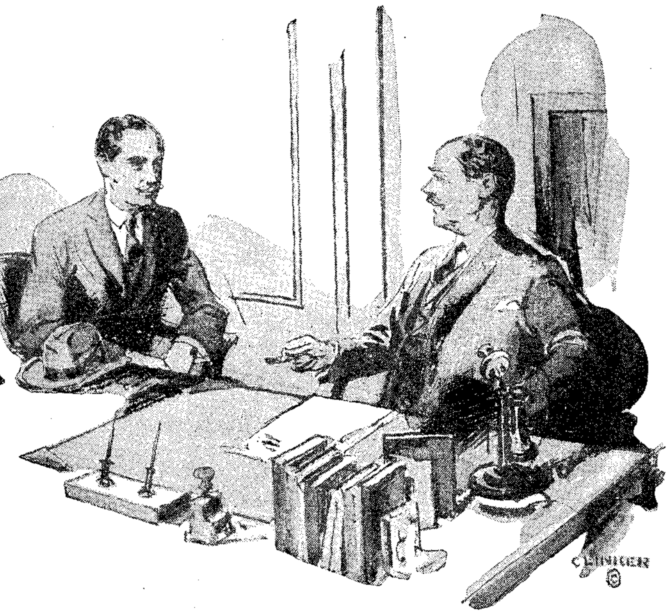

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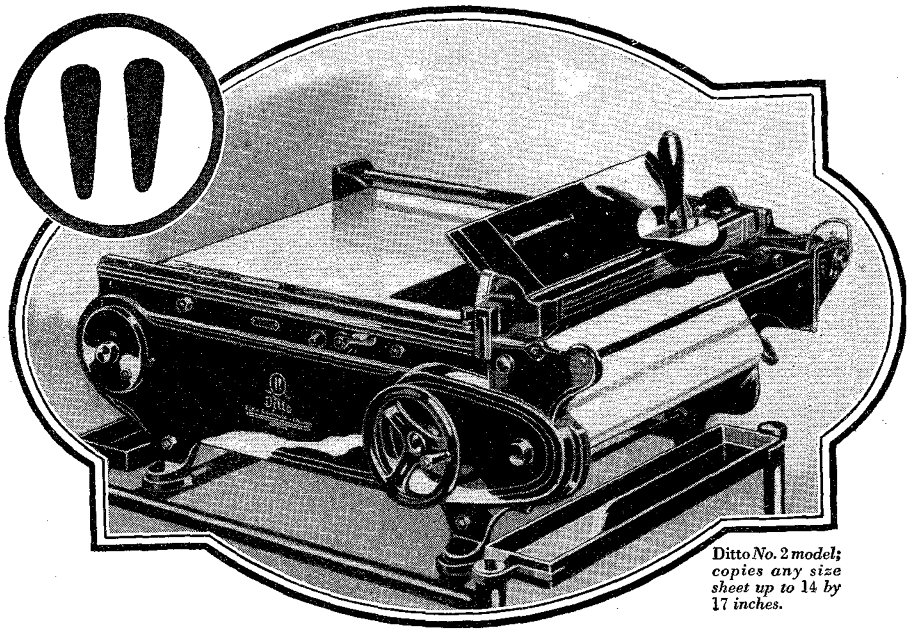

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
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figures. It recalls that the industrial average (based on thirty representative industrial stocks on the New York Exchange) started the year around 200, as compared with 100 in 1924. Between June 12 and November 28 it advanced 93 points, then slumped 38 points to December 8, and then rallied again 42.67 to a fresh new high of 300 on December 31. "Briefly, the industrial average was 100 when Calvin Coolidge took the oath in a Vermont farmhouse; it was 200 at the start of this past year of grace; it was exactly 300 at the end of the year." And, we read, "with the great advance went an avalanche of transactions":

> A new high share total had been recorded in 1927 at 569,000,000 shares. That compared with about 460,000,000 in each of the years 1926 and 1925. Now comes 1928 with just twice the latter total, or 920,000,000 shares. For a while in the autumn, with a day's peak of almost 7,000,000 shares, the pace was at an annual rate of over 1,300,000,000 shares a year.
>
> The other dominant factor of the year was money. In the first half of the year call money averaged a bit under 5 per cent. But in September it averaged above 7 per cent., and in December around 9 per cent. Twice in the closing month it touched 12 per cent.
>
> Meanwhile brokers' loans swept to new peaks, with some recession toward the year-end. The Federal Reserve report made a new high December 6 at $5,394,000,000, receding to $5,091,000,000 December 27.

"K. M. H."—A NEW YARDSTICK OF EFFICIENCY

WHAT is called "a new key to unlock the secrets of industry," a new yardstick to measure efficiency, has just been discovered and explained by two mechanical engineers, and it has aroused enthusiasm even beyond the circle of their own professional associates. A consulting engineer calls the new kilo-man-hour or K. M. H. yardstick based on what a man does in a thousand working hours "a major contribution to the stability of our national prosperity." The elusive factor of management may now be measured, says the editor of a financial journal. The head of a well-known statistical service feels that in this "astonishing document" bankers and security owners have a glimpse of "an analytical paradise." A writer in the New York *Evening Post* tells us that here is a real way to measure success, and he notes that discoverers have learned, incidentally, that efficiency goes with high wages, that large profits go with great efficiency, and that, other things being equal, a small manufacturing plant is likely to be more efficient than a large one.

The K. M. H. basis of measuring efficiency was the sensation of the last joint meeting of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and the American Management. It was offered by L. P. Alford and J. E. Hannum, who have been testing out their theory by analyzing 3,500,000,000 man-hours of labor in 13,385 manufacturing plants employing 1,683,221 men and women. They examined representative plans in a hundred different types of American industry ranging from automobiles through iron and steel through cotton textiles. Their method, comments Charles P. Tolman, consulting engineer, is simplicity itself—"two foremen, each with a gang of men, are digging a trench; when each gang has put in 1,000 man-hours, we find that one has dug ten times as much as the other. Which gang is better managed?" This measure of managerial ability and soundness of operating policies so impress the meeting of engineers that they asked their council to move toward recommending the use of it in the United States Census.

"A new key has been discovered to unlock the secrets of industry," begins Mr. P. O. Wotton in the New York *Evening Post.* He goes on to observe that: "There is nothing mysterious or difficult to understand about the operation of the 'kilo-man-hour' or K. M. H. theory, nor is it necessary to introduce the French word 'kilo' or thousand, for the same results could be obtained by use of the 'man-hour,' or the labor of one man for one hour, as the basis for the system." Among the notable incidental discoveries of Messrs. Hannum and Alford, we read on, "is the fact that high wages are a concomitant of increased output by the worker":

> Factories which pay their workers well produce sometimes as many as twenty times the amount of production obtained by those paying low wage scales. Turn this around and it will mean that some corporations apparently are paying twenty times as much as others to obtain the same amount of work.

A detailed study was made in a number of industries which showed conclusively to Messrs. Alford and Hannum the trend of high wages to produce high values. On the face of the figures, comments Mr. Wotton in *The Evening Post,* "the American workman is giving back an hour of his best work for a highly paid hour," and conversely the manufacturer who so uses his labor as to obtain maximum results from an hour of work "appears to be operating in line with a new doctrine of conserving human effort in manufacturing."

Turning to the manufacturers' end, we read in *The Evening Post's* article that the new yardstick was applied to a hundred different industries, showing that some industries produced twenty times as much value as others for the same amount of labor. This means in figures that for every $1,000 of labor some industries only turn out $548 worth of product, and others $10,807 worth. Incidentally, it is noted that the industries which earned the highest profits were those which obtained the greatest value of product per thousand factory man-hours. "Contrary to the

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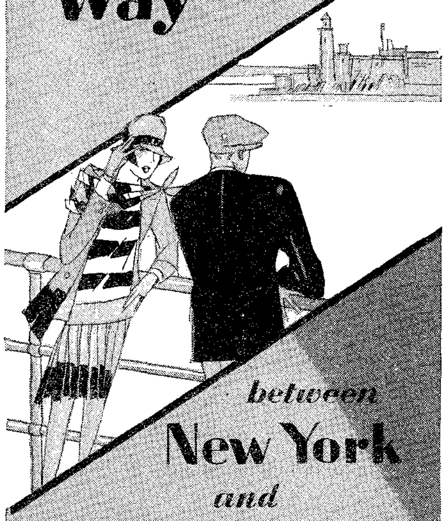

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
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common belief, automobile manufacture does not produce the greatest value of output for labor expended upon it, but ranks eighth, and is outranked by those industries making dies, chilled car-wheels, flour, paints, and varnishes, soap, petroleum products, and cordage." Then various companies in the same industry were measured, and startling variations were found. The average variation between companies in the same line of industry is 13¼ to one. The most uniform industry is steel making.

One discovery which has surprized engineers, we read in *The Evening Post*, is that small plants are more efficient than large ones:

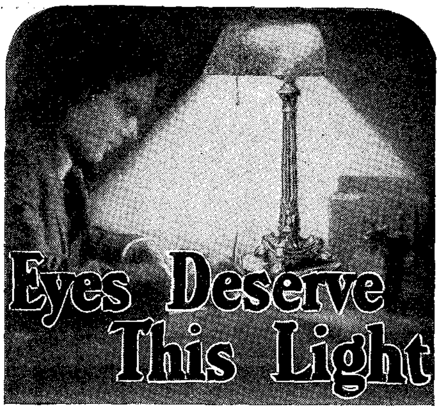
> Alford and Hannum have discovered that the little manufacturer, on the average, is producing more goods and at a lower cost than the big corporation. In thirty-five out of fifty-three different industries the smallest company in the lot was found to have a higher rate of production than the largest company. In sixteen out of fifty-three industries the smallest company was found to have the highest rate of production of all. Conversely, the largest company had the highest rate of production only in three industries.
>
> These facts are revolutionary. They may explain why the little shop continues to exist despite what has been supposed to be the obliterating competition of the great corporations.
>
> What do all these facts mean to the heads of our thousands of shops and manufacturing corporations? They imply, say the engineers, that the low-grade factories must be graded upward until they reach at least the average production of their line of industry.
>
> If the new system yields all that is hoped for, it may enable bankers, investors, and stockholders to determine what companies are well managed and why they are successful.

Mr. Charles P. Tolman, consulting engineer, is quoted in *The Wall Street Journal* as saying:

> The K. M. H. method has the great advantage of being essentially a "direct" measure of the thing we want to determine. We were taught in our schooldays that the difference between two large quantities is not a reliable method of measurement, and yet we have been trying to measure management by net profit, which is the difference between gross receipts and gross expenses.
>
> The authors have not only rendered a notable service to our profession but have made a major contribution to the stability of our national prosperity.

The managing editor of the Standard Statistics Company, Mr. Laurence H. Sloan, makes this comment:

> Mr. Alford and Mr. Hannum have accomplished two singular things: they have given business one of the most astonishing documents which it has received in recent years; and they have given bankers and security owners a glimpse of what might be romantically termed an analytical paradise.
>
> Reporting of corporate results—volumes,



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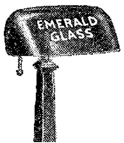

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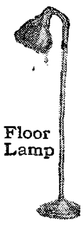
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values, profits, etc.—in terms of kilo-man-hours would constitute a supplement of extraordinary value. It would completely revolutionize that aspect of business which has to do with the appraisal of financial risk. Bankers, careful investors, and conscientious security analysis would go beyond mere welcome of such data; it is a safe assumption that they would do anything within reason to obtain them.

"Thoughtful men of business should welcome this basis as a means for evaluating management in industrial operations," thinks Mr. H. F. Figsby of the accounting firm of Ernst and Ernst, whom *The Wall Street Journal* further quotes:

> Trade associations will welcome it and put it to good use. Associations, research organizations doing excellent work in many lines of trade and industry, along the line of acquiring reliable information with respect to financial and operating ratios pertaining to the groups they serve, will receive a new impetus and encouragement to broaden their work to include, for a measurement of management in industry, this very important basis that approaches the subject from a new and interesting angle.
>
> In the final analysis, the basis of evaluation proposed in this paper may be briefly described as a means for the evaluation of management in industry. The more intelligence and care that is exercised in the selection of the manufacturing units that will form the groups for comparative purposes, and the more intensive the effort is to classify industry properly for this purpose, the more value will be derived from the application of the basis as a measuring stick of management.

The managing editor of *The Wall Street Journal* opines that we have here an index "that may come to mean as much to the financial community as net quick assets, or inventory turnover." Some of the astonishing results of the Alford and Hannum researches are commented on editorially by *The Wall Street Journal.* For instance—

> In the cotton fabric industry the ratio of maximum to minimum rate of production per thousand-man-hours was twenty to one. On the face of it, that fact looks as if some plants fall far behind others in managerial ability or equipment. Such a wide variation surely should call for investigation in those interested in that industry whether as owners or security holders.
>
> Cotton, however, is not the one with the worst record. There are some others that show a still wider spread between maximum and minimum. But it is sufficient to raise the question of the efficiency of some of our industry that some in the same line with the same amount of labor produce only 5 per cent. as much as some others. If a farmer raised but two bushels of corn to the acre while the man adjoining him raised forty, it would look as if something was wrong either with him or with his land.
>
> Whether this method of appraising industrial efficiency is practical is a question for the engineering experts to decide. If research and testing prove that ability of management and efficiency of equipment can be measured by volume, value, and cost of output reduced to terms of kilo-man-hours, the plan would be a boon to the operators themselves and also to those who look into a plant for the purpose of a financial risk or security investment.

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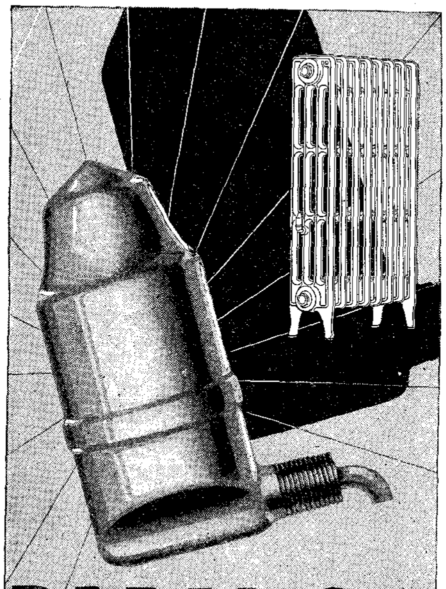

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

BRITAIN STRAINING TO MEET AMERICAN COMPETITION

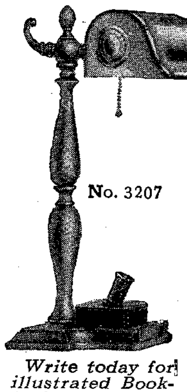
NOT alone in the sphere of naval armaments, but also in the field of international trade, a very real struggle for supremacy is being waged at the present time by Great Britain and the United States. So much is clear from a recent issue of *The Index*, published by the New York Trust Company. In late years, as is well known, the trade balance of Great Britain has been anything but satisfactory. The year 1926 was subnormal, owing to the coal stoppage and the general strike. Exports in 1927 were 64,275,000 pounds lower than in 1925. In 1928 there was only a slight improvement; and British exports as a whole have fallen from above 13 per cent. of the world's export trade in 1913 to 11 per cent. in 1927. One result of this situation has been a determined effort to meet American competition in Latin America. *The Index* says:

> Both Great Britain and the United States have invested about the same amount of money in the Latin-American countries, estimated at over five billion dollars each, and most of the development in that region is the result of these efforts. For a time Great Britain enjoyed certain psychological advantages in the Latin-American market. In late years, however, American investments in these republics have been increasing at a more rapid rate than those of Great Britain, and have inevitably linked the two American regions more closely.

Another of Great Britain's major concerns is the retrieval of her colonial markets to replace those in foreign countries lost during the war and post-war periods. Preferential tariffs have been established, extending to all the Dominions and varying with each item of export. In Canada, for instance, there is a discount which ranges from 7 to 30 per cent. Other methods employed are thus described in *The Index:*

> The Empire Marketing Board last August sent a special financial mission to Australia to confer with the Australian Government on the development and extension of trade with the Commonwealth. In the fall of 1927 an Imperial Agricultural Research Conference was held in London under the direction of the Ministry of Agriculture. The Conference issued reports on the marketing and production of all kinds of agricultural products. The Department of Overseas Trade also maintains an "exhibition division," which has the specific duty of erecting at least one pavilion at all trade or agricultural conventions or fairs.
>
> At the last session of Parliament this year the Agricultural Produce Grading and Marking Act was drafted to assist farmers in marking their fruit in competition with fruit from other countries. The Act permits national grade standards to be defined for any agricultural produce, and prescribes external marks which shall represent the specified grades. The mark indicates instantly the origin of the goods as distinct from the competing product.

More Light
for Dark Days---



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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

January 10.—All except the American members are named for the experts' committee to revise reparations.

The conference at Ottawa between Canadian and United States officials comes to a close with failure to arrange for cooperation between the two countries for the suppression of rum-running over the border.

January 11.—Albert Einstein, author of the relativity theory, issues a new work intended to unite the laws of gravitation and electro-magnetism.

The Council of the Salvation Army asks Gen. Bramwell Booth to resign the high command of the Army.

Yang Yu-ting, formerly Chang Tso-lin's chief of staff, is executed by order of Chang Hsueh-liang, son and successor of Chang Tso-lin as dictator of Manchuria.

January 14.—Following the national revolt against his Western reforms, King Amanullah of Afghanistan abdicates the throne in favor of his older brother, Sirdar Inayatullah Khan.

January 15.—Gen. Bramwell Booth refuses to resign as head of the Salvation Army.

DOMESTIC

January 9.—Four airplanes start mail service between Miami and the Antilles.

At York, Pennsylvania, John H. Blymyer is convicted of first-degree murder for killing Nelson Rehmeyer, who, Blymyer said, was a witch.

It is announced at Dublin, that Michael Mac White has been appointed to succeed Timothy Smiddy as Minister at Washington.

January 10.—It is announced in New York, that John D. Rockefeller has called upon the stockholders of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana to remove Col. Robert W. Stewart from the board of directors.

January 11.—The House of Representatives passes the Fenn bill for reapportioning the membership of the House in accordance with the Federal census.

January 12.—Colonel Stewart announces that he will fight Mr. Rockefeller's attempt to oust him as Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

In the Cascade Mountains, 100 miles east of Seattle, the Great Northern Railway opens a new tunnel, eight miles long, costing $14,000,000, and taking three years to build.

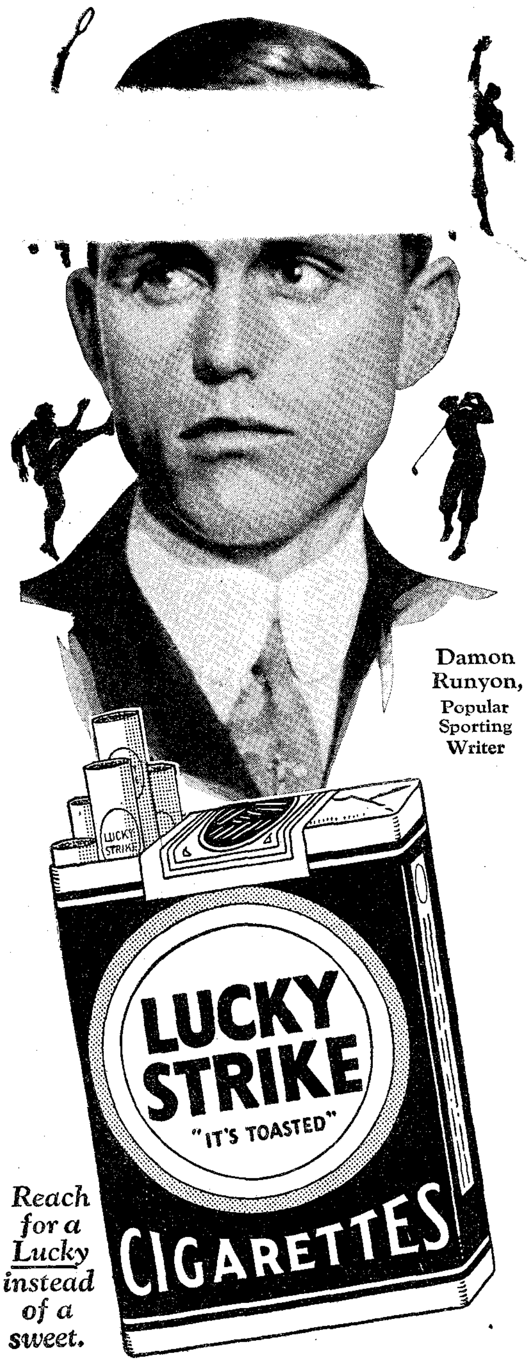
January 14.—The United States Supreme Court decides against Chicago's assertion of its right to divert 8,500 cubic feet of water per second from Lake Michigan, for drainage and navigation.

The directors of the Standard Oil of Indiana announce their support of Colonel Stewart.

January 15.—The State of Arizona takes action toward bringing suit in the Federal courts to prevent the construction of the recently authorized Boulder Dam.

The United States Senate ratifies the Kellogg-Briand anti-war pact by a vote of 85 to 1.

"Light a Lucky—
when you crave things which make you fat"
Damon Runyon



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Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

"It's toasted"

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Front-page Stuff.—Three killed by tomatoes in Texas and Louisiana.—*Morning Oregonian.*

Familiar Fingerprints.—SHE—"Go! Leave this house! And never darken my guest towel again!"—*Life.*

Reposeful Atmosphere.—Mr. and Mrs. Otto are deaf mutes, being long residents of Altoona.—*Altoona (Pa.) paper.*

Pure Hibernian.—"Give a sentence using the word bewitches."

"Go ahead—I'll bewitches in a minute!" —*Judge.*

That Vacant Chair.—BACHELOR GIRL—"What do you miss most now that you're married and settled down?"

WIFE—"My husband."—*Life.*

Enough for a Mess.—New York.—A $20,000 diamond is missing from the plane that was wrecked in Ohio Tuesday. The diamond was nine carrots.—*Clewiston (Fla.) paper.*

Fate Can Not Harm Him.—REPORTER—"How did you prepare yourself for the hardships of an Arctic expedition?"

EXPLORER—"I rode all over New England in a rumble seat."—*Life.*

Hot Babies.—

GIRLS
WANTED
Who Can Singe and Dance.
—*Ad in the Hartford Courant.*

Got Her Man.—Miss Margery ——, whose engagement to Lieut. Pendennis—— was announced at the conclusion of a Treasure Hunt.—*Honolulu Advertiser.*

Look Out for His Claws!—Golf enthusiastics are becoming quite numerous in and around Kiester. Early each Sunday morning quite a number gather at the lynx.—*Blue Earth (Minn.) paper.*

Eight-Day Week?—Station WLW's 50,000-watt transmitter at Cincinnati, Ohio, is broadcasting during a minimum of one hundred eighty-four hours and twenty-five minutes a week.—*New York Times.*

Sale of a Masterpiece.—

It's written in boyish fashion,
A simple and childish scroll;
I wrote it when wild with passion
And in it I wrote my soul.

I gave not a thought to diction,
I gave not a thought to gold,
Nor if it were truth or fiction,
And now it's about to be sold.

For Commerce is e'er the destroyer
Of Art—and my fate I can see,
For she took it 'round to her lawyer—
And the guy who will buy it is *me.*
—*Paul McCrea in Life.*

No Doubt.—"The future of the industry lies ahead of it."—*Max Reinhardt in an interview on the movies.*

Hot Party.—Invitation has been extended to members and fiends of the Y. W. C. A.—*Lansing State Journal.*

Musical Culture.—10:00—"In a Persian Garden," by fwypmfwypfwypwypflk—*Radio Program in a Pennsylvania paper.*

No Escape.—"She's really a lot older than she looks."

"Yes, and what's more—she looks it."—*Life.*

Probably Startled.—

FLYER FALLS 30,000
FEET; UNCONSCIOUS
—*Redlands (Cal.) paper.*

A Repeater.—Two other shots rang out, one of which pierced the slain man in the forehead, causing instant death.—*Helena (Mont.) Independent.*

Waiting List.—HE—"Darling, will you marry me?"

SHE—"Not yet, old thing; I'm booked solid for three years."—*Life.*

Marooned.—MRS. BLUE—"How do you control your husband while you are away?"

MRS. BLACK—"I leave the baby with him."—*Staffordshire Sentinel.*

Anti-Freeze with a Kick?—

Auto Overturns Near Hartline, Wash.
—Said to Have Been Drinking.
—*Head-lines in a Spokane paper.*

Give Him a Suit of Armor.—In spite of the fact that the judge said he would be lenient with a man who had committed bigamy, the poor fellow was allowed to go free.—*Punch.*

Frolic in Wonderland.—

Machine Careens into Ditch
and Hits Tree Returning
from Dance.
—*Ohio State Journal.*

Good Ad for Esperanto.—

If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Then why shouldn't booth in the plural be beeth?
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
But more than one house is most surely not hice.
A cow in the plural is properly kine,
But a bow if repeated is never called bine.
Then one may be that and two would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose.
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother we never say methren.
The masculine pronouns are he, his, and him,
But imagine a feminine she, shis and shim!
So the English, I fancy you all will agree,
Is the funniest language you ever did see.
—*"Adapted" by the Boston Transcript from the Inland Printer.*